

NEW YORKER

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that might give them
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in every drop."

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thing to say.

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very romantic drink.

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one.



Dubonnet. A touch of Paris in every drop.



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**BONWIT
TELLER**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

(Because observances of Moratorium Day, Wednesday, Oct. 15, are likely to alter schedules and programs all over town, you would do well to check by telephone before making plans on that day.)

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and NEXT—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and Dick Van Patten are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATRE—Final performances in a four-week repertory of plays by this company from San Francisco. Anton Chekhov's **THE THREE SISTERS**: Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30 and 8:30. ... **Edward Albee's TINY ALICE**: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 20, at 8:30. ... **Georges Feydeau's A FLEA IN HER EAR**: Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30; Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 2 and 8:30; and Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270.)

A BLACK QUARTET—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Frances Adler, 211 W. 71st St. 877-0566. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE—Keir Dullea and Eileen Heckart in a comedy by Leonard Gershe. Directed by Milton Katselas. Previews through Monday, Oct. 20. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

CALLING IN CRAZY—A try and a miss at a comedy that, after a bright start, is dimmed out by its own pretentiousness and fatuity. It concerns a young man and woman who sneak off from their office for a couple of weeks, reporting back symptoms of insanity to explain their absence. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonnie Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE CONCEPT—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FRONT PAGE—Reopening of this rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, Helen Hayes, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Previews through Saturday matinee, Oct. 18. Reopens Saturday evening, Oct. 18. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HELLO AND GOODBYE—Colleen Dewhurst and Martin Sheen appear as a brother and sister, who meet after fifteen years and spend most of the evening acting out their miserable lives—past and present—and their resentment of each other. The play, by Athol Fugard, is depressing and somewhat clumsy, but it is not dull. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

INDIANS—Arthur Kopit is in dead earnest in

espousing the cause of the wronged red man in America; the form of his pleading is a rip-roaring, funny-tragic Wild West show, in which Stacy Keach plays superbly the role of Buffalo Bill. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MERCY STREET—Marian Seldes and William Prince in a play by Anne Sexton. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2.)

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE OFAY WATCHER—A comic satire, by Frank Cucci, about a young white chemist who per-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN	47
"THE FINAL FATE OF THE ALLIGATORS"	Edward Hoagland 52
"FAREWELL TO FARGO: SELLING THE HOUSE" (POEM)	Karen Swenson 54
"MR. COLLIER"	Berry Morgan 58
A REPORTER AT LARGE (VIETNAM)	Daniel Lang 61
THE THEATRE	Brendan Gill 149
OFF BROADWAY	Edith Oliver 150
FOOTBALL	J. W. L. 152
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS)	Lois Long 154
ABOUT THE HOUSE	J. M. 159
LETTER FROM PARIS	Genêt 165
MUSICAL EVENTS	Winthrop Sargeant 169
"BLUE NUN" (POEM)	Norman Jackson 172
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (JAZZ PARTY)	Whitney Balliett 175
THE RACE TRACK	Audax Minor 194
THE CURRENT CINEMA	Pauline Kael 196
BOOKS	Robert Coles 205
BRIEFLY NOTED	213

COVER: Saul Steinberg

DRAWINGS: Lee Lorenz, James Stevenson, Ed Fisher, Warren Miller, Alan Dunn, William Steig, Charles Saxon, Dana Fradon, Donald Reilly, Joseph Mirachi, Stan Hunt, Richard McCallister, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Mischa Richter, J. B. Handelsman, F. B. Modell

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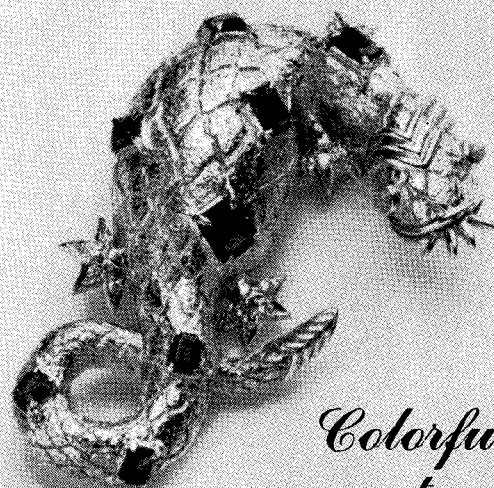
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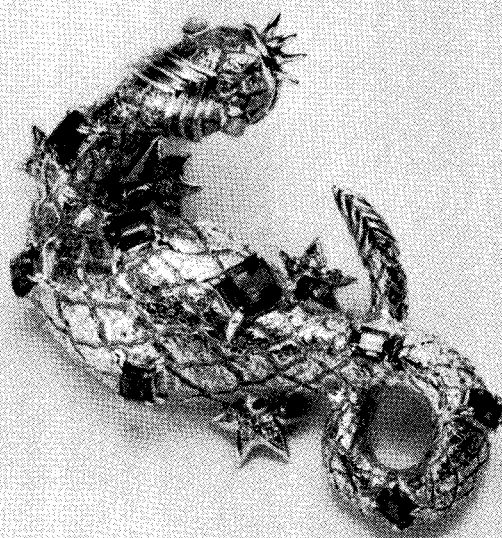
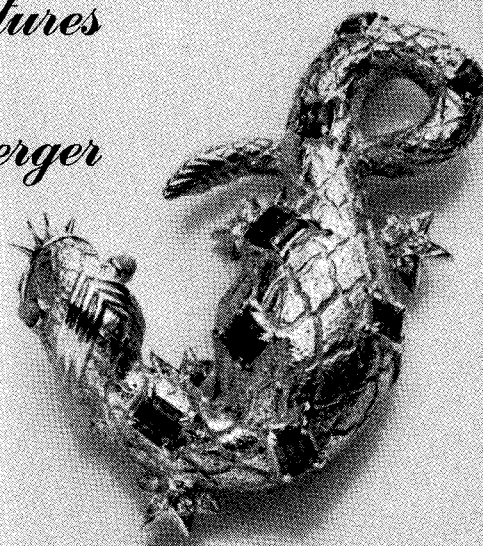
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fects a powder that turns dark skin light, and who gets his comeuppance (to say the least) from the sharp-witted black bum he takes on as guinea pig. The performances—by Terry Kiser as the chemist, Billie Allen as his girl, and Cleavon Little as the cagey bum—are just fine. Jerry Adler directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

A PATRIOT FOR ME—John Osborne's old-fashioned and not very illuminating study of a nineteenth-century Austrian homosexual who betrayed king and country. Maximilian Schell plays the wretched hero, and Dennis King steals the show as a drag-queen. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE PENNY WARS—A play by Elliott Baker, starring George Voskovec and Kim Hunter. Barbara Harris directed. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

POLISH LABORATORY THEATRE—Opening performances of a six-week engagement of three avant-garde plays, directed by Jerzy Grotowski, that will run through Wednesday, Nov. 26. Calderón's *THE CONSTANT PRINCE* will be performed from Thursday, Oct. 16, through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Hanson Place Central Methodist Church, 144 St. Felix St. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; nightly thereafter, except Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8. This notice is primarily for the record; tickets are virtually nonexistent.)

THE RECKONING—This one-act melodrama by Douglas Turner Ward boils down to a savage verbal sparring match between the bigoted governor of a Southern state and a black-mailing Negro pimp. The play almost drowns in words, but Lester Rawlins gives a splendid performance as the governor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ROSE—A play by Emanuel Fried. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15-16. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 17, at 7. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—A revival of the comedy by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott, with Sam Levene, Jack Gifford, Dorothy Loudon, and Paul Ford. Directed by Mr. Abbott. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 16. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE TREES DIE STANDING—This comedy is the first entry in Ida Kaminska's proposed Yiddish repertory season. The play is rather foolish, and the simultaneous translation available over transistor radio is rather deadening, but Miss Kaminska, as a kind of foxy grandma, is a total delight. (Roosevelt, 100 E. 17th St. 533-8820. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A WHISTLE IN THE DARK—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CAR-**



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19	20	21	22	23	24	25

ATS: A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, and Murray Hamilton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GEESSE**: A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE**: An account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by Yaphet Kotto. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HADRIAN VII**: A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Barry Morse plays the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LITTLE MURDERS**: A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE**: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9136. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK**: A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

FROM THE SECOND CITY—A new edition of the Chicago revue. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

JIMMY—A musical with a book by Melville Shavelson (based on Gene Fowler's novel "Beau James"), music and lyrics by Bill and Patti Jacob, and a cast that includes Frank Gorshin, Anita Gillette, and Julie Wilson. Joseph Anthony is the director. Previews Thursday, Oct. 16, through Wednesday, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 23. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW MUSIC HALL OF ISRAEL—Vaudeville turns out of the nineteen-twenties, by gifted young Israelis who, bless their souls, seem to have no idea they didn't invent them. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through

Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 20, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performance, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney, who also appear in it. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 4:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpy dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE**: A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA**: Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: Stephen stood up and went over to the parapet. Leaning on it he looked down on the water and on the mailboat clearing the harbour mouth of Kingstown. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR**: A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!**: With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 605-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME**: Ann Miller is Auntie. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA**: Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Claudio Brook plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinee performances. Jack Daboub will replace Mr. Holliday starting Wednesday, Oct. 22. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES**: A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)...



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN: "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Incenters" (premiere), and "The Three-Cornered Hat."... **Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30:** "Olympics," "Secret Places," "Nightwings," and "Cakewalk."... **Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30:** "Olympics," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte."... **Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:30:** "Konservatoriet," "The Lesson," and "Cakewalk."... **Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30:** "Olympics," "The Poppet," and "Façade."... **Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2:30:** "Konservatoriet," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table."... **Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8:** "Moves," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte."... **Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30:** "Konservatoriet," "Animus," "Fanfarita," and "A Light Fantastic."... **Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30:** "The Poppet," "William Tell Variations," and "Façade."... **Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30:** "A Light Fantastic," "Incenters," "Animus," and "Cakewalk."... **Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30:** "Incenters," "William Tell Variations," and "Astarte."... **Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30:** "A Light Fantastic," "Incenters," and "Cakewalk."... **Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30:** "Konservatoriet," "Nightwings," "William Tell Variations," and "Façade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

AMERICAN BALLET COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Nov. 1, by this new company—Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Harbinger," "Caprichos," "Cortege Burlesque," and "At Midnight."... **Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30:** "Games," "Cortege Burlesque," "Caprichos," and "Meadowlark."... **Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30:** "Harbinger," "Intermezzo," and "Meadowlark."... **Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30:** "Carnaval," "Games," "Cortege Burlesque," and "At Midnight."... **Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30:** "Carnaval," "Games," and "Harbinger."... **Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30:** "Meadowlark," "Caprichos," "The Maids," and "Intermezzo." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

LOTTE GOSLAR—With her company, in a dance-mime show called "Clowns and Other Fools." (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Vienna Eisrevue," presented here for the first time, with Emmerich Danzer and Ingrid Wendyl. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 22, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 2. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. Its present occupants are the Ten Wheel Drive. On Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23, the Mandrake Memorial can be heard, and on Friday, Oct. 24, Biff Rose will come in. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

LA BONÈME, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Elvin Jones' drums resound through this indifferent spot from eight-thirty to four,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Tuesdays through Saturdays. Wilbur Little is on bass and Joe Farrell is on reeds. Between sets, the Dizzy Reece orchestra performs. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 21, two other outfits will be here: Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and the Pete La Roca orchestra. Dancing. Dining.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Beginning at about nine-thirty the Lee Konitz quartet is on the stand. Some other people will take over on Tuesday, Oct. 21. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Zutty Singleton, Joe Muranyi, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteenth century. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More clatter. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

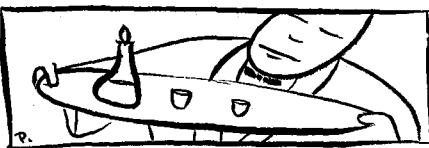
SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. On Tuesday, Oct. 21, things will be handed over to the Elvin Jones trio. Closed Mondays.

TONY PARENTI'S CLUB, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—Hands across the Mason-Dixon Line are extended by Tony Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Freddie Moore, Dill Jones, and Graham Stewart. The room is tiny, the bar is adequate, the sound is large. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about ten-thirty, the Bill Evans trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.... Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, Morgana King takes turns with the Don Ellis twenty-piece band. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, the Bobby Blue Bland alternates with the Eddie Harris quartet.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. The Joe Henderson quartet takes the stand at nine-thirty, approximately. On Tuesday, Oct. 21, the Charles Mingus quintet will move in. Sundays, from five-thirty to nine, the Paul Bley trio and singer Annette Peacock perform before the evening sessions. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and



by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2020)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Revolution"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Enchanted Forest through Sunday, Oct. 19. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 21, it will be the Raven's turn. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. Every so often, John Bishop and his trio play. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are phony, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of Berserk. Closed Sundays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2160): The Foreign Legion moved out long ago, but the battlements along which the Le jonnaires kept watch are still there, bathed in moonlight and the music of the orchestra run by Horace Diaz, which operates from eight-thirty until three. Closed Sundays.... **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Calm views of everything are taken in the restaurant, even when Ernie Warren's light cavalry is on the bandstand, which it usually is until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays.... **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): A busy-bee sort of affair. The important point is Urbie Green's trombone, with which goes an urgent set of sidemen. They retire on Saturday, Oct. 18, to be replaced, on Monday, Oct. 20, by other players. Six until two is the general rule, but no music Sunday nights.... **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 230 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soidisant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—a full house of Latin bandmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—rock and roll. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from



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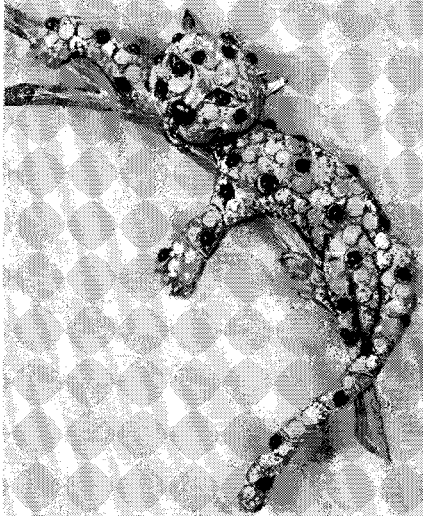
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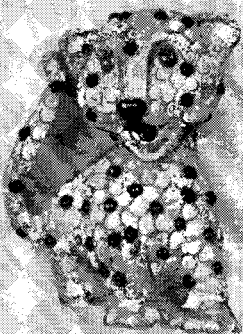
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Damon Runyon may have slept here. Music, some of it live, but mainly Rodney Dangerfield, who twice every night, and thrice on Saturday, sheds his television skin to reveal in pungent words his true self. That is, he is as true as can be about the battered way of metropolitan life, and often as funny as can be about it.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The floor is taken by Joan Rivers, who has a little list of things to be changed, and who believes that where there's a will there's a way. The readings of her will occur at ten and twelve Tuesdays through Saturdays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians in their own United Nations, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians is oudist George Mgrdichian, dumbek-player Mike Moshel, and the Grecian goddess named Rea, a solemn damsel who offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre*. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Previews of a new miniature revue, "Weigh-In (Way Out)," are being run off twice an evening, but not on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The complete, unexpurgated autobiography of Phyllis Diller (a long, long one) is narrated during dinner and supper by its creator. She is preceded by a singer who can hardly be considered one of the necessities of life. The scene is the Royal Box, where the puissant Lee Evans orchestra takes charge of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Wild Bill Davison's 16-gauge shotgun is camouflaged to resemble a cornet, but there is no camouflaging of its incisive sound, which sets his *Jazz Giants* to doughty deeds. The Junior Mance threesome is, by comparison, subdued, though not at all silent. On Friday, Oct. 17, both bands cede the enterprise to Marian McPartland's cherubic trio and the Seven Shades of Jazz, a new assortment of players. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Phyllis Newman moves into the Persian Room at ten on Wednesday, Oct. 15. Thereafter, she will be singing during both dinner and supper. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will hum contentedly the evening through. Closed Sundays. . . . In

PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ, there is Les McCann's triad, designed to pleasure the ear, and Marty Napoleon's trio, designed to persuade the feet. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the *lofty lineaments* of the *Palm Court*. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On the rooftops of Manhattan, the talkative Jack E. Leonard twice every evening puts on his one-man comedy of bad manners—the only way he knows of concealing his heart of gold. Vi Velasco is the soprano of the evening. Both declaimers depart on Saturday, Oct. 18; Peter Nero and pianoforte move in on Monday, Oct. 20. Dance music begins at seven. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The permanent parties in the Maisonette are a Latin band run by Quintero and a Manhattan band run by a new hand.

Hal Turner. The visitor during the dinner and supper hours is Yaffa Yarkoni, a rather vigorous trumpeter swan from Israel. Closed Sundays. . . . La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Shoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Anthony Newley, the catch of the season, is in the Empire Room during dinner and supper, singing and talking in a rare exhibition of vim, vitamin, and vinegar, all the while making amusing use of the accent that Eliza Doolittle finally got talked out of. A not-to-be-missed. His last night is Saturday, Oct. 18. On Monday, Oct. 20, Shirley Bassey, another lively Britisher, starts singing. Dance music, hot and heavy, and by the ton. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The nineteenth hole of Louis Goldie Hawkins' all-for-one, one-for-all fraternity and sorority. Wayne Sanders and sometimes Mr. H., solo or in cahoots, are at the gleeful pianos. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, the candidate for night mayor most likely to succeed, breaks out his voice, his piano, and his guardsmen (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) at half past nine. It's nice work, and you can get it until two in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Co-

education can be beautiful on a campus as unperturbed as this one. The occasional music comes from the new Ralph Towner-Glenn Moore group, which stays home Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican domestic architecture, aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit kind of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelay from dinner through supper every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at ninety-three weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays she climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. . . . **CHARAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever singer happens to be in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): In the bar of what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle sits Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Monday through Saturday in the manner of whoop-de-do New York Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHATEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL. 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 40th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, is doing his Viennese piano, and sometimes serving as lyrical town crier, in this elaborate conservatory. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until midnight, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays; no music Saturdays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 70th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm Mitteleuropa restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Gotham's annual gift to thousands of Bermudian expatriates—the Talbot Brothers, singing and chatting with their constituency from six to ten every Sunday and Monday evening. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Bombay Bicycle Bar is Bob Kail's new home, and he has moved his piano in with him, for sessions beginning at five-thirty and ending at twelve-thirty. He is on leave Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LENNART ANDERSON—Still-lives, figures, and landscapes; starting Saturday, Oct. 18. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Large works by a painter of subjective landscapes with figures; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Thirty-six watercolors, oil temperas, and brush drawings by the well-known artist of tiny paintings; starting Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Luminous abstractions by a painter who is also a sculptor; through Nov. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BRUSCA—Paintings involving numbers and letters; through Nov. 1. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUAN LUIS BUÑUEL—Private symbols in bronze, brass, and copper wire; through Nov. 1. (Wildard, 20 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Eighteen bronzes done in 1944, most of them motionless; through Nov. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

DON DAVID—Geometric paintings; starting Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Monzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

ALAN DAVIE—Oils and watercolors by the British Abstract Expressionist; starting Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PETER DECHAR—Ten large paintings by a specialist in outsize pears; through Nov. 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSÉ DE RIVERA—Four recent sculptures; through Oct. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRED FARR—Bronze horses and riders; through Nov. 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JOHN ROBINSON FRAZIER (1889-1966)—Portraits, still-lives, and landscapes (with and without figures) by the late president of the Rhode Island School of Design; through Thursday, Oct. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

SUE FULLER—This sculptress in string has, well, strung the gallery with her medium; through Nov. 6. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

FRANCES GRAY—Sculptures of the past fifteen years, in different mediums, and graphics by the widow of Archipenko; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Gordon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES M. GUY—Constructions in wood and Abstract paintings done over a period of twenty-five years; through Nov. 8. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

DAVID HARE—Recent paintings with highly individual motifs by a well-known sculptor; through Nov. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HENRI (1865-1929)—A show of sixty watercolors and drawings by the founder of the Eight. It will run concurrently with his show at the New York Cultural Center. Starts Friday, Oct. 17. (Wickersham, 950 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT IRWIN—Two round paintings, fifty-four inches in diameter, with special light projected upon them; through Oct. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY JACKSON—A retrospective of sculptures, paintings, and drawings by an artist of Western subjects, who lives in Italy and was once an Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—Fifty paintings from his Parisian period; starting Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Knodler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JOHN KANE (1860-1934)—Landscapes and figures by a leading American "naïf" from Pennsylvania; through Nov. 1. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ALLAN KAPROW—Photographic documentations of Happenings of the past two years; through Oct. 31. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

KAWASHIMA—Large polyester reliefs by a Japanese Abstractionist; through Nov. 1. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Fifty-six oils, drawings, and works on paper in gouache and watercolor, done from 1913 to 1940; through Nov. 20. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL-HEINZ KRAUSE—Bronze figures; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

SOL LEWITT—Abstract line drawings executed on the wall and on metal boxes; through Oct. 30. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Four large recent Abstract pieces by a sculptor who is also a painter; through Thursday, Oct. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARYAN—"Personages" in violent colors; through Oct. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MATTA—Graphics by the well-known Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; through Oct. 31. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

CLAUDE MONET—Forty-five paintings covering a sixty-year span; through Nov. 15. (Feigen, 27 E. 70th St.)

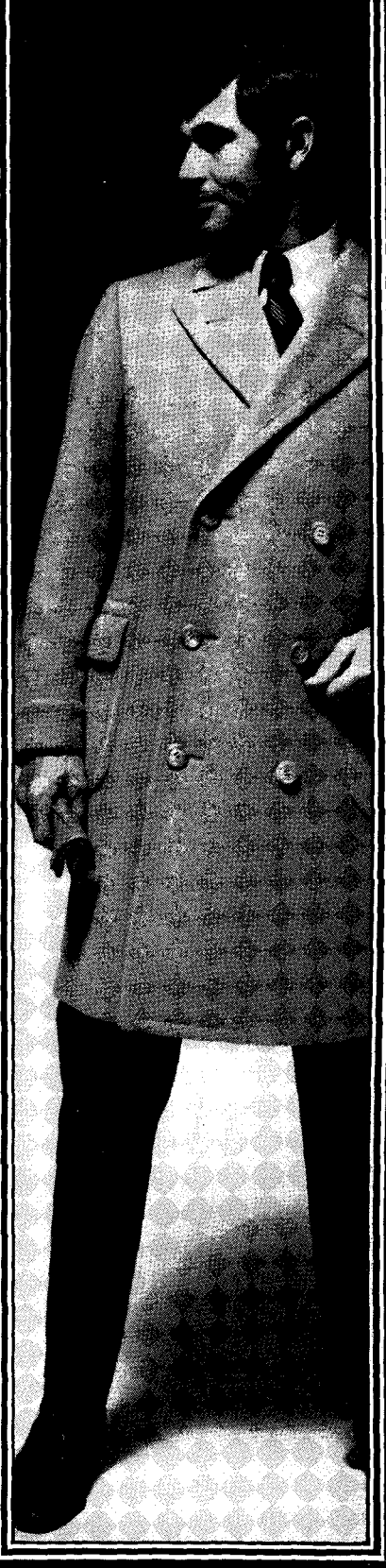
JACK NELSON—Sculptural constructions requiring spectator participation to switch lights and buzzers on and off; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

YUTAKA OHASHI—Rice-paper collages inspired by "The Tale of Genji"; through Thursday, Oct. 23. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

JERRY OKIMOTO—Complex combinations of geo-

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metrical forms and planes in acrylics; starting Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

LARRY POONS—Recent paintings by a leading younger Abstractionist; through Oct. 29. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAM RICHARDSON—The first one-man show in New York by a California sculptor of plastic landscapes with tricky titles; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN SALT—Paintings by a British artist who has dematerialized the automobile; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

CHRISTOPHER SANDERS—Landscapes and seascapes by a member of the British Royal Academy; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Van Der Straeten, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

TOBIAS SCHNEEBAUM—Impressions of the Ethiopian desert in strange colors; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEON POLK SMITH—"Constellations" of shapes by one of the first American hard-edge painters; through Nov. 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

TAL STREETER—Abstract steel sculptures painted red; through Nov. 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT SWAIN—Large paintings of hexagon shapes in brilliant colors; starting Saturday, Oct. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEVEN URRY—Large looping aluminum shapes by a Chicago artist; starting Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—Paintings, sculptures, and tapestries by a leading Op artist; through Nov. 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Newly acquired works by Dubuffet, Tanguy, Picasso, Pollock, Magritte, Matisse, and others; through Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **GOLDSCHMIDT**, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.: More than a hundred and fifty engravings by sixteenth-century Dutch, Flemish, French, and German masters; through Oct. 28.... **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A hundred pieces of American pottery done in Pennsylvania, New England, and other regions during the past two hundred and fifty years; through Saturday, Oct. 25.... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century American masters; through Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Americans, including Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, and Eilschmius; through Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by five veteran painters—Thon, Moller, Betts, Schoener, and Magafan; through Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **MUSEUM**, 729 Broadway, at Waverly Pl.: In traditional defiance, sixteen painters and sculptors have combined to thwart the up-town art establishment through a project called **MUSEUM**; through Oct. 26. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **PACEM IN TERRIS GALLERY**, 323 E. 47th St.: Eighty paintings and sculptures by contemporary Haitian artists; through Oct. 30.... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by two Americans and one Italian; through Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; starting Saturday, Oct. 18. (Except on Mondays, admission is \$1.)... **American oils, drawings, and watercolors from the Museum's collections**; through Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of ten years of work in many mediums by Claes Oldenburg; through Nov. 23.... **Recent prints by thirty Yugoslav artists**; through Nov. 30.... **More than fifty drawings and watercolors by George Grosz, executed in different phases of his career as artist and illustrator and including**

well-known satiric drawings of the twenties; through Nov. 16.... **Preliminary studies and photographs of some rather mystifying works executed by Peter Hutchinson and Dennis Oppenheim "somewhere in the Caribbean"**; starting Monday, Oct. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by Roy Lichtenstein, known for his "comic strip" paintings; through Nov. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesday through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and eleven works by "naive" painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, from the celebrated Garbisch collection; through Nov. 2.... **American paintings and sculptures of the first half of the century**; through Nov. 4.... **An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by eighty-seven American artists, going back to the nineteenth century, dealing with extreme emotions aroused by the human environment, from political corruption to German concentration camps and black-and-white conflict**; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Thirty paintings and nineteen sculptures by twelve younger black artists; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Overseeing the Hall of Ocean Life and Biology of Fishes is a ninety-four-foot, ten-and-a-half-ton model of a breaching blue whale, suspended from the ceiling in a remarkable way. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Sixty-one bronzes and stone figures, including such subjects as deified monarchs and animals, and architectural fragments, all representing the creation, between 650 and 1250 A.D., of the Khmer people of Cambodia; through Dec. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Posters by artists including practically everybody; starting Thursday, Oct. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifteen paintings and drawings by Robert Henri, founder of the Eight, also known as the Ashcan School; through Dec. 14. A good complement to this exhibit is the Henri show at the Wickersham Gallery, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.... **Paintings, photographs, books, newspaper clippings, and other items related to the history of the Negro in America**; through Sunday, Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Five artists have organized "situations" that dispense with fixed art objects and include invisible and "impossible" art; through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Jerome LoMonaco, and Richard Fredricks.... **Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio"** (in English), with Beverly Sills, Anne Elgar, John Stewart, and Herbert Beattie.... **Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:15: "Capriccio"** (in English), with Johanna Meier, Kay Creed, Ellen Faulstich, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Spiro Malas.... **Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:15: "La Bohème"**, with Anna Ottaviano, Carol Bayard, Jerome LoMonaco, David Clatworthy, and Michael Devlin.... **Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Manon"**, with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and Richard Fredricks.... **Sunday, Oct. 19, at 1:15: "Boromaro"**, with Patricia Wise, Claramae Turn-



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the name of the artist and the year of the stamp. As you would suspect from the story above, these Duck Plates are exclusive in Abercrombie and Fitch stores and shops. They are priced at \$98.00 for a set of six 12 inch plates — no more than any other fine china — and they offer possession of great rarity for the sportsman or lady as well as pieces that convey conversation whenever they are used. Use coupon below or visit any of our stores.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

er, Joanna Simon, Salvador Novoa, and Richard Torigi... **¶** Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7:15: “Lucia di Lammermoor,” with Beverly Sills, Nicholas DiVirgilio, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Hale... **¶** Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: “Faust,” with Carol Bayard, Frances Bible, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Roy Samuelsen... **¶** Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: “Lucia di Lammermoor,” with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale... **¶** Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: “Mefistofele,” with Carol Neblett, Norman Treigle, and Robert Nagy... **¶** Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: “The Abduction from the Seraglio” (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Anne Elgar, John Stewart, and Herbert Beattie... **¶** Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:15: “Lucia di Lammermoor,” with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale... **¶** Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: “Faust,” with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Thomas Jamerson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 17, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 20, at 7:30 (all with Maurizio Pollini, piano; Leon Kirchner will conduct one of his own works at each concert); and Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 27, at 7:30 (both with Lorne Munroe, cello, and Paul Jacobs, piano)... **¶** Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30 (with Alegria Arce, piano).

NDR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF HAMBURG—Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—William Steinberg conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, and Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30; both with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello... **¶** Carnegie Hall Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30; no soloists.)

SYMPHONY OF THE NEW WORLD—Benjamin Steinberg conducting, with Charles Holland, tenor, and Lew Soloff, trumpet. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3.)

ORPHEON CHORALE—Dino Anagnost directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

RALPH KIRKPATRICK—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

ROSALYN TURECK—The last two in a series of three keyboard lecture-recitals on “The Interpretation of Bach.” (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30. “The Range of His Music,” and Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30: “The Role of the Dance.” All seats have been sold for both concerts, and only standing room is left.)

HUMBERT LUCARELLI—Oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The opening performances in the Society’s regular season. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30: Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Pina Carmirelli and Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison Sylvestre, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord... **¶** Saturday, Oct. 18, at 9: Miss Verrett; Mr. Treger; Boris Kroyt, viola; Yoko Matsuda, violin; and the Messrs. Trampler, Parnas, de Peyer, Arner, and Wadsworth. (Alice Tully Hall.)

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—The English Consort of Viols, with James Bowman, countertenor. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

FESTIVAL WINDS—Woodwind chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at

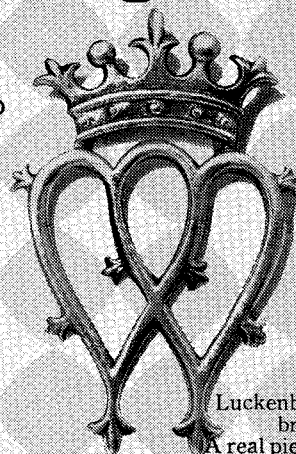
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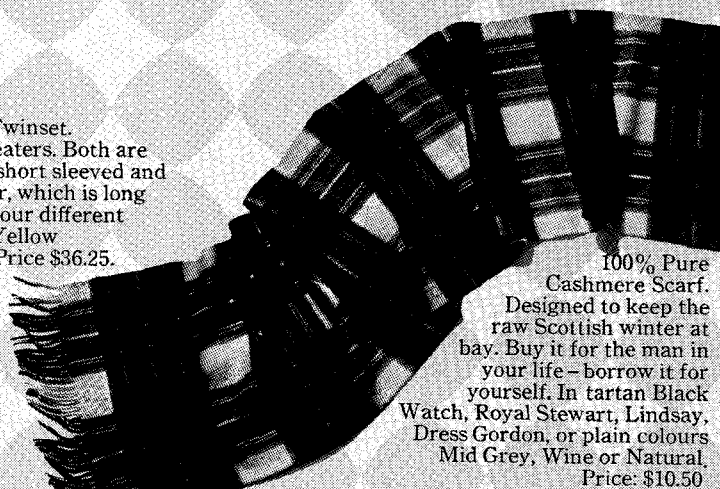


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:40.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—An all-Mozart program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

EVELYN LEAR—Soprano, in a lieder recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3.)

PER BREVIC—Trombone, in a recital of avant-garde music, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

LEAGUE-ISCM—A Schoenberg-Weisgall program, performed by Joyce Mathis, voice; Robert Miller, piano; and a chamber ensemble conducted by Jacques-Louis Monod. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 227-6000. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

ROBERT SYLVESTER—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

VIRGIL FOX—Organ, in an all-Bach concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

JAIME LAREDO—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

MICHAEL ROGERS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

ALBERT FULLER—Harpichord, in a program of eighteenth-century music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

PETER PEARS AND BENJAMIN BRITTEN—Tenor and piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:40, a varied program; and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:40, Schubert's "Die Winterreise.")

ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE—Duo piano, with Benita Valente, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MICHAEL RABIN—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

DONOVAN—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.

SPIRIT, KINKS, AND BONZO DOG BAND—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 8 and 11:30.

LED ZEPPELIN—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30 and at midnight.

THE RASCALS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.

THE WHO—Performing their rock opera "Tommy." (Fillmore East. Monday through Thursday, Oct. 20-23, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 9.)

CHRISTOPHER TREE'S SPONTANEOUS SOUND—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.

DOC SEVERINSEN'S BAND—A benefit performance. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—World Series—Mets vs. Baltimore. The fourth and, if necessary, fifth games at Shea Stadium. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15-16. After that, if the tug-of-war is still on, back to Baltimore for final games on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 18-19. Local games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Phoenix. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 18: Army vs.



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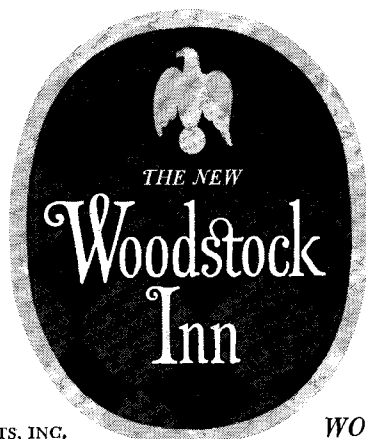


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Utah State, at West Point, at 2... ♣ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30... ♣ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30... ♣ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2... ♣ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2... ♣ Rutgers vs. Navy, at New Brunswick, at 2... ♣ Syracuse vs. Penn State, at Syracuse, at 1:30... **SATURDAY, OCT. 25:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2... ♣ Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2... ♣ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30... ♣ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30... ♣ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1:30... ♣ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 2... ♣ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Houston Oilers. (Shea Stadium, Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Minnesota... ♣ Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Toronto... ♣ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

HORSE SHOW—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Friday, Oct. 17, through Saturday, Oct. 25.)

HUNT RACING—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 18.)... ♣ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 25.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Final game of the season, Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3:30.

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 15, and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 18. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1:45, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:45.)

... **NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT:** Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 17. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.)... **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 20, through Monday, Dec. 15. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 25... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Wednesday, Oct. 15, through Tuesday, Nov. 18. The Vineland Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 15... **LAUREL, Md.:** Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 25, through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)... **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8, from Saturday, Oct. 18, through Monday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concerts of the season, with the Shinichi Suzuki Violinists. (Philharmonic Hall, Saturday, Oct. 18, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)... **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall, JU 2-2424, Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By SALVATORE GUIDA: "A Very Special Clown." (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 10th St. 673-0291, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30.)... **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090, Saturdays at 1 and 3:30 and Sundays at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Adventure of a Light Beam." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at

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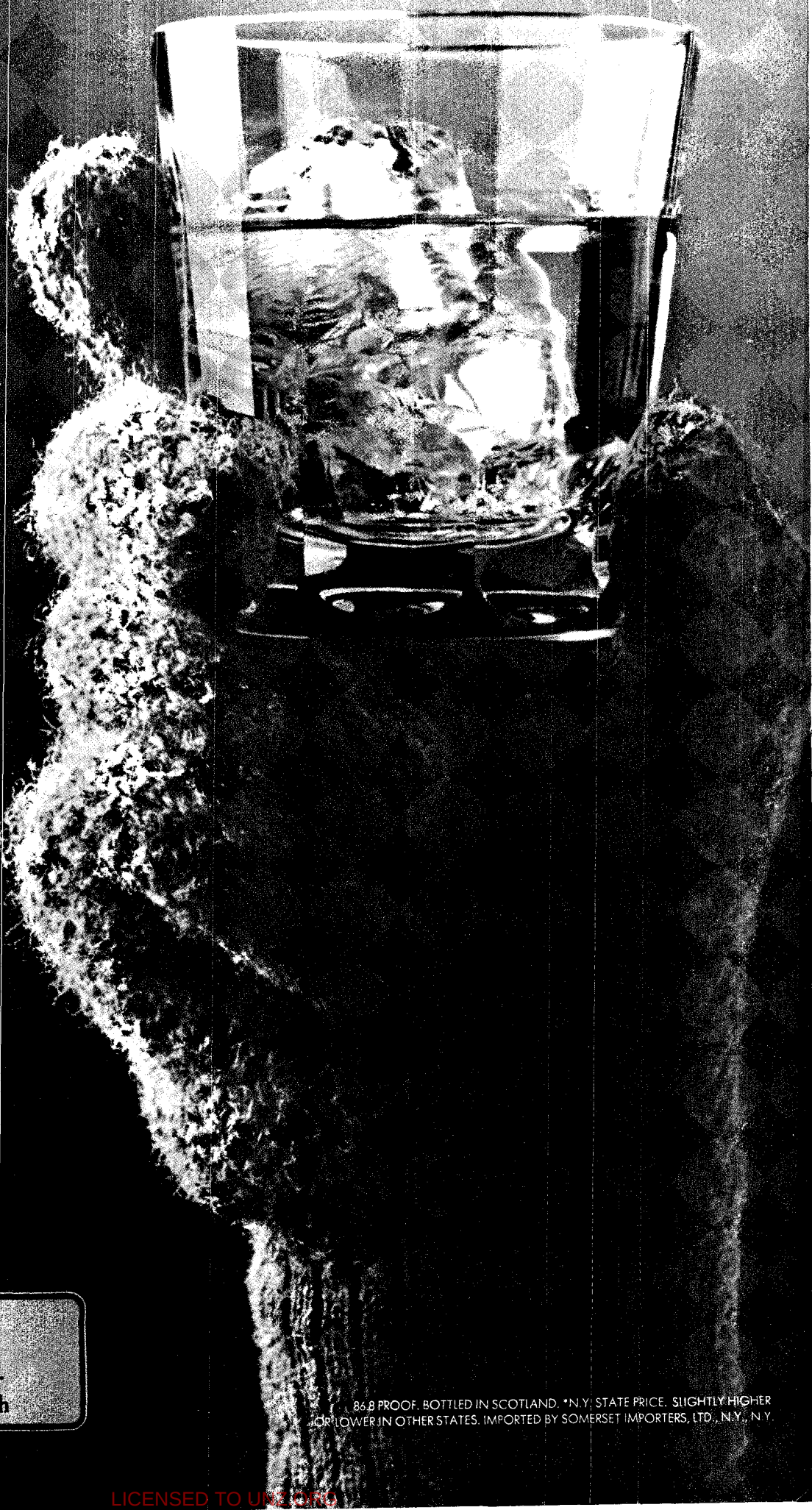
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Michel Deguy reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 3. No tickets necessary.)... Donald Justice and Mark Strand reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)... João Cabral de Melo Neto reading from his own works, in Portuguese, with English translations read by American poets. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)... John Ashbery, Michael Benedikt, and Ron Padgett reading from their own works. (Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. 249-4100. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

LECTURE—James Johnson Sweeney presenting the first in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 3. Admission is free.)

FLYING SCOTSMAN—This famous steam locomotive and the train it pulls will be open for public inspection Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 15-18, from 10 to 6, at Pennsylvania Station (Track 6). For information about tickets, call 973-7934.

PARK AVENUE ANTIQUES FAIR—The annual showing of American, European, and Oriental antiques, ranging from furniture to knickknacks. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 15-18, from 1 to 10:30, and Sunday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 16, at 1:45: European and Chinese porcelains, from many collections. ... Friday, Oct. 17, at 1:45: Part II of the Melvin Gutman collection of medieval and Renaissance jewelry and vessels of rock crystal and other semiprecious stones. ... Saturday, Oct. 18, at 1:45: Nineteenth-century French furniture and decorations, belonging to Ernest Henderson and others. ... Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 1:45 and 8, and Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 10:15: The seventh and final part of the Thomas Winthrop Streeter collection of Americana, this one comprising material relating to aeronautics, Christian Science, transportation and communications, sports, economics, education, New Jersey, and literature. ... Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 17.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Seven programs in a series of Russian films, many without English titles: Oct. 16 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Enthusiasm" (1931); Oct. 17 at 2 and 5:30, "Borderland" (1933); Oct. 18 at 3 and 5:30, "Deserter" (1933); Oct. 19 at 2 and 5:30, "Jolly Fellows" (1934); Oct. 20 at 2 and 5:30, "Snatchers" (1935); Oct. 21 at 2, "Old and New" (1929); Oct. 23 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Revolt of the Fishermen" (1934). ... Oct. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lodger" (1926), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. ... Oct. 18 at 11:30: A program of five Mack Sennett comedies. ... Oct. 21 at 5:30: "Image, Voice and Flesh" (1969), directed by Ed Emshwiller. ... Oct. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), directed by G. W. Pabst. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Two programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." Through Oct. 19: "Behind the Screen" (1916), "Easy Street" (1917), "The Fireman" (1916), and "The Floorwalker" (1916). ... Starting Oct. 22: "The Rink" (1916), "The Cure" (1917), "The Immigrant" (1917), and "The Adventurer" (1917). (Showings at 4 and 6.)



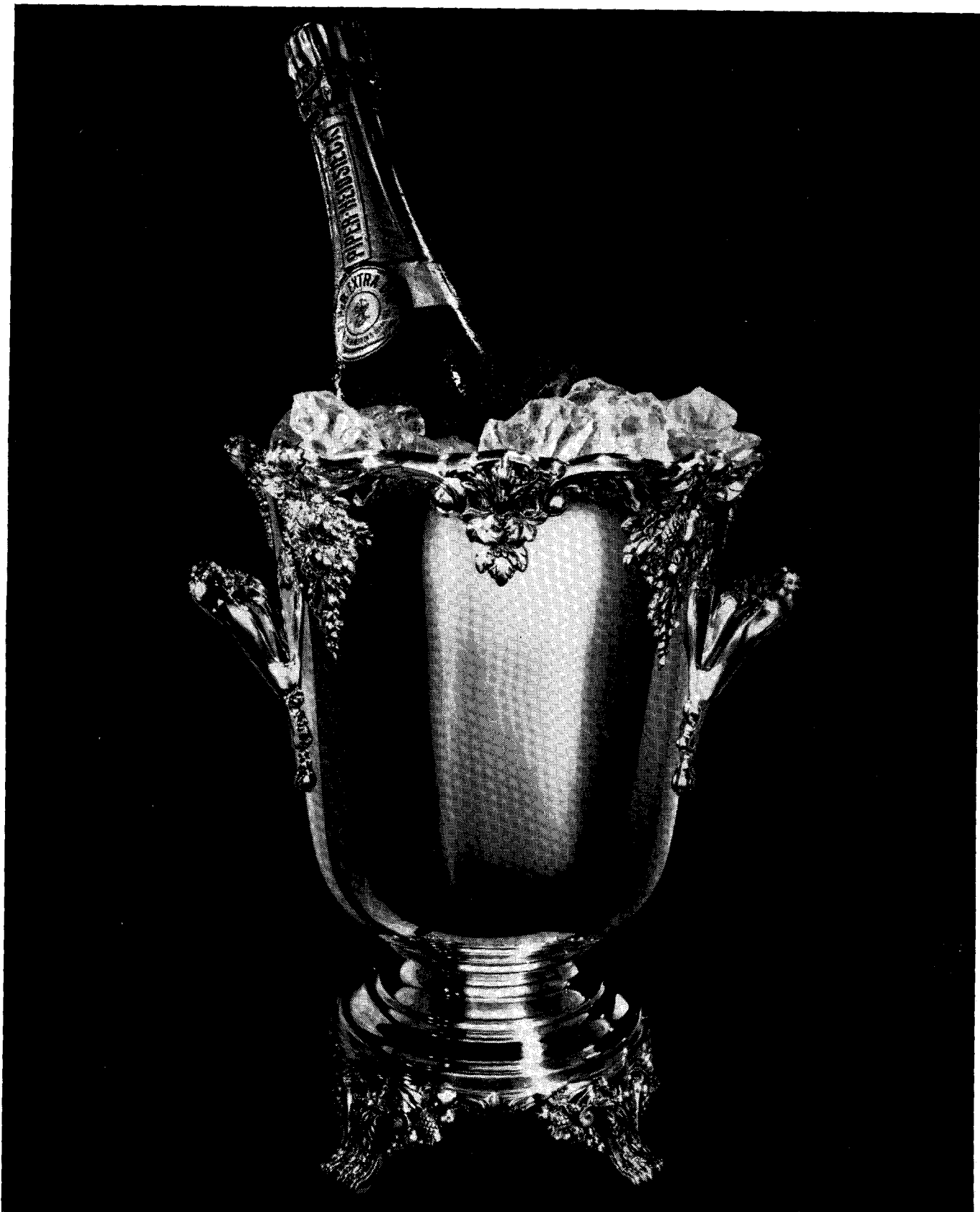
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23		

ALICE'S RESTAURANT—Arthur Penn's tender, simple film from Arlo Guthrie's best-selling talking-blues ballad record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre." Arlo Guthrie plays himself. Among many other things, the film becomes a very touching study of kinds of American faces—hippies, an old man, even an affectingly seen cop. (Murray Hill, 166 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

THE BED SITTING ROOM—The ghastly kind of far-out humor that makes you feel as if you've got a pain in your side when you haven't even laughed. Richard Lester directed this apocalyptic after-the-bomb farce. With Michael Hordern, Rita Tushingham, and Ralph Richardson—until he mutates into a bed-sitting room. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; through Oct. 18.)

BELLE DE JOUR (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 22.)

BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE—In recent years, Hollywood comedies as entertaining as this have become rare. As the happily married couple, Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are not as good as they might be, but Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould are almost too good as the perfectly mismatched pair. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

BONNIE AND CLYDE (1967)—Arthur Penn's story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 21.)

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

BULLITT (1968)—Peter Yates' police melodrama, starring San Francisco and Steve McQueen. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 21.)

BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID—Maybe the company should have just bought the title and got another script to go with it, because this one (by William Goldman) is some kind of cute cross between a contemporary put-on and a stylized Western legend, and if there is any way to make it work, George Roy Hill, who directed, didn't find it. Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross are, however, among the most attractive performers around. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Oct. 21.)

THE DRUNKEN ANGEL (1960)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 20-21.)

EASY RIDER—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. Stanzas of encounters with a gradually hardening country, and reprise lines of lyric motorcycle riding by the two heroes, who are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR (1964)—A Czech film, written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, about a Jewish doctor in Prague during its occupation by an anti-Semitic power. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 920-3350.)

FUNNY GIRL—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS—Philip Roth on the theme of a bright young Jewish boy who is caught in the middle of a Jewish joke and not

laughing about it, although the film itself is funny, because Richard Benjamin, as the hero, seems exceptionally alert to the familiar gambits with guilt-giving. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME (1939)—Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 23.)

KIRU (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 17-19.)

I LIVE IN FEAR (1967)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 15-16 and Oct. 22-23.)

THE LION IN WINTER—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE LOVES OF ISADORA—Karel Reisz's finely intelligent study of the character of Isadora Duncan, wonderfully acted and danced by Vanessa Redgrave. Some hamfist in the movie industry not only added "The Loves of" to the original title but also lopped off nearly an hour of the film's running length. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 22.)

THE LOWER DEPTHS (1962)—An adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 15-16 and Oct. 22-23.)

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT—Updated and misguided. With Katharine Hepburn, and Margaret Leighton, Edith Evans, Giulietta Masina, Yul Brynner, Danny Kaye, Richard Chamberlain, and Charles Boyer. Bryan Forbes directed, from Edward Anhalt's bowdlerization of the Jean Giraudoux play. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 22.)

MARRY ME! MARRY ME!—Claude Berri's minor, gentle-natured film about a French boy being nudged into marriage. It has the wry and alert virtues of the best anecdotal Czech movies. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL (1945)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 17-19.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY—John Schlesinger directs James Leo Herlihy's story for horselarghs, but the movie is worth seeing for a look at Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, who play the cowboy and Ratso Rizzo. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

MORGAN! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 22.)

NAZARIN (1958)—Buñuel's film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. Francisco Rabal plays the priest. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Oct. 16.)

OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR—A socially significant antiwar musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English movie-making. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. With John Mills, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ralph Richardson, various Red-

graves, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

OLIVER!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

PETULIA (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 15.)

POPI—Alan Arkin, who is worth close attention whatever he does, here plays a Puerto Rican father with three jobs and two sons, whom he tries his best to rescue from the slums of East Harlem by passing them off as orphaned Cuban refugees. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Oct. 22, tentative.)

PUTNEY SWOPE—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story," performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

LA RONDE—The sex chestnut of the art houses of the fifties—censored then, now restored. Max Ophuls directed this graceful star-filled version of Schnitzler's play about a human chain of affairs. The ringmaster is Anton Walbrook. The ten pairs of couples include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gelin, Simone Simon, and Isa Miranda. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Oct. 20.)

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN—One doesn't know whether to laugh or to groan: As the King of the Incas, Christopher Plummer carries on like a mad queen, while Robert Shaw, as Pizarro, and the rest of the cast play it straight. No doubt Plummer should be scolded, but he's so *entertaining*, and the movie is a mess, anyway. From Peter Shaffer's play. Directed by Irving Lerner. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—François Truffaut directed this movie about a pianist in a Paris café. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Oct. 20.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN—Woody Allen as a criminal who never makes the Ten Most Wanted list. Far from taking the money and running, he writes polite holdup notes to bank tellers and argues desperately when they can't read his writing. Written and directed by the star. A stop-and-go film, but a true original. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 17-20.)

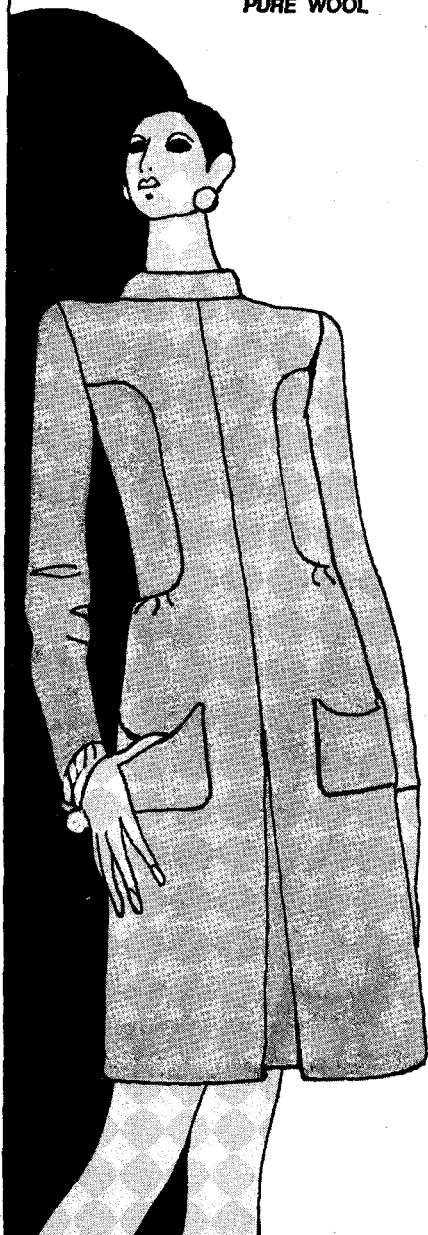
THE THREEPENNY OPERA (1931)—Directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya. In German. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Oct. 21.)

THRONE OF BLOOD (1961)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 20-21.)

A WALK WITH LOVE AND DEATH—John Huston's romantic idyll, set in a time of terror. A student (Assaf Dayan) and a young girl of noble birth (Anjelica Huston) try to find an escape hatch from the Hundred Years' War. This love story is unusually tough-minded, and effective because it is. From Hans Koningberger's novel. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

WINNING—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward add *real* human interest to professional auto racing. Both the love story and the races are directed with great skill by James Goldstone. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

THE YOUNG GIRLS OF ROCHEFORT (1967)—Jacques Demy's musical, with Gene Kelly and a score by Michel Legrand. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 15.)



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"More," Mimsy Farmer.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
WINNING.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 21: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **BULLITT**.
From Oct. 22: **BELLE DE JOUR** and **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (both in French).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 21: "Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 22 (tentative): **POPI**; and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 19: "Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer.
From Oct. 20: "Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Black on White," Terry Carter.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
A WALK WITH LOVE AND DEATH.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"de Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer.

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Lock Up Your Daughters," Christopher Plummer, Susannah York.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Oct. 21: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.
From Oct. 22: "The Sterile Cuckoo," Liza Minnelli.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Lions Love," an Agnès Varda film.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Oct. 21: "Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 22: To be announced.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 19: "Hang 'Em High" (1968), Clint Eastwood, Inger Stevens; and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968), Clint Eastwood.
From Oct. 20: "Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 15: "Paris Belongs to Us" (1962; in French), Betty Schneider; and "The Third Man" (1950), Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli.
Oct. 16-23: Theatre closed.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 21: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and **BULLITT**.
From Oct. 22: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and **MORGAN!**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Oct. 15-16: **I LIVE IN FEAR AND THE LOWER DEPTHS** (both in Japanese).
Oct. 17-19: **IKIRU** and **THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL** (both in Japanese).
Oct. 20-21: **THRONE OF BLOOD** and **THE DRUNKEN ANGEL** (both in Japanese).
Oct. 22-23: **I LIVE IN FEAR AND THE LOWER DEPTHS** (both in Japanese).

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Lock Up Your Daughters," Christopher Plummer, Susannah York.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 20: **LA RONDE** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French).
From Oct. 21: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German); and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (in French).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 21: "Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 22: "The Lost Man," Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
From Oct. 15, at 7:15: "Paint Your Wagon," Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood. (Opening night is a benefit performance. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Christmas Tree," William Holden, Virna Lisi.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Oct. 18: **THE BED SITTING ROOM**.
From Oct. 19: "Adalen 31" (in Swedish).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Duet for Cannibals" (in Swedish), Adriana Asti.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

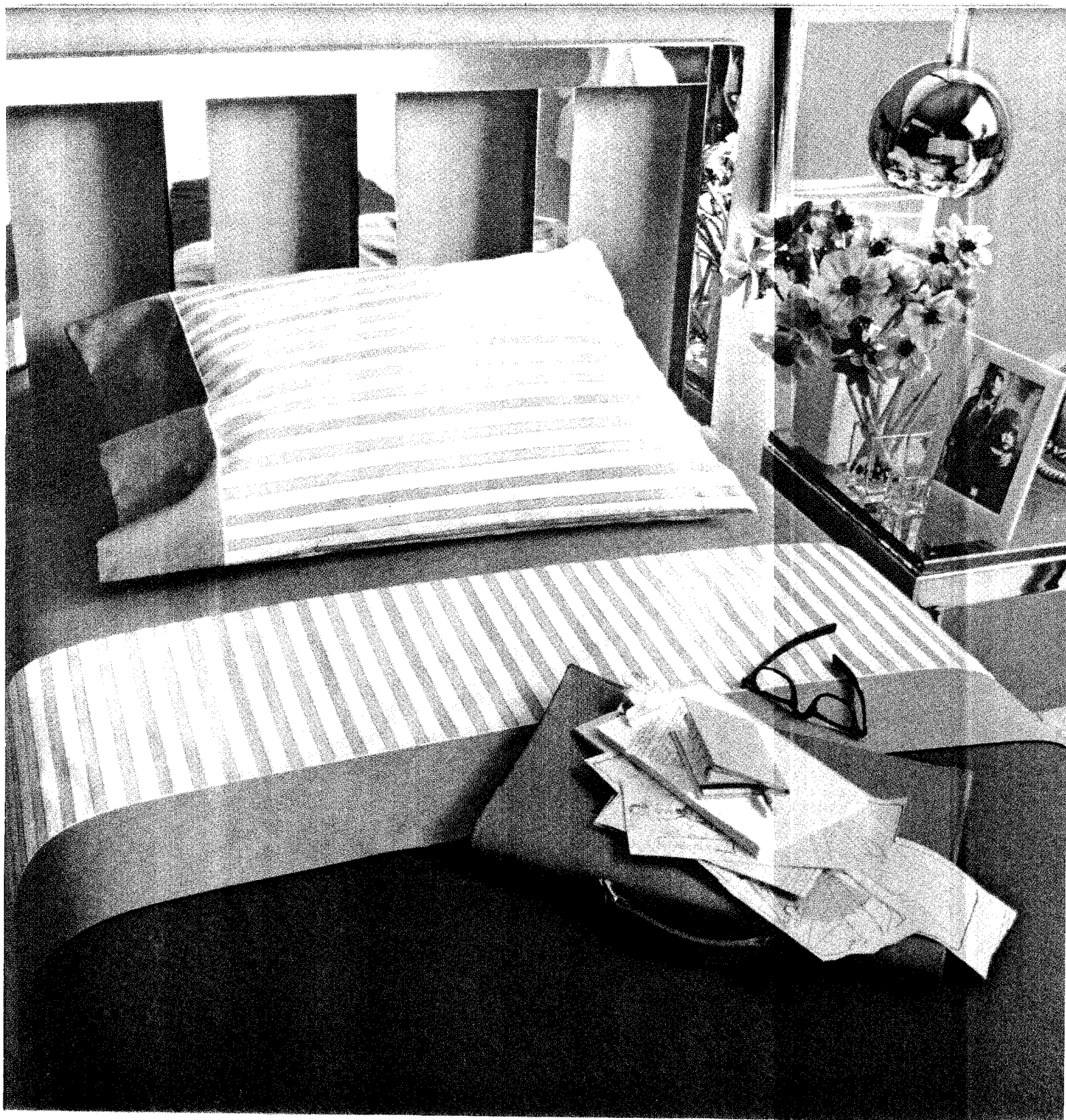
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 15: **THE YOUNG GIRLS OF ROCHEFORT** (in French); and **PETULIA**.
Oct. 16-22: "Johnny Guitar" (1954), Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden.
From Oct. 23: **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**; and "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), Charles Laughton, Mary Boland.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 21: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell; and "Hook, Line, and Sinker," Jerry Lewis, Peter Lawford.
From Oct. 22: "Swiss Family Robinson" (1960), John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Parent Trap" (1961), Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 16: **NAZARIN** (in Spanish); and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).
Oct. 17-20: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming" (1966), Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
Oct. 21-23: "Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills; and "Negatives" (1968), Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"More," Mimsy Farmer.



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You're also a believer in function with a flair, which is why you select these no-iron sheets that take care of themselves. Smooth percales of 50% cotton, 50% polyester from Cannon Royal Family. One of the nice things. Look for us on the CBS and NBC Television Networks.

CANNON

ROYAL FAMILY



Cannon® Tempo sheets in stripes of pink, blue, green or bronze. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 10020.

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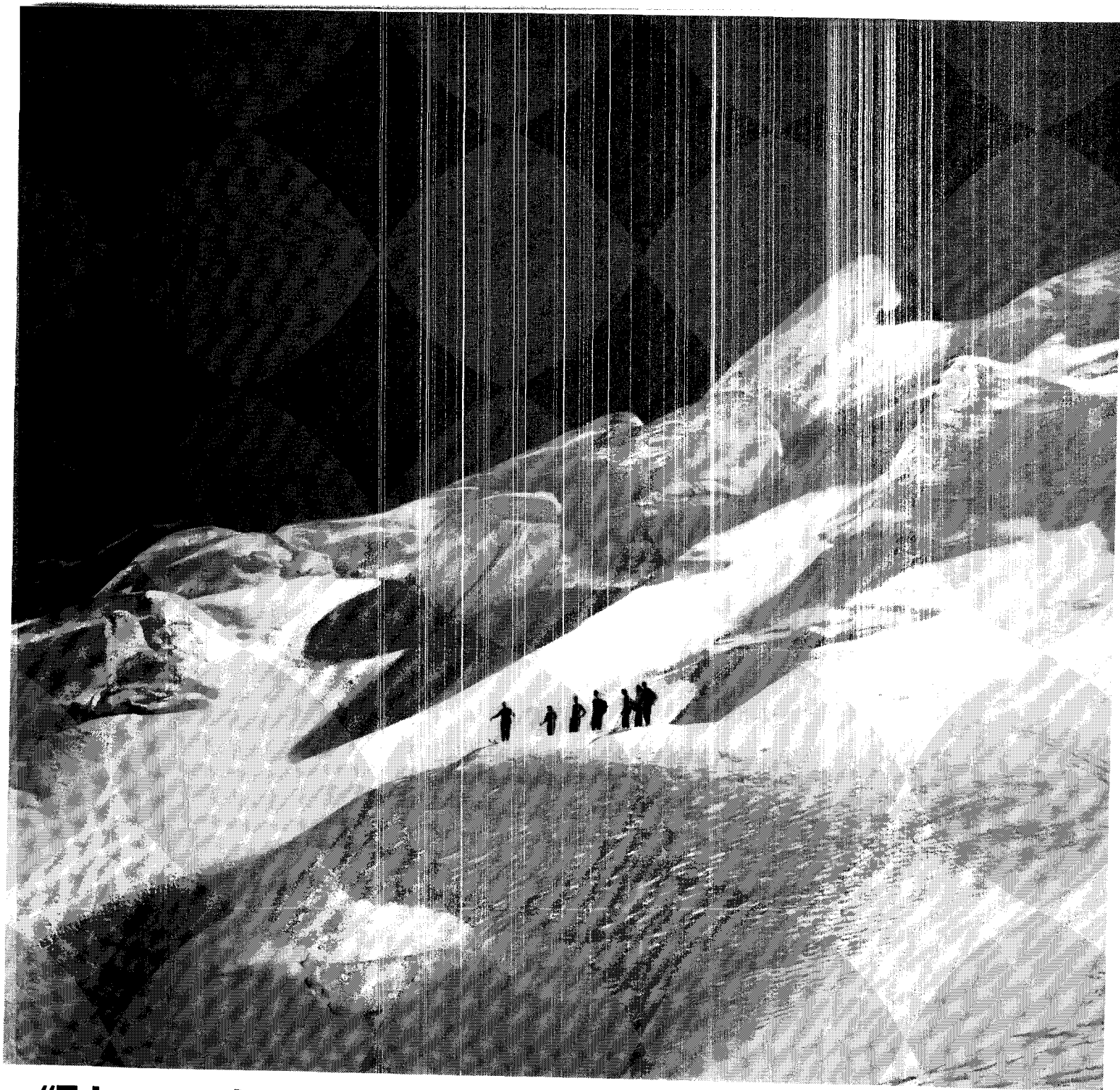


Make things happen.
It's easy
with Emba® mink.

When you wear Emba, you are what's happening. Emba mink—all fourteen outrageously flattering, completely natural colors—is produced in America for adventurous girls the world over. Are you ready? Tourmaline® Emba natural pale beige mink coat designed by Geoffrey Beene for Dan Grossman.

emba®

•trademark of the world's finest mink—produced in America by the Emba Mink Breeders Association.



“Take away their precious snow and what have the Swiss got...?”

Precious power. Melting snow provides the millions of tons of water needed annually to run our thirsty hydro-electric plants.

They in turn pump out the power to run our many industries which traditionally provide the world with manufactured goods of unsurpassed quality.

So you can see how melting snow really turns us on. After all, we have a pretty big responsibility. To perpetuate a centuries-old reputation for unrivalled excellence.

A country that has to buy its raw materials has greater respect for what should be done with them. And we do it.

The Swiss Industries Group, c/o The Swiss Center, 608 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

I am particularly interested in knowing more about Swiss quality products and services.

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Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

When it comes to Quality we're not so Quaint



The Swiss Industries Group

Bally, Inc., Chocolat Tobler American Corporation, Swissair, Swiss Bank Corporation, Swiss Bankers Association, Swiss National Tourist Office, The Swiss Wine Bureau, Switzerland Cheese Association, Incorporated, The Watchmakers of Switzerland Information Center, Inc.

What hath Volkswagen wrought this year?

A longer-lasting engine, that's what.

It's more powerful than the old engine. (Top speed: 81 mph vs. 78 mph.)

It has better acceleration.

But most important, it doesn't have to work as hard to get you where you're going.

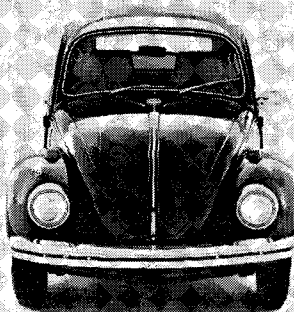
Thus, according to every calculation known to man, it will last even longer.

And just to make sure the engine and every other VW part leads a long, happy life, we have another surprise for 1970:

The Volkswagen Diagnostic Checkup.

Now before the name scares you away, listen to what it is:

VW Diagnosis is an exclusive free service checkup by trained technicians using special diagnostic equipment.



The equipment is faster and more thorough than any mechanic alive.

And it's so advanced, it can actually tell you you have a problem early, before it becomes a real problem.

For instance, let's say the resistance in one of your spark plug wires is too high.

Nothing serious, but it could reduce your gas mileage and eventually foul up your spark plugs.

During a Diagnostic Checkup, our equipment can find and we can fix this problem in a matter of minutes.

When you buy a new VW, you're entitled to four of these advanced checkups free.

What could be a better deal than that?

You buy a bug.

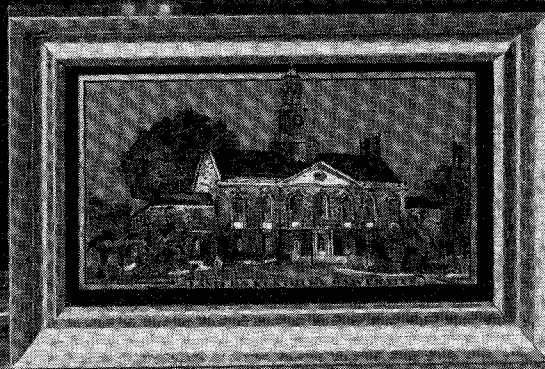
We take care of the bugs.

**The
1970 VW
will stay
ugly
longer.**

May We Order Your College?



\$35.



\$22.

A.

Adelphi U., Agnes Scott, Akron U.,
Alabama U., Alberta Magnus,
Albion, Albright, Alfred, Allegheny,
American International, American U.,
Amherst, Annapolis, etc., etc.,

700 Colleges in all. Hand painted on
reverse glass and bordered in a
leafed frame. A Classic!

SEND THE NAME OF YOUR COLLEGE WITH A CHECK* TO:

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MYSTIC • Mystic Seaport Stores 06355

DELAWARE

WILMINGTON • Lloyd-Walsh 19803
DISTRICT of COLUMBIA • Martin's 98108
Camalier & Buckley 20036

FLORIDA

HOBE SOUND • Robin Hood's Barn 33455

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TEXAS

DALLAS • Arnold's of Dallas 75240

VIRGINIA

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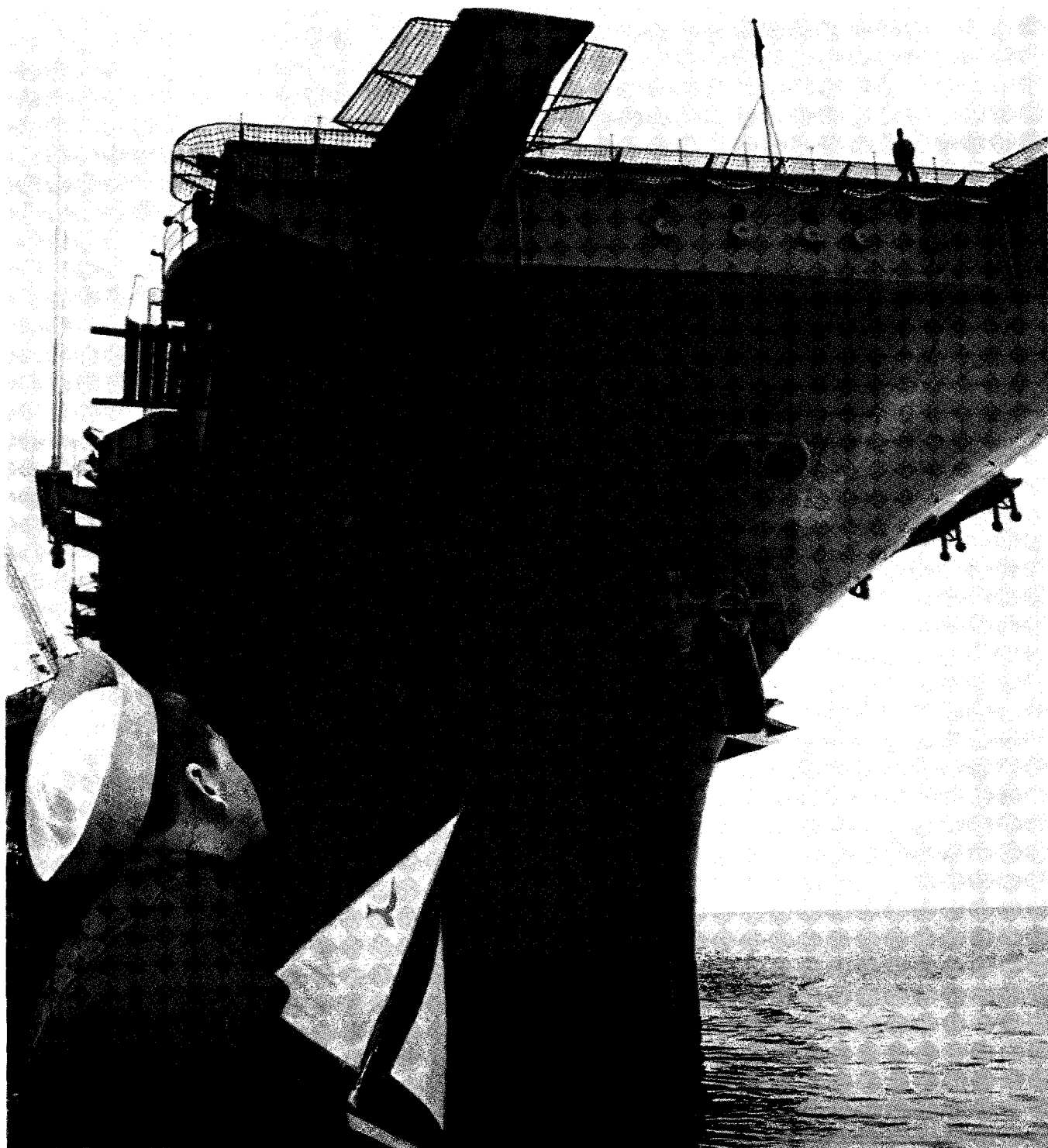
WISCONSIN

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*plus State tax and \$1.25 for shipping.

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TENNECO CHEMICALS, INC. □ TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION CO. □ TENNECO OIL CO. □
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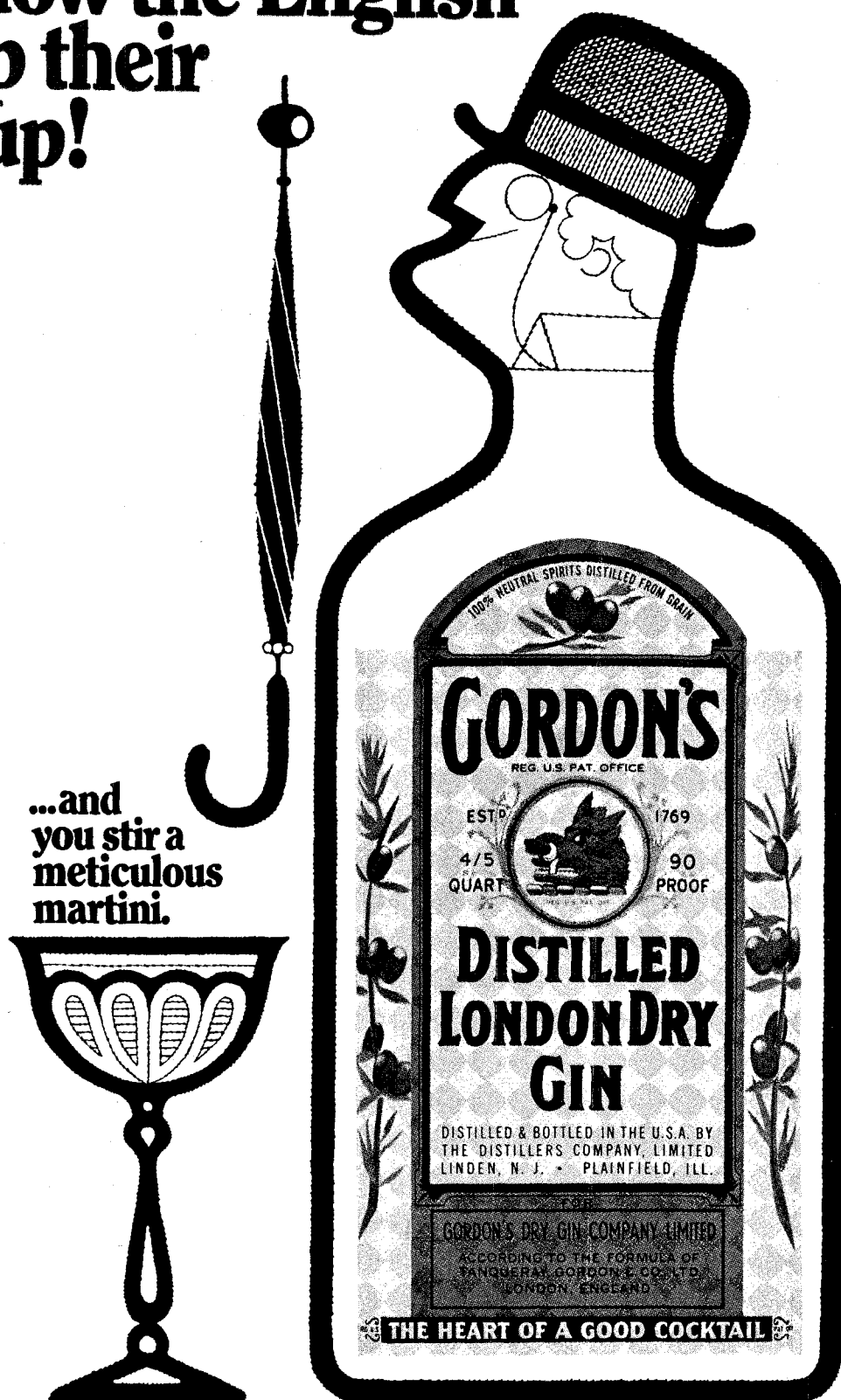
Shipbuilding is some of our business

How much is some? It's enough to make our Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company the biggest privately owned shipbuilder in the U.S. The only one, in fact, that can launch everything from a super-carrier to a nuclear sub to an ocean liner. One major reason why we're over \$2 billion a year in sales—and growing bigger. Tenneco. **Building businesses is our business.**



TENNECO INC.
HOUSTON, TEXAS

**Gordon's.
It's how the English
keep their
gin up!**



Let down on the distinctive dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin?
Never! Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So you stir a drier, more precise martini in 1969.
A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But then that's why your martini is made with
the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world. Cheers!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.



Why an automatic turntable from Swindon, England has made it big in the States.

At the risk of seeming immodest, we've had a smashing success in the United States.

There are more Garrards being used in component stereo systems here than all other makes combined.

Even we find this a curious fact.

But the die was cast thirty-odd years ago.

Not parity, but superiority

H. V. Slade, then Managing Director of Garrard Limited, decreed, "We will sell a Garrard in the U.S. *only*



H. V. Slade

when it is more advanced than any machine made there."

A commitment to, not parity, but absolute superiority.

Spurred by it, Garrard of England has been responsible for every major innovation in automatic turntables.

In the thirties, Garrard pioneered the principle of two-point record support. Still the safest known method of record handling. Oddly, still a Garrard exclusive.

In the forties, we introduced the aluminum tone arm. Today, widely used by makers of fine equipment.

By 1961, increasingly sensitive cartridges had led us to adapt a feature originally developed for professional turntables: the dynamically balanced tone arm, with a movable counter-

weight to neutralize the arm and an adjustment to add precisely the correct stylus tracking force.

In 1964, we added an anti-skating control, and patented the sliding weight design that makes it permanently accurate.

Then, in 1967, Garrard engineers perfected the Synchro-Lab motor, a revolutionary two-stage synchronous motor.

The induction portion supplies the power to reach playing speed instantly. The synchronous section then "locks in" to the 60-cycle frequency of the current to give unvarying speed despite variations in voltage.

"We're bloody flattered"

This year one of our competitors has introduced a copy of our Synchro-Lab motor on its most expensive model.

To quote Alan Say, our Head of Engineering, "We're bloody flattered.

"After all, being imitated is a rather good measure of how significant an innovation really is."

The new Garrard SL95B features still another development we expect will become an industry standard.

Garrard's viscous damped tone arm descent—originally offered to provide gentler, safer cueing—now operates in automatic cycle as well.

It seems only logical. Yet, for the

present at least, it is another Garrard exclusive.

Other 1970 Garrard refinements include a counterweight adjustment screw for balancing the tone arm to within a hundredth of a gram. A window scale on the tone arm for the stylus force gauge. And a larger, more precise version of our anti-skating control.

Un-innovating

At the same time, we've eliminated a feature we once pioneered. A bit of un-innovating, you might say.

Garrard's disappearing record platform is disappearing for good.

We've replaced it with a non-disappearing record platform. A larger, stronger support with an easy-to-grasp clip that fits surely over the stack.

A small thing, perhaps.

But another indication that H.V.'s commitment remains with us.

\$44.50 to \$129.50

Garrard standards do not vary with price. Only the degree of refinement possible for the money.

There are six Garrard component models from the SL95B automatic turntable (above) for \$129.50 to the 40B at \$44.50.

Your dealer can help you arrive at the optimum choice for your system.

Garrard

British Industries Co., a division of Avnet, Inc.

**If you want to buy a winter coat in October,
call your Doncaster representative.
That's the only way you'll get exactly what you want.**

October is the month when you feel the first chill in the air and paradoxically, it's the month when the selection of winter coats is drastically limited, if not downright depressing.

That's why so many women elect to buy winter coats and complete wardrobes from Doncaster. The Doncaster selection is never diminished, never shopworn, never second or third choice. A superb example is the beautifully cut black and white wool plaid coat shown here. It makes an elegant fashion statement from its large collar to its belted waist to its stand up flap pockets. You can order it in nine other fabrics and a barrage of colors. And there's no frenzy in this shopping. Everything is shown by the Doncaster representative in her own home where the mood is serene, the pace leisurely and where you are the sole object of her attention. In fact Doncaster is so geared to satisfy individual needs that if you live in an area where the winter is mild or if you're planning a trip to California or Tangiers, you can order this very coat in a marvelous gabardine.

Doncaster dresses, suits and coats range in price from \$75 to \$250 and come in sizes 6 to 20, or a pattern can be cut in your specific measurements.

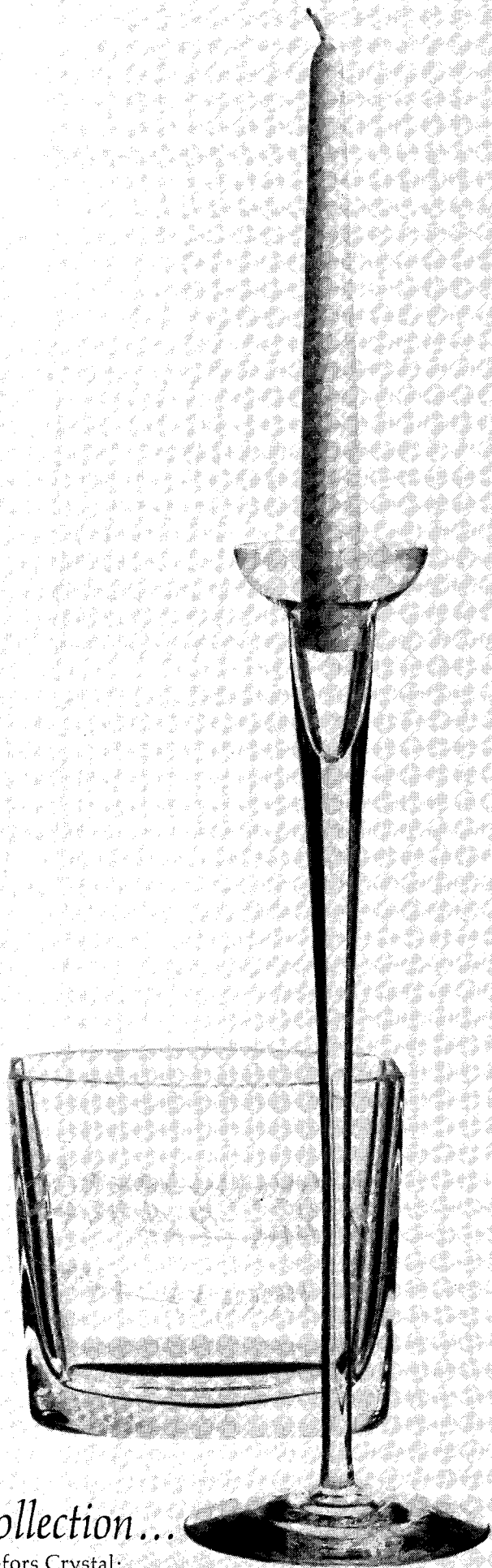
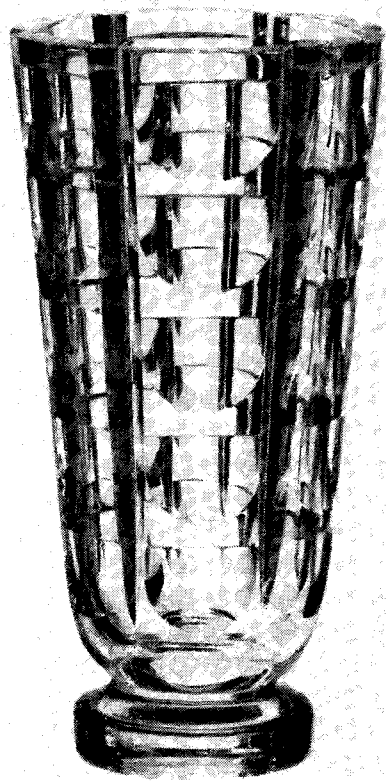
If all this sounds like super-indulgence of our customers, you are absolutely right. That's our goal and the goal of every Doncaster representative. In short, that's what Doncaster is all about.

For the Doncaster representative in your area, or if you would like to become a Doncaster representative, write:



Hat by Miss Edlyn.
Photographed at the Westbury Hotel.

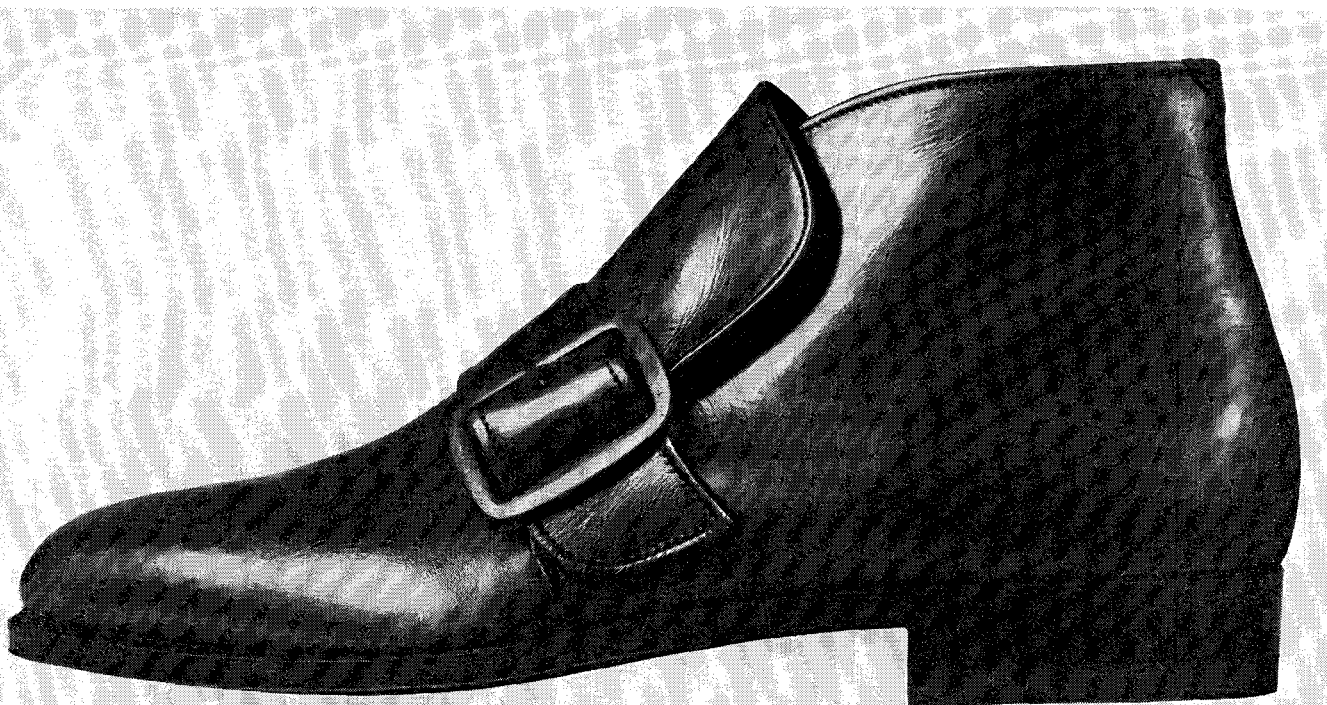
write: **doncaster** Rutherfordton 25, North Carolina.



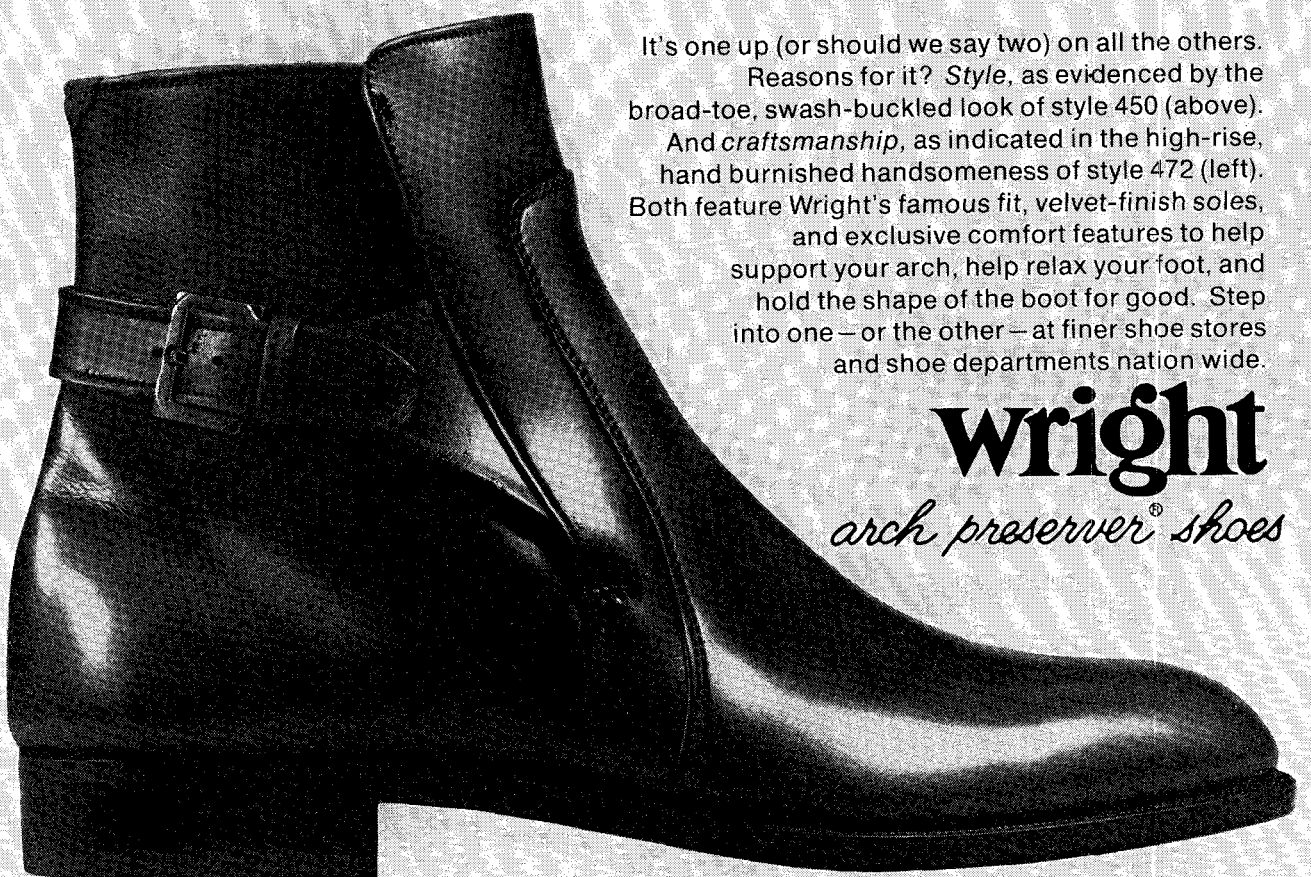
From Orrefors' Designer Collection...

three exquisite pieces of internationally famous Orrefors Crystal: handsome, "Thousand Windows" vase, 9 in., \$70; engraved vase with perching swallows, 5¼ in., \$125; candleholder, 13 in., \$16 (other sizes available). At better stores everywhere. Write FISHER, BRUCE & CO., 221 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19106 or 527 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014.

ORREFORS
CRYSTAL



Introducing Wright Bootmanship



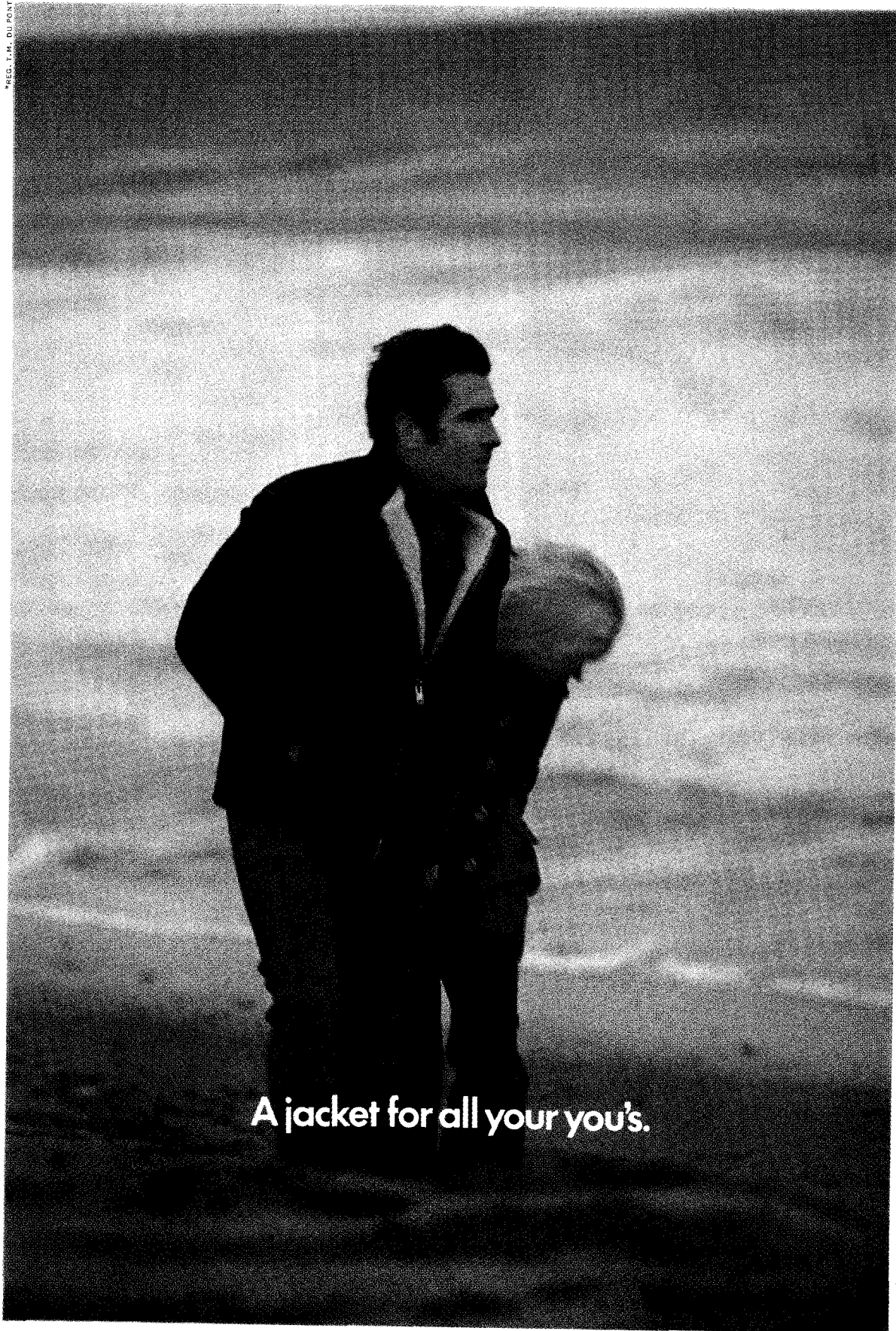
It's one up (or should we say two) on all the others.
Reasons for it? *Style*, as evidenced by the broad-toe, swash-buckled look of style 450 (above).

And *craftsmanship*, as indicated in the high-rise, hand burnished handsomeness of style 472 (left). Both feature Wright's famous fit, velvet-finish soles, and exclusive comfort features to help support your arch, help relax your foot, and hold the shape of the boot for good. Step into one — or the other — at finer shoe stores and shoe departments nation wide.

wright
arch preserver® shoes

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., ROCKLAND, MASS. 02370

REG. T.M. DU PONT



A jacket for all your you's.

The ROVAIRE. 65% **DACRON*** polyester, 35% cotton—two-way zip front—100% nylon knit collar—Super-Luster DACRON pile lining from edge to edge—triple track stitch trim at bottom. About \$38. B. W. Harris Mfg. Co., Park Square, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

ZERO KING®



Something to believe in.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION



Announcing the 1970 Buicks.

They're something to believe in.

Because they're built with product integrity—traditional craftsmanship and care.

The 1970 Riviera has variable ratio power steering and power brakes as standard equipment. Plus a cooling system that should never overheat. And a new carburetor time modulated choke control (a Buick exclusive) for fast starts in any weather.

We build our cars with product integrity because we want them to be something to believe in.

They always have been.

They always will be.

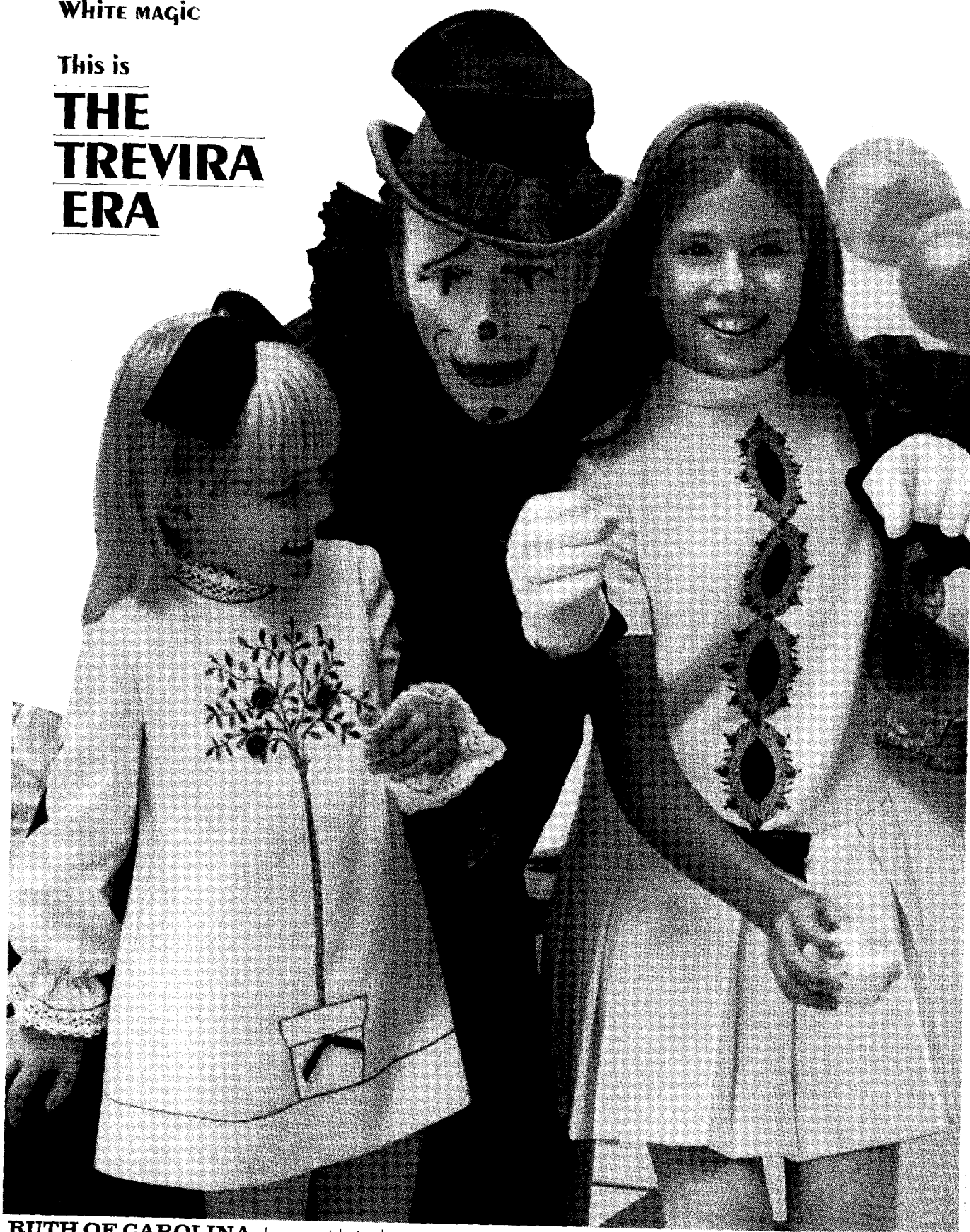
Now, wouldn't you really rather have a

1970 Buick.

Real clowns to play with
 Flannel that's fun
 White magic

This is

THE TREVIRA ERA



RUTH OF CAROLINA dresses girls in the creamy white flannels of The Trevira Era. Soft to touch and beautifully behaved too, because of Trevira. The money tree, sizes 3-6x, about \$15. The portrait dress, sizes 7-14, about \$18. In Soptra flannel of Trevira® polyester and rayon. At Altman's, New York; Filene's, Boston; John Gerber, Memphis; Roos Atkins, San Francisco; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

TREVIRA®
 POLYESTER
 The Extraordinary Fiber

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Going on a cruise without American Express Travelers Cheques is about as big a goof as...



...calling for a check at the Captain's table.

No savvy traveler would do such a thing. Nor would he risk the embarrassment and frustration of trying to use personal checks and letters of credit. Not to mention the *danger* of losing cash.

No problem with American Express Travelers Cheques. You can spend these Travelers Cheques everywhere—at hotels, motels, restaurants, nightclubs, shops, airports, railroads, gas stations—even at places far off the beaten track. (Try doing that with a lesser-known travelers cheque.)

American Express Travelers Cheques are famous as

The Rescue Money. If your Cheques get lost or stolen, you go to the local American Express office or representative. (They're all over the world.) Get your missing Cheques replaced. And your trip is rescued.

American Express rescues more trips abroad with on-the-spot refunds than all other travelers cheques combined.

They cost just a penny for each dollar's worth of Cheques you buy. Buy them where you bank—in \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$500 denominations.

So don't travel abroad—or in the U.S.A.—without American Express Travelers Cheques.

You can't go wrong
with American Express
Travelers Cheques.

The Rescue Money.



New York

Cannes

Naples

Malaga

Sicily

Madeira

Canary Islands

Dakar

St. Thomas

Bahia

Rio de Janeiro

It's the Ultimate Cruise.
On the Ultimate Ship, the S.S. France.
Thirty-three days of sybaritic pleasures, with every wish and whim attended to.

Calls at the most fascinating and romantic ports on three continents, and the Caribbean.

And 180 French chefs to delight, dazzle and beguile the palate.

Four magnificent meals a day in what New York's most celebrated gourmet calls "the finest restaurant in the world."

Legions of French waiters to restore the lost art of gracious dining.

Limited guest list assures maximum conviviality. With accommodations from \$1,500 to \$15,000.

The Ultimate Cruise sails February 14, 1970. Bookings can be arranged through your travel agent or by corresponding with the French Line.

French Line

555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017. Tel. 212-883-7012

SAFETY INFORMATION: The S.S. FRANCE, registered in France, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and the 1966 fire safety requirements.



Hart Skis are made and serviced in U.S.A.

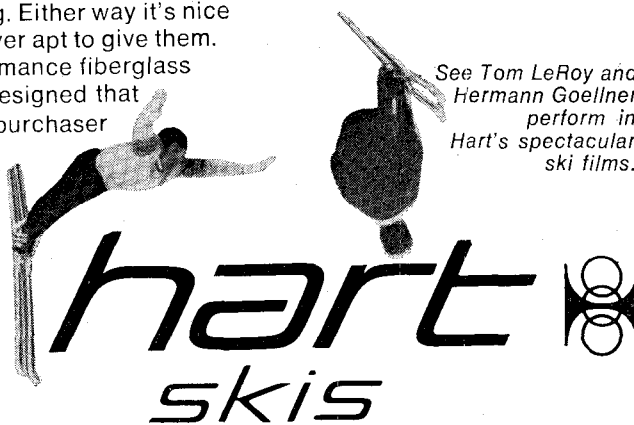
Give 'em all you've got! Hart Skis are guaranteed for life

Maybe you punish your skis like the fantastic Hart Demonstration Team. Or maybe you're just an average skier doing your thing. Either way it's nice to know your Harts will take twice the punishment you're ever apt to give them.

Hart quality adds that extra something. High-performance fiberglass combined with space-age metals. So precisely designed that

Hart Skis are Guaranteed for Life to the original purchaser against delamination and loss of edges; for two years against breakage in normal use. Hart will replace or repair the ski free upon return to factory at St. Paul, Minn. Owner pays transportation. This is the guarantee that has made thousands switch to Harts. See them at your Hart Ski Specialty Shop. Then give 'em all you've got. They can take it.

See Tom LeRoy and Hermann Goellner perform in Hart's spectacular ski films.



Glass-Metal • Lifetime Guarantee

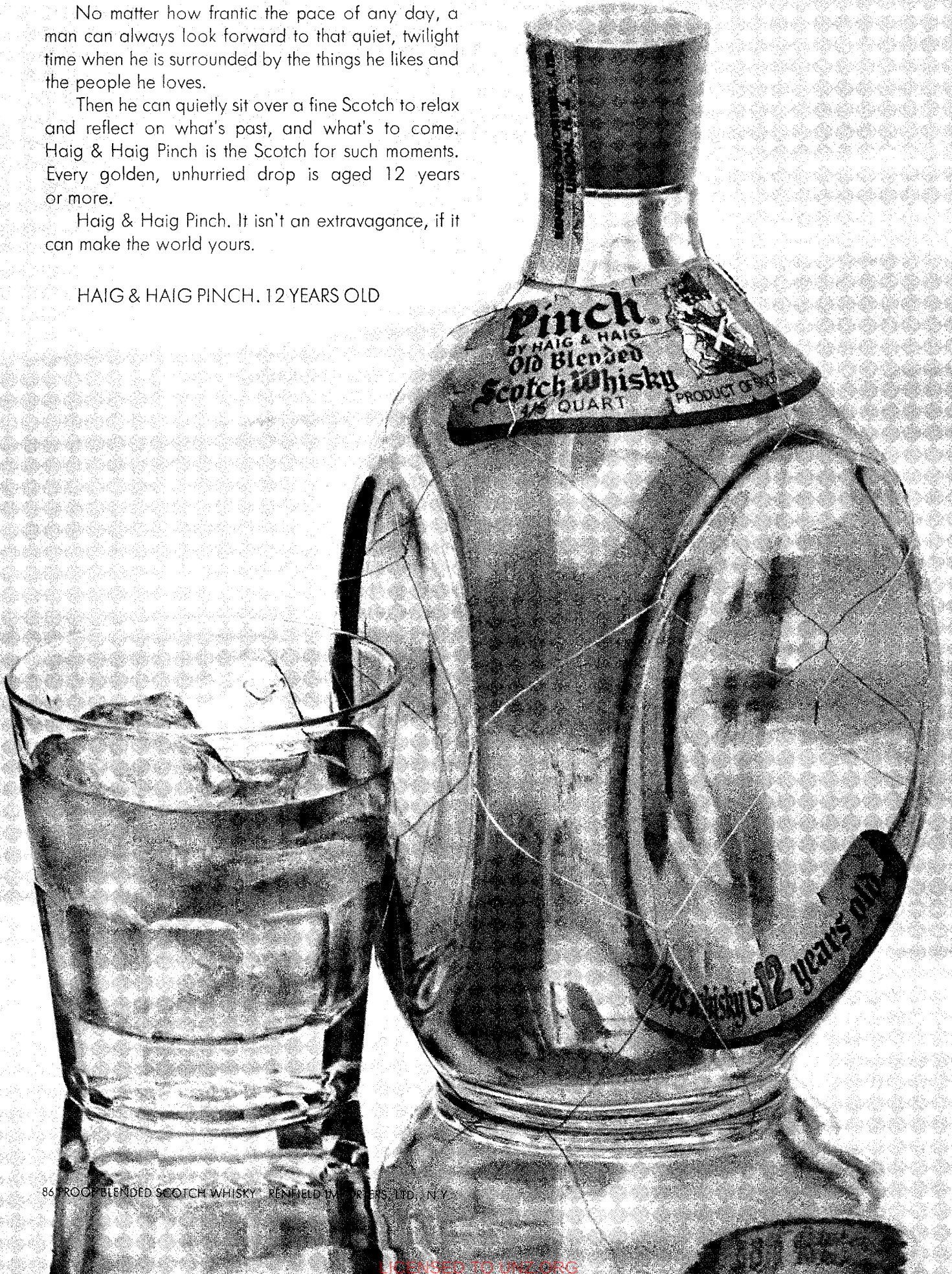
A man has at least a few moments a day to feel as though he owned the world.

No matter how frantic the pace of any day, a man can always look forward to that quiet, twilight time when he is surrounded by the things he likes and the people he loves.

Then he can quietly sit over a fine Scotch to relax and reflect on what's past, and what's to come. Haig & Haig Pinch is the Scotch for such moments. Every golden, unhurried drop is aged 12 years or more.

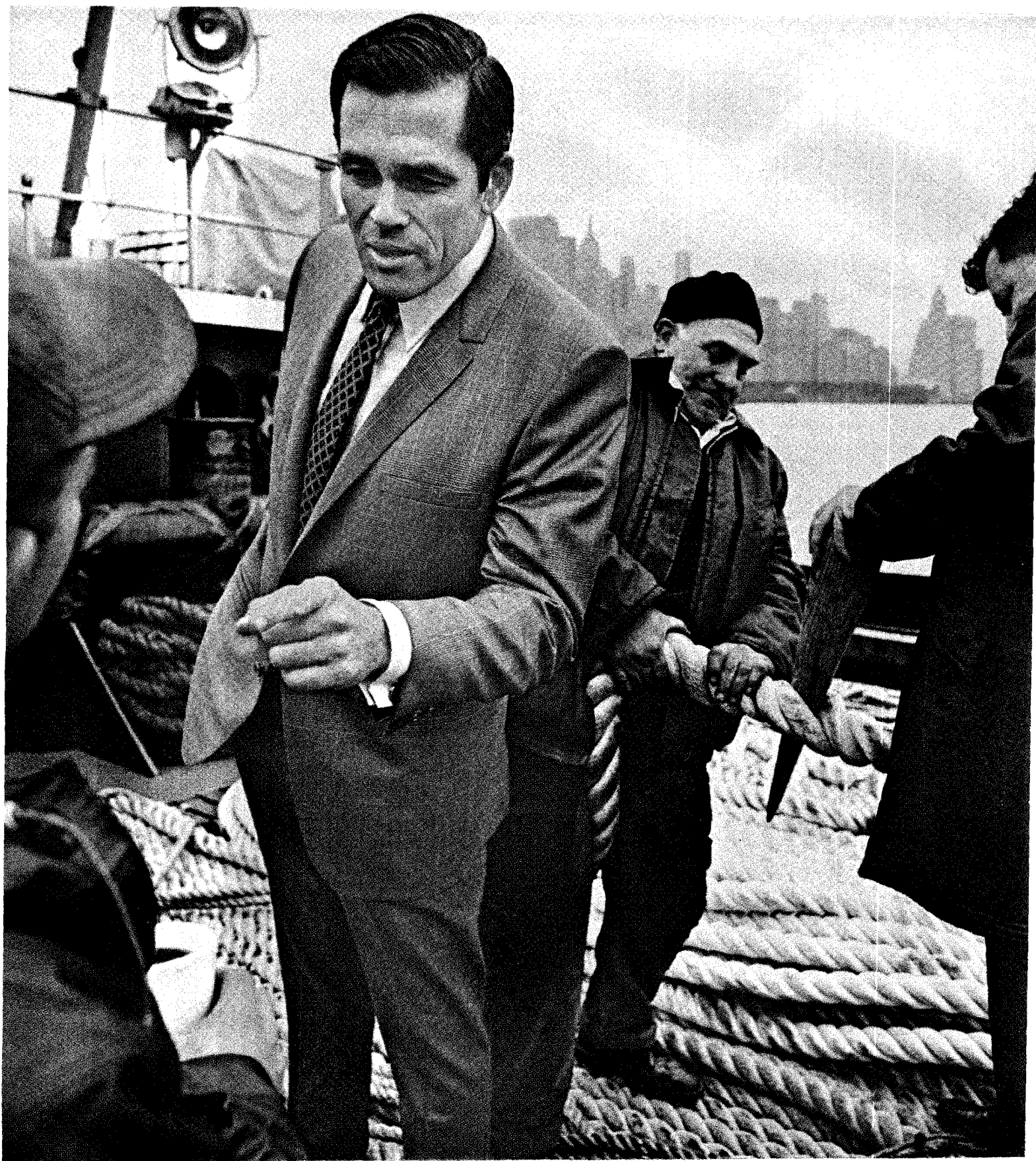
Haig & Haig Pinch. It isn't an extravagance, if it can make the world yours.

HAIG & HAIG PINCH. 12 YEARS OLD



86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., N.Y.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now versatile Dacron warms up for winter in Michaels/Stern's Portfolio* suit.

And that's just about the best thing that could happen to Dacron. † Dacron used to be thought of just for summer suits. Not any more! Now Michaels/Stern brings you Warm Dacron—in a comfort-weight suit that resists wrinkles and holds its crease like summer Dacron.

Michaels/Stern calls this special

weave Portfolio. It's a blend of Dacron and superfine wool worsted—a custom fabric from Pacific Mills. Portfolio takes you through winter warmly, comfortably. No more bulky winter weaves to weigh you down.

Dacron loses its cool for winter... but you won't. Michaels/Stern's designs are sleek. Colors lighter. Cuts

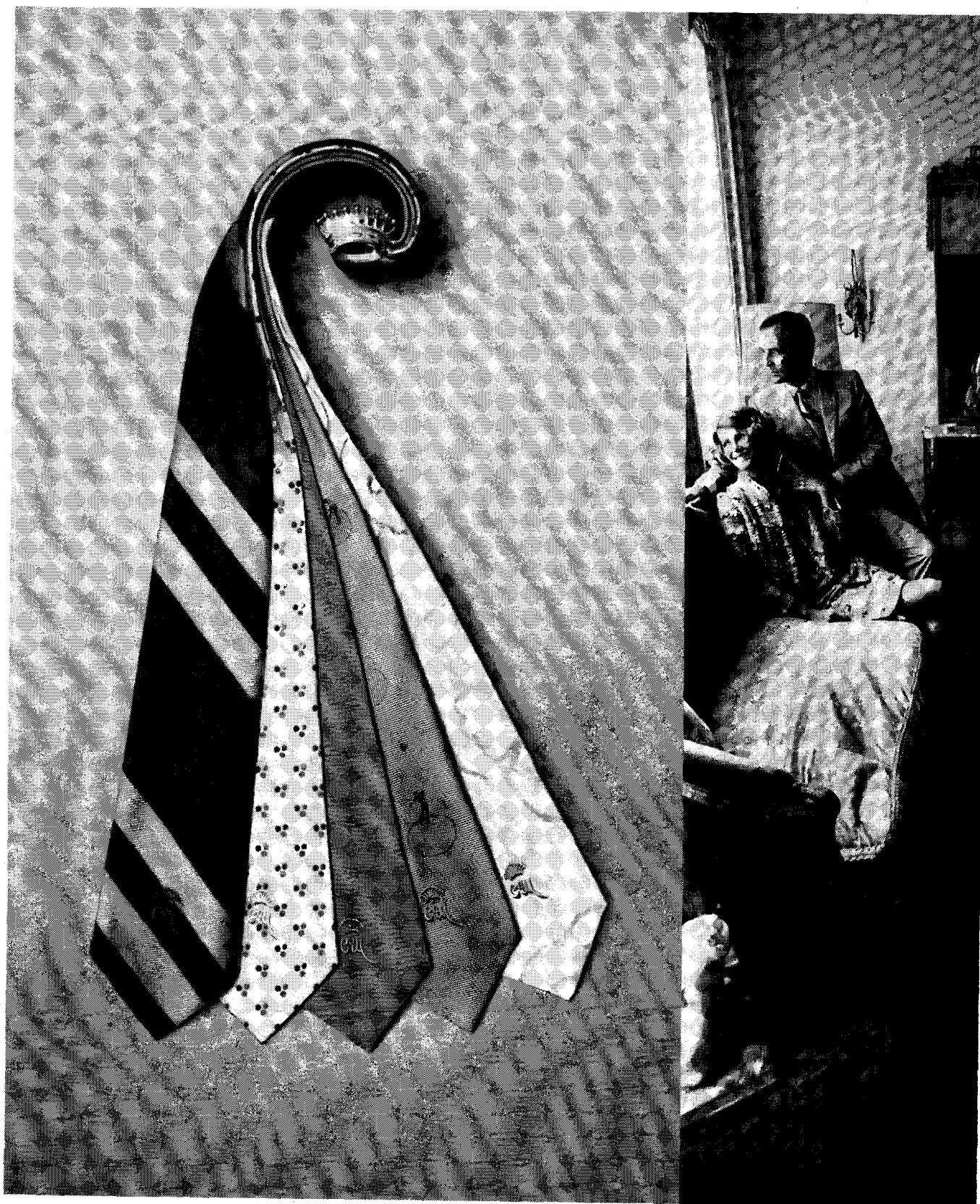
slimmer. (See above: trim lines, bold patterns, side vents, flapless pockets.) That's high fashion you just don't get in ordinary suits.

Winter is drab enough. Stop into your favorite men's store for Michaels/Stern's Portfolio—the comfort-weight suit in Warm Dacron.

MICHAELS / STERN

*Portfolio—a custom fabric from Pacific Mills. †Reg. T.M. DuPont

FOR STORE NEAR YOU, WRITE DEPT. 44A, 87 NORTH CLINTON AVE., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14602. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA, AUSTRALIA, JAPAN AND MEXICO.

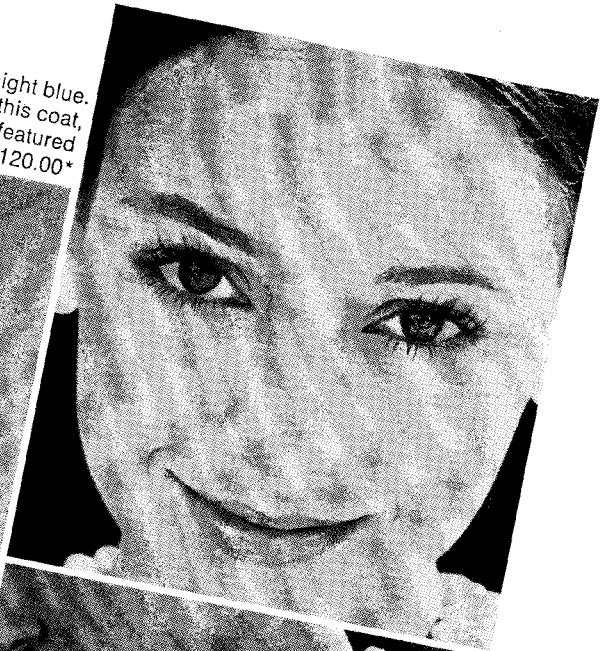


Countess Mara designs for "one man in a million."

Good taste and individuality are always in fashion. Each new CM collection presents completely original, yet thoroughly acceptable, new ideas—whether in ties priced from \$9 to \$35, or in the superlative creations at \$100. And the CM coronet, discreetly embroidered on each tie, affirms its fashion authority. Countess Mara, Inc. 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York.


Countess Mara®

Encore! for midnight blue.
That's the hit color of this coat,
with gold-colored buttons in a featured
rôle. Wool, 8 to 16, \$120.00*



Pearly beads, en masse, open the
season. Our collection, 3.00 to 5.00
White kid gloves deserve applause.
These French imports, 9.00

*Slightly higher on the West Coast.

Peck & Peck's
midnight matinée-goer.
For a certain kind of woman.



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the minor annoyances of building a new nation on a foundation that denies elementary decency and justice is finding enough to sing about to fill an entire national anthem, so our hat must come off to little Rhodesia. Lurching toward a self-declared republic in mid-1970 on a white-supremacy constitution that offers no guarantee of civil liberties to the country's nearly twenty-to-one black majority, Rhodesia has nevertheless managed to lick the anthem thing—unquestionably a larger challenge than designing a new flag (green and white) or getting new banknotes off the drawing board. The new anthem was selected in a competition, and the sense of it can probably be extrapolated from a single line quoted in a dispatch to the *Times*: "Lift up your voices in praise of Rhodesia, whose granite boulders lie warm in the sun." In our view, this is a major breakthrough, offering new hope to writers in other nations who have been staring long and hard at a blank piece of paper. The new Greece, for instance, is in urgent need of an anthem everyone can rally round. How about this to start the ball rolling? "All hail our myriad Aegean Islands, each and every one completely surrounded by water." And the citizens of newly reorganized Czechoslovakia would surely raise their voices in an anthem along these lines: "From Bohemia in the west, through Moravia-Silesia at the center, all the way to Slovakia and Ruthenia—that's us." It should be kept in mind that a full orchestra makes all the difference with anthems; what is wanted is plenty of brass.

Birthday

THURSDAY, October 2nd, was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mohandas K. Gandhi, and we spent an hour that morning with one of Gandhi's leading modern disciples,

Narayan Desai. As secretary of the Indian Shanti Sena, or Peace Brigade, Mr. Desai works on such Gandhian projects as village self-government, voluntary land reform, and reconciliation between India and her neighbors China and Pakistan. Mr. Desai is the son of Mahadev Desai, who was Gandhi's personal secretary and chronicler for twenty-four years—up to his death, in 1942, at the age of fifty. Mr. Desai was in town to participate in a centennial program at the Community Church of New York, and we met him in his room at the Ten Park Avenue Hotel, around the corner from the church. He pulled up a chair for us and perched himself on the edge of the bed. He has a broad face, large dark eyes under heavy brows, and an aquiline nose, and he was wearing an open-at-the-neck brown shirt and loose brown trousers, both of rough homespun cotton.

We asked Mr. Desai how old he was when he first met Gandhi.

"One month," he said. "I was born at the home of my mother's family, on Christmas Eve, 1924, and a month later we rejoined my father at the Satyagraha Ashram, near Ahmedabad. That is where I spent my childhood. It was a very good place to grow up in. The *ashram*—an *ashram* is a religious community—was so situated that on one side was the central prison of the state and on the other the place where the dead of Ahmedabad were brought, and we children would see these things every day. Gandhi would tell us that he had put it there on purpose, because he wanted us to learn to have no fear of death or of going to prison."

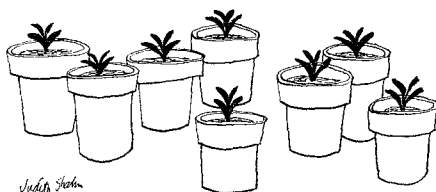
Mr. Desai said that he had had a particularly good chance to know Gandhi, because of his father's closeness to him. "They were so identified

with one another that each knew what kind of word the other would choose," Mr. Desai continued. "So much so that when Gandhi was dictating an article, my father would sometimes write ahead of him. I know of at least three instances when my father wrote an article and took it to Gandhi for editing, and the only change Gandhi made was to scratch out 'M.D.' at the bottom and put in 'M.K.G.' That is how closely their minds were attuned."

We asked Mr. Desai to tell us something about Gandhi's way with children, and he said, "When Gandhi was away from the *ashram*, he used to write us children a joint letter every week, and we, of course, used to write separate letters to him. The proudest thing for one of us would be to get a special letter, specifically addressed, and each week we would try to prepare questions clever enough to elicit an individual reply. One week, I remember, I asked a question about the Gita. The Gita, you know, is a dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna. Arjuna's questions take one verse to ask, but each of Krishna's answers takes up a whole chapter. So my question was 'Bapuji, we were listening to the Gita in the *ashram* today, and I noticed that while Arjuna asks Krishna one question and gets many answers, we children ask you many questions each week and get only one answer. Why is that so?' Well, I did get a special letter from Gandhi that week. It was only three or four lines, and it said, 'I am very glad you asked that question, which was a good one. The answer is very simple. The Lord Krishna had only one Arjuna, while I have many, like you.'"

We observed that the story illustrated several of Gandhi's qualities, including a disarming lack of false modesty, and Mr. Desai smiled and nodded.

"No, he had none of that," he said. "You know, the relation of Krishna and Arjuna was one of friendship, and between us and Gandhi it was the same. To us he was always *sakha*—





"Now, son, let's take a look at that throat first, and then we can discuss the A.M.A.'s position on public health."

friend—and not *guru*. He was the kind of friend with whom we could quarrel, knowing there was an element of love even in a quarrel. He used to go swimming with us, and often acted as referee in our games. He especially liked to be the timekeeper for our cycle races. He was fond of bicycle riding, and sometimes he went about the *ashram* on a bicycle."

We asked Mr. Desai if he remembered how Gandhi's birthday had been celebrated at the *ashram*.

"Oh, yes," he said. "He used to call it not his birthday but the birthday of the spinning wheel, which was the symbol of our movement, and it was usually celebrated by everyone's spinning. It was what we called *sacrificial* spinning, because the yarn was donated for the cause, and not kept for our own use. It was a day of rejoicing. We would get up, as always, at four o'clock—an unusual hour for Indians, too—and there would be prayers from all religions. During the morning, we would go out and decorate the houses in the *ashram* with green leaves and flowers. Gandhi used to fast that day, but in the evening there would be a feast of fruit in the common kitchen. Gandhi used to serve it himself, and I remember the menu very well: bananas, peanuts, dates, and milk. Gandhi took goat's milk, as he always did, and every-

body else took cow's milk. This was followed by prayers, and then singing, folk dances, and some plays by the children. Gandhi used to join in the community singing, but he left the dancing to us. He greatly enjoyed our dramatic productions, and from time to time even played in them himself. We did plays from Tagore, from Tolstoy's stories, and from Shakespeare. Once, we did 'The Merchant of Venice.' The selection was from all literature, all translated into Gujarati, which was the language we spoke at the *ashram*. Perhaps Gandhi would give a talk that day, but I'm not sure. In fact, I don't remember any of his sermons from that time. I was small, and not so attentive."

Gandhi's birthday is still a busy day for Mr. Desai, and we got up to go. "I can't say that Gandhi was an austere man, because he enjoyed every minute of his life," he said as he walked with us to the door. "And we used to enjoy life very much, we who were always with him."

Old Myrt

FUSSED over by nostalgic railroad buffs and vandalized for souvenirs by garishly clad boys and girls, many of whom were taking their first ride on the "monster" so thoroughly damned

by Henry Miller in "Tropic of Capricorn," the final Myrtle Avenue elevated train rattled off into New York history one evening recently, and, with it, the last wooden transit coaches operating in North America. Old Myrt, as many of her regular passengers called the line, started off in 1889 as a steam railroad carrying commuters from the then fashionable area of central Brooklyn across the newly opened Brooklyn Bridge to Park Row offices. The steam locomotives were discontinued in 1900 in favor of more mundane electrical equipment, the direct link to Manhattan was discontinued in 1944, when Brooklyn Bridge was abandoned as a rail connection, and three years ago the line lost many of its Brooklyn riders as well when the Brooklyn Navy Yard closed down. Last year, according to the

Metropolitan Transportation Authority, the route posted a deficit of nearly nine hundred thousand dollars. And almost worse than this fiscal embarrassment to the city was the physical embarrassment of the old wooden trains and the rickety stations, probably best exemplified by the shabby terminal at the edge of the Brooklyn Civic Center, just half a block from the modern Jay Street office building that is the headquarters of the New York City Transit Authority.

A chaotic scene greeted us when we arrived on the platform of the Jay Street station a few minutes before the final run, scheduled to begin one minute after midnight. Scores of long-haired boys and a lesser number of girls were parading up and down the platform past newspaper photographers, who were posing a conductor at the door controls of a train—not the final one—standing in the station. Just out of camera range, three of the youths, all wearing headbands, were attempting, without success, to pry a seven-foot-high signal stanchion up from the platform. A few slightly younger boys were unscrewing light bulbs and lobbing them at each other. "Anybody else want a souvenir?" one of them asked, moving on to wrench at a large station sign. Eventually, to cheers from everyone in the station, the standing train pulled away, nearly empty, and

the final train pulled in, already crowded by a sizable delegation of rail buffs, who had boarded it twenty-four minutes before, in Queens. "This will be the final trip!" an M.T.A. publicity man shouted. "The press will debark at the Broadway station! There will be a bus there to bring you back!"

The train doors remained open for some time, to allow the taking of more pictures, and during the delay we happened to observe on the platform a studious-looking mustached and long-haired young man interviewing a pretty blond girl for a publication that he identified as the *New York Review of Sex & Politics*. When he had finished and the girl had boarded the train, we approached the interviewer and asked what he thought had attracted so many of the long-haired group. "I don't really know," he said reflectively. "It was just sort of announced yesterday that this was going to be the final ride, and this morning somebody said, 'Let's go on over and do it,' and it just sort of became the thing to do."

The train was ready to depart now—nine minutes late—and we boarded it. Two boys of thirteen or so, carrying between them one of the train's old straw seats, pushed their way through the crowd in our car. They were followed by a Transit Authority patrolman. "Put it back," he commanded, and the boys, looking abashed, obeyed. After the patrolman moved on to another car, the boys snatched up the seat and jumped off at the Bedford Avenue stop.

Almost before we realized it, the train had pulled into the Broadway station, and most, but not all, of the last-riders piled out of it—the younger ones to transfer to the subway-elevated line that would carry them across the Williamsburg Bridge, and the M.T.A. officials and their guests to return to Jay Street on the special bus. There were cries of farewell and several moments of confusion after the train's doors closed, and we found ourselves on the platform beside a man holding the hands of two school-age children. "I have a terrible feeling that my wife's still aboard," he said to us as the train pulled out.

Postmaster General Blount

THE other day, we met Winton Malcolm Blount, the nation's fifty-ninth Postmaster General, at the Union League Club, just before he spoke at a low-cholesterol lunch of about eighty representatives of companies that belong to the National As-

sociation of Manufacturers. Mr. Blount is forty-eight years old, a native of Union Springs, Alabama, a graduate of Union Springs grade and high schools, and a former student at Staunton Military Academy (one year) and the University of Alabama (eighteen months). He was an Army Air Forces pilot for B-29 bombers during the Second World War. In 1946, he founded the Blount Brothers Corporation, general contractors in construction operating nationally out of Montgomery, Alabama. He is the former president and former chairman of the board of Blount Brothers, the former chairman of the board of the Benjamin F. Shaw Company (piping contractors of Wilmington, Delaware), a

former president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and a former director of the Gulf-American Fire & Casualty Co., of Montgomery; of the Central of Georgia Railway Company, of Savannah; of the First National Bank of Montgomery; and of the National Association of Manufacturers. He is a former deacon of the Trinity Presbyterian Church of Montgomery. He is married (to the former Katherine Archibald) and is the father of five children (Winton M. III, twenty-five, an executive in the estimating department of Blount Brothers; Thomas A., twenty-four, a student of architecture at North Carolina State University; Samuel Roberts, twenty-two, a Marine Corps officer candidate at Quantico; Katherine, seventeen, a senior at the Montgomery



"Undecided! Do you mean to tell me that despite the extraordinary and clear-cut differences between the candidates and between their policies this year, you—an adult American—can't make up your mind?"

Academy, in Montgomery; and Joseph W., thirteen, a student at the Potomac School, in McLean, Virginia).

We saw Mr. Blount first in an elegant little sitting room on the ground floor of the Union League Club. He is about six and a half feet tall, with thinning hair, which was parted neatly on the left, and with a ruddy complexion. He had on a dark-blue suit with matching vest, a white shirt, a dark-maroon necktie, black socks, and black shoes. A very conservative-looking man, with a firm but restrained manner, a steady gaze, a resolute handshake—sure of what he is, sure of what he wants. You wouldn't really like to fight with him—especially in business.

"Well, how's it going?" we asked. "Are you surprised to find yourself running the Post Office Department?"

"I never dreamed I'd be in this job," Mr. Blount replied evenly. "Now that I'm in it, I love what I'm doing. The first break with your old business is the hardest one. But we've got a big basic thrust in my department—to get change, to get better service. I like the challenge of it."

"Do you have to work hard?" we asked.

"Working hard isn't new to me, but I find I'm not doing a lot of things I used to do. No tennis. No skiing. I work eighty to a hundred hours a week. I work on holidays. I worked on the Fourth of July. The City of Montgomery had a celebration of Independence Day, and I made a speech. General Westmoreland, who made the major speech, went down with me."

"You run into any hippies at it?" we asked. "Any trouble?"

"No, the atmosphere was pretty healthy there," Mr. Blount said, in a sharp, no-nonsense tone. "It was patriotic. With people that believe in our country."

"Did you take any vacation this summer?" we asked quickly.

"A five-day weekend in August," Mr. Blount said. "I went down the Salmon River, in Idaho, on a rubber raft, shooting the rapids, with my wife and three of my children. We slept on the ground. When you do that kind of thing, it takes about two days for civilization to wear off, and then you wonder why you go back."

"Where do you sit at Cabinet meetings?" we asked. "And did you know any of your fellow-members before you were appointed?"

"I sit between the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Labor. I had known John Volpe, Secretary of

Transportation, casually. He was also in the construction business. I had known Maurice Stans, Secretary of Commerce, when we were both directors of the N.A.M. And I had worked for Bob Finch, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, in 1960, when he was campaign chairman of the Nixon-Lodge ticket and I was regional coordinator. That's all. I met the rest of them for the first time on December 11th, when the President got us all together for that television broadcast introducing us and our wives to the country."

"How do you find the Cabinet meetings?" we asked. "Any levity there?"

"They are serious meetings, about serious subjects," Mr. Blount said, giving us a no-nonsense look. "The President or somebody else will make a light remark, and there will be laughter. Mostly, it's businesslike. The President moves the meeting along, extracting free discussion, coming to a conclusion. The President runs a good meeting."

"What is running a bad meeting?"

"Letting it drag. Dillydallying along. Not getting anything done. It has a lot to do with the man running it. The President brings out opinions, but he doesn't let the meetings drag."

"What do you talk about at the meetings?" we asked.

"Postal-reform legislation. That's my basic thrust. I give progress reports about what we're trying to do—get rate increases, raise postal pay, deal with obscenity problems. Occasionally, reports between government departments don't get delivered, and they blame me." Mr. Blount gave us a brief smile. "In the past, the real thrust of the Department was patronage politics, not the business of handling mail. The big question now is whether the Department is going to remain a government department or whether it will become an independent agency or a government-owned corporation, like the T.V.A., or like the St. Lawrence Seaway, or like the Panama Canal, or like

the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Our basic thrust is to get that government-owned corporation. The Post Office Department is an eight-billion-dollar business. It should be run like a business."

"Does the N.A.M. have any special interest in the reform?" we asked.

"Business generates about eighty per cent of the mail," Mr. Blount replied, with another brief smile. "Only fourteen per cent is household-to-household mail. Half of that is greeting cards. The principal users of mail are businessmen. We had eighty-two billion pieces of mail last year, incidentally. More pieces of mail than all the seconds since Socrates walked the streets of Athens five hundred years before Christ was born." Another smile—a long one this time. "That's the kind of facts my research division gets for me," Mr. Blount said.

"All that mail. How did it do?" we asked the Postmaster General.

"Part of an operation that is the most inept business ever devised by man," Mr. Blount replied enthusiastically. "Way back in 1948, President Truman said that the corporate form of organization is peculiarly adapted to the administration of governmental programs that are predominantly of a commercial character. Then, two and a half years ago, the suggestion to make the Post Office Department an independent corporation was put forward by Postmaster General Larry O'Brien. So President Johnson appointed a commission, headed by Frederick R. Kappel, former chairman of the board of A.T. & T., to make a study of whether the postal system was capable of meeting the demands of our growing economy and our expanding population. The commission spent over nine million dollars on the study and concluded that the answer was no. We studied the problems at the beginning of this Administration, and we drafted very comprehensive legislation proposing total reform."

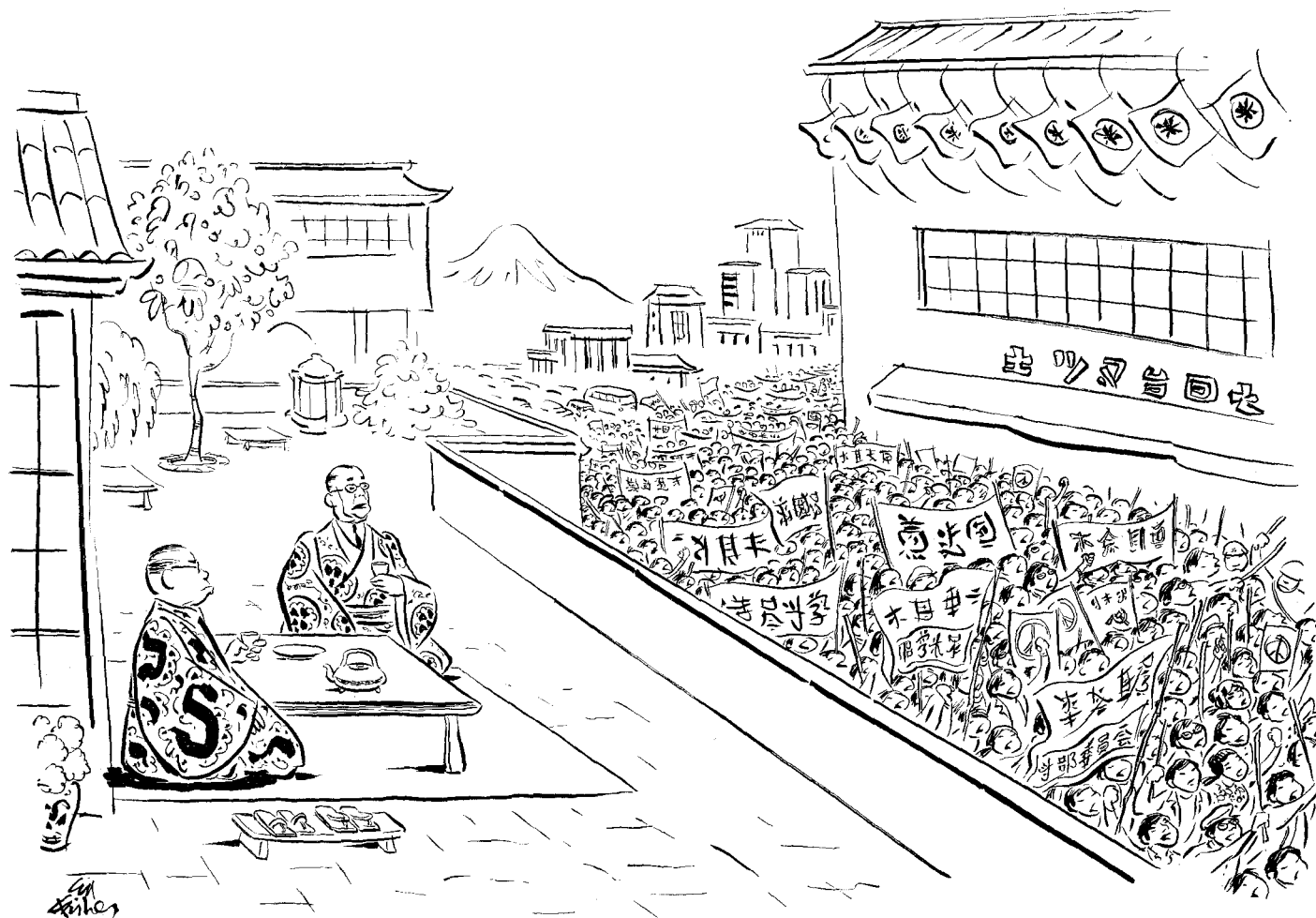
"What's happening?" we asked.

Mr. Blount looked a little worried. "What I'm up against is trying to run a business with five hundred and thirty-five directors, the directors being the representatives and senators. They're managing a massive business. It's a massive task to persuade them to give it up."

"Anything else you're trying to do in the Department?" we asked.

"So many things," Mr. Blount said. "Yesterday, I saw a movie about the mechanization of mail in Japan. I'm going to Japan in November to look at





"In my day, when we didn't like the way things were going we just committed hara-kiri."

some of the things they're doing there. I've been looking into the two-tier system—two classes of first-class mail—in England. You pay a little more for better service is the idea. I'm thinking about our mail trucks. Wherever I go, I see them on every corner. I'm wondering if we're getting the proper utilization out of our trucks. I see so many trucks. I wonder if we need that many."

"What about uniforms?" we asked.

"We ought to change them," Mr. Blount replied promptly. "Improve them. Make them look a little sharper."

Time for the N.A.M. lunch. Upstairs to the room called Lincoln Hall. Blue glass chandeliers. Blue-and-gold flowered carpet. Long, arched windows with slate-blue draperies. Clusters of American flags on the walls. Several groups of round tables set for eight. A dais in front of an oil painting of Abraham Lincoln (1809-65), done by Emanuel Leutze. Flanking Lincoln, oil paintings of Elihu Root (1845-1937) and Chauncey M. Depew (1834-1928). The guests were assembled on one side of the room, near a bar, having their pre-lunch drink. Not a sideburn in the place, other than the ones in the paintings.

The guests wore name tabs on their lapels: "Warren W. Walker, Pres., Graphite Metalizing Corp.," and "J. S. Freeman, Union Carbide Corp.," and "James R. Kennedy, Celanese Corp.," and "Algie Hendrix, Vice-Pres., General Dynamics."

There were a lot of N.A.M. officials around to get things organized. "We sit down promptly at twelve-thirty," one of them told us. "We stop serving promptly at one-fifteen. The guest speaks for twenty-five minutes. Questions take twenty minutes. We're out of here promptly at two. Here." He handed us a sheet of paper. It read:

QUESTIONS

1. There has been much talk of postal reform—what is the need?
2. Why is a corporation necessary?
3. Who would benefit and how?
4. Why has business taken such an active interest in this issue?
5. What has business done to promote the Kappel Commission's recommendations?
6. Were you in New York today to present a speech for the National Association of Manufacturers Washington Round Table regarding this program?

Everything went according to the timetable. A man who wore a tab read-

ing "William F. May, Chairman and Pres., American Can Co." introduced "one of the nation's leading businessmen, Winton (Red) Blount." Applause: fifteen seconds.

"I was not interested in coming to the Post Office and running it the way it has been run all these years," Mr. Blount told the audience. "Answer this question for yourselves. If you were asked to take a job running an eight-billion-dollar corporation, but if you didn't have control of the capital investment policy, and if you didn't have control of costs and prices, and if your plant was fifty to a hundred and fifty years old, and if you found out you were the sixth guy to take the job in eight years, and, further, if you learned your corporation was losing a billion bucks a year, I'm sure you'd think, Gee, this is a pretty difficult operation to run."

Knowledgeable mutterings and sympathetic laughs in the audience.

"Our basic thrust is to make this corporation as nearly like a private business as possible," Mr. Blount went on. "The Nixon Administration is concerned over the crisis of unworkability of our government. . . ."

THE FINAL FATE OF THE ALLIGATORS

IN such a crowded, busy world the service each man performs is necessarily a small one. Arnie Bush's was no exception. He was living in the Chelsea district of Manhattan at this time, although he had lived in central California on several occasions, as well as Chicago and Crisfield, Maryland, and had put in four years or more in Galveston, Texas, at a point when he was married to a woman who lived there. He'd thought of it as her home rather than his; all of her husbands, as far as he knew, had left Galveston after their marriages to her ended. She owned a laundromat and barbershop, attached, which he had helped her manage. She was a cheerful, practical woman, Ellen, and they'd lived with her two sons in the cottage and patio area behind the business establishments. When he met her, he was a merchant seaman on leave from the sea, rooming in Galveston and hanging around the parks and bars, though he already knew the trade of barbering also. He'd given her a daughter, as a matter of fact—her only daughter—whom he kept in touch with at Christmastime. The girl, whose name was Jo-ann, had grown out of her teens by now, and he was hoping she would visit him if she came North. He hadn't seen her since babyhood, but when he thought of her he imagined that she looked like her mother. Ellen was a smally built, active

woman with a bumpy complexion, a pretty figure, black, scalloped hair, and masculine blue eyes. She carped and bitched a bit too much but not so much you couldn't stand it, and since she wasn't as bossy in business hours as she was at home, and since the inescapably boring chores were handled by two colored employees of long standing, he had not found that the setup interrupted his independence. Instead, he'd liked being married to a businesswoman; it furnished him with the chance to operate a going concern without the ball-and-chain aspects of owning property. He hadn't married her for money reasons, however (at least, he didn't recognize the motive if he had), but for the special, jumping, bodily impetuosity between them, never equalled for him with another woman, which really never had turned sour. Just the degree of intimacy and understanding they had reached was unforgettable; he hadn't lived four years with anyone else, or given way so much, opened himself. He'd known what she was thinking when she didn't say anything, and known that underneath the peremptory manner she was a home-keeping woman as well, who didn't want to bitch at him if she did bitch, who disliked her own bossiness and wanted peace and a simple household.

He had appreciated her youthful bottom, her mother's bosom, and the way

she gathered her hair at the nape of her neck. They went to Matamoros together on a week's trip, leaving the kids with the woman who cooked. They dressed in sombreros and paper shirts and saw a cockfight and a festival street dance, and in his memory this trip pretty well represented what a marriage ought to be like. He had delighted in the period when she was pregnant, too, partly because his own gravity had pleased him. But Ellen had slowed down—that ambitious, scrimping fussing—had leaned on him and showed a dreamy side, as he considered, like his. More than at the chance to run the business as he wanted, he'd been happy to see her soften, see her resemble him. And the whole weighty buildup to the baby's arrival—the hydraulics, the clocking of it—had seemed the marvel that it ought to be; and then the hump under the blanket and the red head and skin, the sleeping and the sucking, the rooting, the tunnelling, the reaching up, the funny-looking undershirt. He'd called her Milkmouse. He'd hung over the crib; he'd brought home cotton lambs and rubber fish, full of a welling gentleness that mixed with the detachment that was native to him and easily passed for gentleness.

There were certain moments in the routines he detested—at breakfast, for example, which they hurried through. When they were about to get up from the table, she'd mention whatever was on her mind, speaking rapidly and sharply after the silence of the meal. "I want the garbage men to clean up all that stuff they're chucking on the ground; I want you to call them about it. They can't just drive away and leave a mess like that around. And the Bendix people were supposed to be here yesterday. He knows we have two machines out. They were supposed to service us on Monday and they didn't." Sometimes she felt cornered, she said, by the need to hammer at these guys and hold her own, making them do right, though she was thankful to have Bush taking over the worst of it. She wrangled with him at breakfast to get him started strong.

When she was with her kids, she didn't hold out areas of private reserve, but, having been some-



W. Miller

"This cellblock is for naughty businessmen, like yourself, who were caught price-fixing and such."

body's wife already twice before, with Arnie she was a pensive, smiling chum at best, a speedy co-worker rather than the kind of ultimate companion he'd thought a wife would be. He resented it that what was a climax for him—his marriage—should be her third, and that she didn't flare up angrily, for instance, when a lady called her Mrs. Westrom, which was her previous husband's name. It reminded him of shacking up, or of an ordinary, carnally enlivened partnership, and he was disappointed, if this was marriage, even more than he admitted.

He wasn't one to raise a stew about it, however; he was a quiet, self-contained fellow. Probably he paid more attention to the females in pearly slacks

who huffed and puffed about the laundromat, eating weight-saver cookies and drinking coffee from the vending machines, and remembered the sea, of course, with intensifying nostalgia. He thought of his teens in Bakersfield and of the many memories of his twenties, when he had gone to sea and knocked around the world—afterward, he'd fought in Italy as an artilleryman. Except for Ellen, the baby, and his two stepsons, he had no ties to anyone, but he discovered that these ties were not indissoluble, either. The boys were runabouts, aged eight and nine, not lovey or fazed at all, and Jo-ann was mostly Ellen's baby, or the cook's. Ellen's preoccupations were with the normalities of mealtimes, meeting the mortgage bills, preserving her neighborly relationships, and seeing the children grow, whoever her husband happened to be; this was his impression anyway. She may have supposed that no husband could be held for long. She kept a bunch of photographs of herself on the coffee table and the chests of drawers to give the kids an atmosphere of family, she said. Bush, who got awfully tired of looking at them, told her she ought to go into show biz.

He was living well but was annoyed a lot. Being a believer in the rule book,



"You can say one thing for the Penn Central. You never wind up in Havana."

a sentimentalist, he didn't like to hear her joke about their having met on the marina, as if it had been just a sort of pickup and as if she were lucky to have gotten married to the man, finally, instead of raped by him. Best were their evenings in bed, lying against the puffed pillows watching television after the kids had gone to sleep, then half an hour's succulence after lights-out, and being a person of substance the next day. He was reasonable by nature; he didn't fume and fight as his restlessness increased. But it was really not a man's life there, putting in the bluing, making change. Ellen was defeatist when they quarrelled. If she let her confusion show, he was touched; if she was apprehensive, so was he; but she was unrelenting too. In the morning, she would tell him what she wanted done in the same remote, peevish tones, her face assuming the fat expression of someone drawing on inner resources. It was as if he'd as good as left her already and she had her children and friends to fall back on. Apparently, she thought her marriages were a sort of constitutional folly. She said her friends told her she was lucky to get off so lightly each time. Who these friends were Bush didn't know; he only saw a bunch of business friends—the liquor man, the electrician. He didn't think her

marriage to him had been foolish, but if that was her attitude what could he do?

He signed on the Esso Chile at last, and went off to Bahrein and Maracaibo. He was a wiper in the engine room, on other ships sometimes a steward. Actually, he wasn't on the sea for many years during this second stint before the grittiness and bleakness of the life drove him to land again; yet he did love the ocean and continued to talk about it wherever he was. In his own mind he was a seaman—a seaman ashore. He was nearly as lonely ashore and often thought of Ellen, suspecting, indeed, that leaving had been a mistake. He knew her show of indifference had not been real. She hadn't wanted him to go, but he'd let her pretend she didn't care. They'd been afraid; they'd both pretended it was a matter of small importance—he would go back into the merchant marine, she'd live just as before and maybe marry again. So the proof that he had made a mistake was that he hadn't stayed on the sea long. Every man made his share of mistakes. He missed being part of a household and painted her in pastel colors when he was disheartened, but he decided that it wasn't the mistakes that mattered so crucially as where you were at the end of them all.

Bush was doing fairly well. Stocky

FAREWELL TO FARGO: SELLING THE HOUSE

Olivia is dying. Bring your best black dress.
There will be nothing to take back.
The red squirrels gnawed into all the trunks
and devoured everything in the attic.

The summons was rescinded. She still lives.
I have been called to a different funeral:

An ebony elephant. A china invalid's cup,
blue and white, fragile as the tremor of veins
warping an old hand. The dining-room table
that curves into clawed brass feet.

Little heaps of leftovers under plastic,
they stand isolated—
punctuation marks without our sentence.

The purchasers walk among them
choosing what they will reincarnate.
I cannot bear the helplessness
of the objects dying from our lives.

Aimless as a mourner dismissed from the grave,
I wander out to the garage.

I climb the stairs to the loft.
There is a raw sound of scampering
in the dust before my footfalls.

I find Ferd's silver-capped cane
behind the lawnmower.
He died when I was in the second grade—
a fat man in a gilt frame.

Six daughters and two sons, divisible
into workers, the greedy, and dreamers.

Ferd and Peter kept the store.
Olivia kept the books.
Elizabeth kept the house.

Anne painted roses on china
and grapes on canvas.
Claire in a purple velvet gown
played a gold harp.

Julia and Amelia moved, after
the quarrel, across town
and were asked only to funerals.

They've all gone to the wall—photographs:
leg-of-mutton sleeves

leaning on the porch rail,
watch chains linked like beaded portieres.

There were rides on Sunday after Mass,
parasols behind horses.
Sun honed light above the wheat.

The prairie dust silted into every ruffle.
Then they trotted back to town,
to the house harrowed between the trees,
to dinner on the mahogany table,

eating out of the shine of their faces
while the Red River, a block away,
gnawed its banks, rolling northward.

And what did they ride out to see? There is no
tree, no shrub, no rise of land on the plain.

One by one, they died upstairs,
under the great arm of the elm,
and were taken down in narrow chests,
bumping the turn of the bannister,

to be laid among their bean-row dead
beside the road that runs beyond
the eye—a line drawn on empty paper.

Now only one remains, her mind
sieved by the years to pabulum, waiting
to be a name laid into the grass.
She does not know the house is sold.

I take the cane back to the house and
lay it on the dining-room table to be bought.

The purchasers are gone.
There is a storm coming.
I stand on the front step.

The elms hover over the emptied house.
Seeds snow down against
the dark sky, platelets spiralling
in a quickening breeze.

Red squirrels on the roof quarrel
in the fevering silence. Chain lightning
shocks heaven into a jigsaw.

The screen door behind me screams
its spring and slams.

—KAREN SWENSON

and aging, he had crewcut gray hair and a mustache and lived off Ninth Avenue, close to the harbor, keeping up with a few old nautical jokers who patronized the bars he went to. Like them, he hadn't seen much of the ocean from day to day, being hard at work or belowdecks in his off-hours, but what he remembered was the massive accumulation of what he'd seen. It overshadowed the other job

surroundings of his young years, just as his one marriage dominated the memories he had of other periods spent with women who for a while had supplied him with housing and with sex. He was a sailor, he told the neighbors, and at night or on his lunch hour when he took a stroll he remembered the ocean's agitated sheen, like nubbled tin, and the majestic, chastening pitch of the water when the wind blew, the ship's joints

creaking, the heavily bumbering engines, the waves thudding, making a bass hiss against the hull. His apartment, although a walkup, wasn't too grim. One window faced the south, and the sunlight wasn't impeded because the adjacent block of tenements had been torn down—a process that he knew might pose a problem for him eventually, but in the meantime his rent was low. He had a barbering position in an



"I love to walk in solemn procession."

uptown office building, and managed to live on his salary, saving his tips.

THE alligator, like an overgrown brown invalid confined to bed, lived in the big bathtub. If an outsider had been invited in to look at it, he would have gaped, because this was no ten-inch plaything but an animal of barrel-like girth, with a rakish, pitiless mouth as long as a man's forearm and a tail as long as his legs. The cut of the mouth, however, was no clue to the alligator's mood, since, like the crocodile mask that a child wears in a school play, it was vivid but never changed. The eyes, eel-gray with vertical pupils, were not as static. They seemed to have a light source within them, and the great body, scummed slightly with algae, was a battlefield shade, the shade of mud. The last time Bush had tried to determine its weight, he borrowed a slaughterhouse scale, fixed a sling, and hung the scale from a ladder, and struggled to heft the animal into place, but he couldn't get its hind end off the ground. Even so, the scale read a hundred and thirty-some pounds. He didn't name the alligator, because it wasn't human; in no way was it human. Like Headley, the fellow who had left it with him years before, he never lit on a name that sounded appropriate—not the Trinkas and Sams that apply easily to dogs. "Alligator" did very well for

nomenclature, being a title that loomed in the mind, and "you" served for talking to it.

On arrival, it had still been of a size to permit it to go through the motions of swimming, drawing its arms alongside its trunk and wriggling abruptly downward in the tub until its belly brushed the bottom and its blunt snout bumped the front. It had been four feet long then, and Headley and he had carried it up to the apartment wrapped in a blanket against the cold. The fellow, who was a barfly, a lathe operator, was going South to Gainesville, Georgia, to visit his brother and wanted Bush to take care of the creature until after the holidays. He kept saying that, as big as it had grown since he had bought it—a small water lizard in a pet store—it must be worth lots of money. But he didn't show up again.

Bush laid a plank on the toilet seat and sat in the bathroom watching his new companion porpoise and wallow for exercise as best it could. Once he realized that Headley wasn't coming back, he bought a jumbo junk bathtub from a wrecking company, paying eighty-five dollars, including the delivery charge. He could shower at work, and so the inconvenience of keeping the animal was slight. Furthermore, he soon entered into what he considered an intimacy with it, so that he wouldn't have wanted to give it up. While he

knew very well that alligators inhabit fresh water, having it in the apartment, he found a great many of his seaman's memories springing alive with a clarity even surpassing the clarity of life. The smoldering waves, the sharks and whales, the dull-colored, impassive seas on a smoky day—these sailors' sights and many more churned in the roil along with the alligator, who smelled, in fact, quite like the sea. He fed it on chunks of stew meat twice a week, not a demanding chore, and opened the window when the weather was warm to let in the sunlight direct.

At the public library, Bush read that alligators were mild-tempered compared to their crocodile relatives—that a man could swim in a slough populated with alligators without the likelihood of being attacked. He read that they preyed on waterfowl, muskrats, and slow-swimming fish, and he fed it a fryer chicken once in a while, bones included and the feathers left on. He fed it fish, too, always heedful enough in his overtures to its mouth end not to provoke an incident. The furor of feeding time was the main danger, when the alligator, after wringing a slab of meat like a rabbit, threw it up into the air for the pleasure of catching it deep in its throat when it came down, gargling the beef like a strong syrup. Splashing, galloping in place, it chomped and worried the meal, and Bush was touched

because, after all, in such scanty quarters there weren't many satisfactions available to it. On less frenzied occasions, it liked to feel its throat rubbed, including the gums of its eighty teeth—just as long as he kept his hands off its muzzle, where the nostrils were, and away from its blistering, satin-gray eyes. The eyes sat on top of its head like two midget riders, and the nostrils collapsed and blew open like a horse's nostrils when it ducked under water.

Though the books gave a vague set of criteria, he couldn't figure out the sex of his animal. He did learn that at only five years an alligator may already be sixty-six inches, which put into perspective Headley's brief role in its life; he would have been jealous to think Headley had had it longer.

Except to run water into the tub, Bush often left it to its own devices.

It produced a clacking sound by chopping its teeth and at eating times it grunted, too, which he assumed was some kind of adolescent version of the drumming, reverberating boom with which full-grown alligators shook the bayous. The grunt, faintly explosive, contained an animal resonance as well—a *waw*. At the zoo, an attendant told him that alligators rarely bred in captivity, and what he observed of conditions there assured him that he wasn't unkind to keep his at home. Like an eccentric, he didn't even regard the arrangement as strange. He was a dignified man, with a serious nose, his mustache fluffy as a Russian's, and when he got a little bit drunk nobody handled him roughly. Cutting hair every day in the week but Sunday and drinking draught beer in the evening on Twenty-third Street, he had no trouble making ends meet; and he didn't acknowledge his birthdays as land-

marks at all, tucking the crimping sensation of being in his sixties into his well-knit walk. He didn't resent the gator's composure, since he himself was self-sufficient.

The alligator slipped imperceptibly toward adulthood, as befitted an animal that was created to live for a century. Its corrugated back was patterned with gray diamonds, although blurred, olive-drab colors overlaid that—not like the bright baby checks Bush saw on the specimens in the pet stores. They were yellow and black and had tiny bills, with a Donald Duck ski-jump effect at the end; their tails, though, were crenellated already and their eyes, tinted cinnamon-sulphur, were gay, iridescent, and savage.

Like a runner running a treadmill, his big friend surged in the tub, as if a birler were birling. Sometimes it inflated its lungs and then would deliberately try to submerge, swimming against its own buoyancy, until with sensuous relish it released the air and sank down. Another exercise was to

seesaw, lifting and lowering its tail, making its hind legs the fulcrum—legs like afterthoughts that were tacked on. Its tail, of course, was the motive force when it swam—a walloping paddle of muscle, which the saurians of the Everglades, three times the size of his monster, swung so powerfully when they hunted at night that they could knock a drinking doe into deep water and seize her. Limber as hide, it whacked up over the edge of the tub and against the wall when the alligator wanted the sting of the blow. The tail seemed to lead a life of its own, twitching quite independently, motorized separately, and when the body moved forward, the tail, which followed after a short delay, was what lent its progress the appearance of irresistibility and crisis.

Bush provided big roasting cuts of meat now, and real mama hens. He found he was trusted more, and he could stroke the nostrils, opening and closing under his hands, or reach behind the ungainly legs to the tender, pigeon-colored armpit skin. He loved the apartment's sea smell, strong as it was, and knew that in possessing such a remarkable prize he was erasing all of that



"I think you just missed something. The ball went up in the air and somebody caught it and the crowd's yelling like mad."

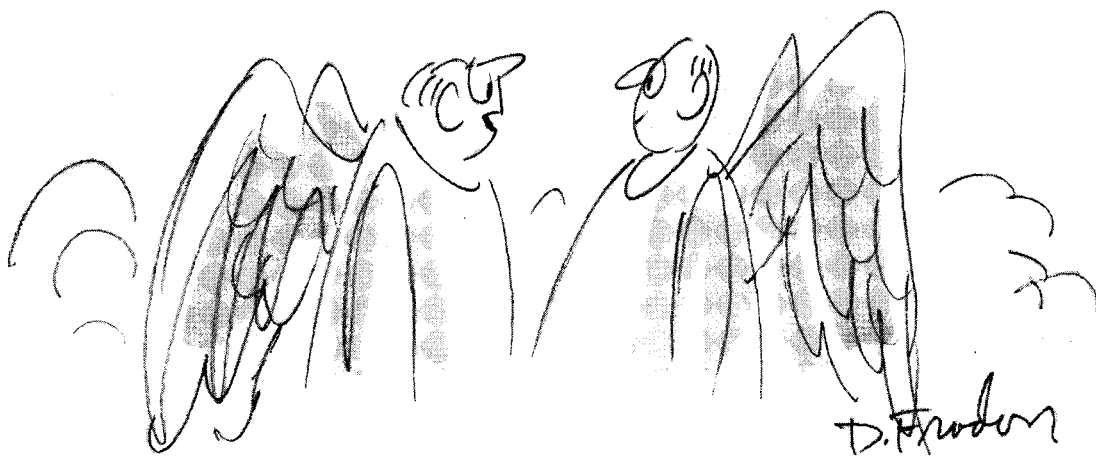
bulk of his life when he'd stayed ashore as a dreamer, working in lumberyards and snipping people's hair.

Reptile leather in the handbag shops began to be labelled "caiman," the South American relative of the alligator. Then it was gavia skin, and the baby alligators also were unobtainable; he was told they weren't being shipped any more, though his own animal, continuing to grow, seemed prepared to live on forever on behalf of the species, linked back to the dinosaur dynasty.

As its girth increased, the grin on its jaws became more theoretical, as if it were pulling the wings off a barfly in its mind's eye, while in actuality it lived like a very fat fellow, whitening like ash gradually, its eyes a white furnace. The grin wasn't precisely gloating, however, because the two corners sliced back to the very roots of its head—there was more grin, perhaps, than the gator wanted—a grin of chagrin, a grin like that worn by a man whom events have let down and who, grinning to cover the fact, betrays the bad taste at the back of his mouth.

BUSH, too, grew grizzled. He read the newspapers and kept up in a less hectoring fashion by hearing the headlines read on the radio—the violent malaise of the sixties, the fads and bizarreries. There was a spate of suicides in the neighborhood, and people signalled with mirrors from their bedrooms, or blinked their lights. The streets were tight with pedestrians. He made his home his castle and used binoculars to keep in touch with his neighbors, though he was not himself overswept by the claustrophobia abroad in the world, being accustomed to shipboard conditions. He watched the buildings smoking, and then when the city stopped them from smoking for the sake of the air, that in a way was eerie, too, because so much was going on inside you knew they ought to be smoking.

The alligator had been ill only twice, when it seemed unable to open its eyes and the eyelids turned blue. It lay with its long maw closed, and a fixed vaudeville smile, propping its head on the side of the tub so that it needn't come up for air. Bush poured bouillon into its mouth through a tube,



"I honestly never expected to make it here, but I think what may have tipped the balance was my boycotting California grapes."

and furnished heaters, and for the time that the illness lasted he didn't attempt to exercise it. Ordinarily, hauling, assisting, he got it out onto the floor every couple of days for a walk and to let it dry thoroughly—let it lie flat, sprawling its arms, while he cleaned the interstices of its skin where fungi might gather. The logistics were not ideal, but the business was very brotherly—the struggle, shoulder to shoulder, to jimmy the heavy body out of the tub—and he didn't get tired of rubbing his hands across the rich hide. On both occasions, the alligator got well in a week or so. There were some gradual changes, though. Whereas before when he watched the beast's clumsy galumphing he had imagined the alligators in the swamps in their glory, now he began to see his friend just trying to stay alive. The alligator stared at him through its imprisoning mask, a pleasure-pain mask, although its cruel pupils contained all the harshness of millennia past—he wasn't so sure it was going to outlive him. A man downstairs kept fish, and Bush arranged that if he should die this person would telephone the zoo and get them to take the alligator safely. Since *he* wasn't made to last for a century, he hadn't expected that he might outlive his friend.

Besides the problem of fresh air and space, there was the elaborate question of diet. How could he duplicate the crunchy, glittery nutrients of a jungle river? Of course finally he couldn't—not with powdered Vitamin D and not with steer beef. Sometimes the alligator loped like an otter with constipation, humped awkwardly, and when that happened his own belly ached. These seizures disturbed him dreadfully, especially when he decided

they were the result of a deficiency, and one he couldn't correct. Dancing like a bear that had burned its feet, the creature suffered sadly, though its mask was still heavy and comic and rigid. Great gouts of gas came up in bubbles, released from the alligator's digestive tract after much lurching and shuffling. It craned its neck to persuade them to come, after doing an agonized gandy dance, or a dance of death.

During the night one weekend, at last, it died. Bush didn't discover the fact until midmorning, because its position underwater was painless-looking and natural, the head floating just in the attitude of an alligator at peace with itself; he only noticed that it was dead when he saw that it didn't come up to breathe. However, the expression was a terrible one. The expression was like the Angel of Death's, if, as seemed likely, an alligator confronts the Angel of Death with the expression of the Angel of Death. And all of those aeons were etched on the mask—all of the meals in the bubbling mud, the procession of species extinguished, the mountain-building, the flooding seas and the baking sun. The framework of daily courtesies was over between them, and the fury and barbarism photographed on the face were alive like a flame.

He might have called in the leather-toolers, but didn't. He and his neighbor who kept fish got help and carried the alligator down to the street late Sunday night, leaving it stretched in solitary magnificence across the sidewalk for the city to figure out what to do with.

He had these three memories, then: the sea, the few years in Texas, and the years on Twenty-first Street, with the mumbo-jumbo that filled in between.

—EDWARD HOAGLAND

MR. COLLIER

I WENT through a spell once of thinking I was married when I wasn't. The whole thing is still not plain to me—I see just pieces of it.

To begin with, a gentleman by the name of Mr. Cecile Collier stopped his truck on our creek road right around dark one evening and hollered up at me. He wanted to know who those woods behind our house belong to. My voice just will not carry and I had to quick run down in the road and try to satisfy him. His wife had died while back—I knew that—and blessed are they that mourn, so I ought to take some time with him and I was getting ready, but *he* was the one that started up new talk. He said our house looked mighty big for two.

Well, Mama don't like me to bring her in much company. When he kept on being there, though, and didn't ride ahead, I hoped she wouldn't mind. She keeps this curtain anyway right by her bed that people can't see through unless she pulls it back, but she can look at them and get an idea of them. Mr. Collier followed me into her room as meek as he could be and took the chair I gave him. He wanted to hold his hat right on his knees. We sat a little bit, listening at the crickets, and when Mama got through telling him about her headache—she hates to draw notice to herself, but it's either worse or better—he lit in.

What in the world along the line of sin he had committed to have things go so much against him, Mr. Collier said, he really didn't know. Nine head of children, his wife had passed, and then to top it off his house burned down. We had heard about that fire, just hadn't put the thought of him and it together.

I was trying to tell him how sorry we were to know of all his trouble when Mama reined him up. She's very particular about getting to the truth. If it was sin he was trying to track, she said, then why had he let his wife find so many little babies in the first place and now out grumbling about it?

He could answer that, Mr. Collier said, without a speck of thought. His wife loved them so much that he had to love them, too, to keep the peace. They were all off his hands now, though—he had given them away. Their auntie on their mother's side was raising them for the government. But he himself, after the bad luck of the fire, had nothing except his truck

and power saw. If it wasn't for the company of his pigs, he didn't know what he would do.

Well, Mama told me to run to the kitchen and fix some orange-flavored Kool-Aid. What he had to think about now, she said, was finding himself a place to stay where he could go and sin no more. A house of Christian people. Hearing this made me wonder if she thought that we should keep him, the way I did. We have had teachers stay with us and kept them in the parlor, and once a preacher, too.

Mr. Collier said he wouldn't want to talk business till morning. Right now he was just trying to flick things off his chest. If we didn't mind, though, and had any corner not took up, he was looking for a good night's rest—was getting cramped from sleeping in the truck.

I told him he ought to be ashamed to even think of doing that again. I'd lay him down on pillows, and if he hadn't brought his bedclothes he was welcome to Mama's father's nightshirt that we still kept done up.

He drank every drop of my Kool-Aid and praised it to the highest. Then he went out on our gallery and sat awhile, because he said the doctor had told him to watch lightning bugs for one hour every night to blot out daytime sights. He had high blood from so much risky living. I peeped out the window every now and then and there he was, looking at the bugs just like his doctor ordered. He was so tall and well fleshed out that almost any man in King's Town would show up scanty along the side of him.

Mama told me to hurry up and make his pallet in the kitchen. That way the door could be locked between us and in the morning he wouldn't know any more about us than what he knew tonight. By the time he came in, everything was fixed, and after a little more talk that I *wished* they hadn't started he closed the door his own self. I put the lock on so easy I was sure he couldn't hear it and then I rubbed Mama on to sleep like I always do, praying the whole while to the Almighty to give us leave to keep him. At first I was wondering about his pigs, if he brought them to tend. I could beg peelings, though, from everybody's cook and get them fat and pretty. The main trouble was going to be holding Mama back from asking him those questions. She'd tried him out

with two more just now when he was passing through from the gallery to the kitchen. She'd asked him why his house got burnt.

It had burned down, he said, from strictly natural causes. Some people went around talking about the wiring, which showed how much they knew. It hadn't any wires.

Mama pushed on further. How had he expected his wife to raise nine precious little children and not have any wires?

It looked like this question hit him exactly wrong. He'd already got himself quieted down, he said, but, excusing her age and condition, he'd answer one more time. You didn't need wires to raise children.

It wasn't that he was out of his place at all, or even not respectful. It was just that it would be good if Mama would ease along with him and not try to prize too much of his life alose that he had now only to look back at. When we all got settled down and I pictured him taking his rest under our roof on the other side of that door, it made me so happy I almost knew he'd stay.

THE next morning at daylight, Mama sent me up to King's Town to the house of Mr. Houston, from the bank. She wanted me to ask what kind of man Mr. Collier was. Mr. Houston was just barely up and drinking coffee and he was surprised to death to see me, but his answer was just fine. In the line of colored pay, you couldn't beat him.

By the time I got back home, it looked like they were already trying to settle the whole thing. If it was going to be a room, Mr. Collier said—so he was giving in—it had to be a room. Our lean-to off the parlor where the kitchen is would not qualify. Well, we do have two nice rooms, but they are alongside of each other and there's no door to the parlor to go out of except to go right through the other one, and that is Mama's bedroom. He said he'd cut a door, his saw was in the truck, but Mama said no sir. This house didn't belong to us and he wasn't going to saw it up or down. Well then, he said, he had to have her present room so he could stay out of the room she would have after he got hers. She would take the money now or he was going on and crank the truck. In all the commotion I couldn't even see a chance for Mr. Houston's news.

Mama took the money then and told me I could go on and start packing her things—she would accept the parlor. That way the door between





"And I say it does not come on little cat feet."

could be nailed shut and he could come and go at his own signals and I could carry him trays around the house and not go in. Mr. Collier left out and I was thinking how good it was that it was all over and moving her little things as careful as I could. When I got the bed itself down, she just stayed on her beauty mattress and I pulled it across with her on it and didn't have to bend it and hurt its inside springs except for when we were inching through that door.

Everything was about finished and her fresh sheets and things were on when I looked out the window and there was Mr. Collier back. Only he

had with him now a truck full of pigs that he was trying to coax inside our cattle fence. Thank our Heavenly Father that Mama couldn't see. Those pigs would no more stay behind the wire than birds—came flying out every time he put them in, to nip some on my garden.

I slipped out to try to help him, had thought he might be fixing to chain them up like people do if we could find some chain, but he'd already studied it through and was pulling a posthole digger from the truck. He began to dig holes then as fast as he could and I kept the pigs off to one side where Mama couldn't hear them, giving them

a little treat of cornmeal all the while. When he finished the holes, he was as hot and tired as he could be, but there wasn't any resting—he had to rush over to the woods behind our house and cut some locust posts. When he finally got them set—it turned out to be a dozen—he asked me if we kept any hog wire. Where he had been staying, he said, it didn't matter where the pigs went because he didn't raise a garden. Everything new you went into called for a lot of worriment to get it straight. Well, I knew where they keep the wire all right, but I wouldn't dare let him go or our boss man might kill him, believing he was stealing. I ran in the



"Stop knocking the paintings, stupid. They're yours."

house just long enough to ask Mama to please Ma'am wait some more (her head had gotten *terrible* from so much stirring around), I had to run up to the henhouse to get some eggs for Mr. Collier's dinner. She believed me, thanks to the Almighty, and I ran all the way up and down those bluffs until I made the shed where all the wire is. There wasn't a soul around—that buzzing was just horseflies. I looked through the rolls until I found part of a one that I could drag behind me. When our house came into sight again, Mr. Collier was still entertaining the pigs with cornmeal, so all my fright was over. I showed Mama some examples of eggs from our electric box and she was satisfied. God had done wondrous works that morning!

MR. COLLIER turned out to be so quiet and good we didn't know we had him. He gave me Mama's money every week in an envelope with the prettiest piece of writing on the front:

This Thursday till next Thursday then
With the regards of Mr. Cecile Collier.

Every time the whistle blew, I took the best tasting dinner I could fix

around the house and knocked on his one door. He talked my cooking near-about to the skies. There was just one thing he needed that I couldn't do. He wanted me to go in and sit with him while he ate so as to keep him company. I didn't dare mind him, though—Mama said I couldn't. And that's how I found it out, what I could never calculate, that he thought we were married. At first I didn't see how we could be, but pondering it I wondered. I kept him up, his clothes and things, and we lived in the same house. I cooked just like a wife, and every chance he got he told me that he loved me. So if he said we were, how could I disbelieve him? The only thing that I could do was put it up to Mama, what he said.

That was the main evil, she told me, that our Saviour came to this earth to try to put a stop to, people trying to live without a license. I was the granddaughter of the Reverend Isaac Stoner, who was sanctified in grace, and I would have to help Mr. Collier see what he had to do—tell him to go on to the courthouse and finish it by law.

Well, I hated to worry him but I had to go ahead and ask—I mean to get the license. And when I did he

like to have had a fit. Here I was married to an upright man, he said, that didn't use spirits or even smoke or chew, and as if that wasn't plenty enough I wanted it in writing. He shamed me so bad I didn't want to ask him anymore.

Mr. Collier stayed on with me and Mama it must have been two winters. One day just before he moved (he took a hoe and half a book of S & H—nothing to amount to anything—and with all the money he gave us and my nice garden fence he more than did his part), he called me in to sit. When I couldn't obey him, he looked sorrowful, like he always did, and then he started moaning and crying just like his heart would break. If anybody had of told him, he said, before he got acquainted with me, that there was any lady living he couldn't make a wife of, he'd of scorned them. He'd tried every trick of the trade, he said, and still I wouldn't be one.

Well, I wanted to be one, and I thought there for a while I was one, and even told it out, but I just had to ask him to please sir not be angry, my Saviour stood between us.

—BERRY MORGAN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

CASUALTIES OF WAR

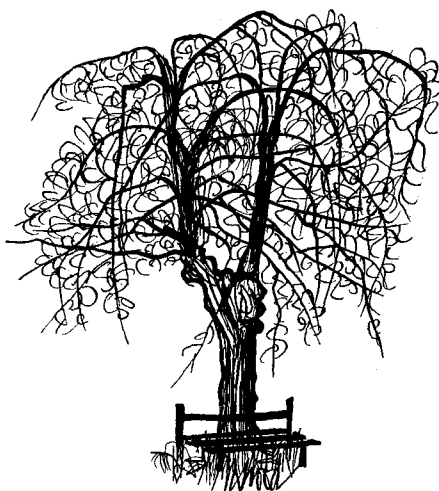
LIKE their predecessors in all wars, American veterans of the Vietnamese campaign who are coming home to civilian life have their heads filled with memories that may last the rest of their days, for, no matter how far from the front a man may have spent his time as a soldier, he will remember it as a special time, when, fleetingly, his daily existence appeared to approach the heroic. Former Private First Class Sven Eriksson—as I shall call him, since to use his actual name might add to the danger he may be in—has also come back with his memories, but he has no idea what the future will do to them. Honorably discharged in April, 1968, this new war veteran, who is twenty-four and comes from a small farming community in northwestern Minnesota, isn't even sure that he would care to hold on to his recollections, if it were possible for him to control his memory. Naturally, Eriksson's experiences in Vietnam were varied, and many of them impressed themselves vividly on his mind. Just seeing an Asian country, for instance, was an adventure, Eriksson says, its landscape so different from the frozen plains of his corner of Minnesota; he had never before splashed through paddy fields, he told me, or stood blinking in the sudden sunlessness of lush, entangled jungle, or wandered uncertainly through imprisoning fields of towering elephant grass. An infantryman, Eriksson saw a fair amount of action, so, if he chose, he could reminisce about strong points he helped take and fire fights in which he was pinned down, and one ambush, in particular, in which half his unit was wounded. But, as Eriksson unhesitatingly acknowledges, the fact is that when he thinks of his tour of duty in Vietnam it is always a single image that comes to his mind. The image is that of a Vietnamese peasant girl, two or three years younger than he was, whom he met, so to speak, on November 18, 1966, in a remote hamlet in the Central Highlands, a few miles west of the South China Sea. Eriksson and four other enlisted men were then on a reconnaissance patrol in the vicinity of the girl's home. Eriksson considers himself hazy about the girl's looks. He does remember, though, that she had a prominent gold tooth, and that her eyes, which were dark brown, could be particularly expressive. He also remembers that she was wearing dusty earrings made of bluish glass; he no-

ticed the trinkets because they gave off a dull glint one bright afternoon when he was assigned to stand guard over her. Like most rural women, she was dressed in loose-fitting black pajamas. They obscured her figure, Eriksson says, but he has the impression that she was slender and slight, and was perhaps five feet two or three inches tall. For as long as she lived, Eriksson did not know her name. He learned it, eventually, when the girl's sister identified her at court-martial proceedings—proceedings that Eriksson himself instigated and in which he served as the government's chief witness. The girl's name—her actual name—was Phan Thi Mao. Eriksson never exchanged a word with her; neither spoke the other's language. He knew Mao for slightly more than twenty-four hours. They were her last. The four soldiers with whom he was on patrol raped and killed her, abandoning her body in mountain brush. One of the soldiers stabbed her three times, and when defense counsel challenged Eriksson at the court-martial proceedings to describe the sound that the stabbings made, he testified, "Well, I've shot deer and I've gutted deer. It was just like when you stick a deer with a knife—sort of a thud—or something like this, sir."

ERIKSSON talked with me at his home in (I shall say) Minneapolis, where, since leaving the Army, he has been earning his living as a cabinetmaker at a local department store. He and his wife, Kirsten, have a neat, modest apartment of three rooms, its walls decorated with paintings by Mrs. Eriksson, a Sunday artist, who was present while we talked; she is twenty-three and is employed as a receptionist in

an insurance office. The two have no children. They were married four years ago, shortly after Eriksson was drafted. They had known each other since childhood, their fathers having been neighboring farmers, who both had difficulty making ends meet. This was true of many farmers in the area, Mrs. Eriksson told me, adding that most of its inhabitants were of Scandinavian background. "It's a part of the country where we pride ourselves on not being demonstrative," she said. A small, pretty blonde with an alert, intelligent manner, she offered me coffee and cake the instant I set foot in the apartment. She was pleased, she told me, that I had asked to hear about the episode involving Mao. She herself had thus far been the only person with whom her husband had discussed it since returning from Vietnam, and even with her he had not gone into much detail. "It'll do him good to talk to someone else," she said, her tone lively and teasing. Sitting by himself on a sofa, Eriksson smiled somewhat ruefully, a deep dimple forming in one cheek. He is a short man of fair complexion, blond and blue-eyed, and he is not voluble. In the hours we spent together, there were intervals that may have lasted as long as a minute when he sat silent, a brooding expression on his face, before resuming his account. At the start, he spoke laconically, but gradually his natural reticence thawed out, and there were times—generally after one of his silences—when he produced such a burst of talk that it seemed to cost him an effort to bring it to a halt.

At the very outset, Eriksson told me that the last thing he wished to do was discuss Mao's murder in any legalistic vein. It was certainly possible to do so, as I knew for myself from having read the court record of the trials he had brought about: seven bulky volumes in the offices of the Clerk of Courts, U. S. Army Judiciary, in Falls Church, Virginia, which included Eriksson's testimony against the members of the patrol; their convictions and appeals; interminable correspondence between judges and opposing counsel; and depositions concerning the character of individual defendants. Having appeared as a witness before four tribunals in Vietnam, Eriksson told me, he had had his fill of the judicial process—of the dogged grillings by lawyers and the repeated strictures of judges insisting on



precise answers to questions that were often vague. As far as he was concerned, Eriksson said, it had all seemed a morass of cleverness, but then, he conceded, he may well have entered the military courtroom in the Central Highlands, where the four trials were held, with unwarranted expectations, for it had been his hope that the trials would help him unravel his reactions to Mao's fate. Unreasonably, he granted, he had come into court with the idea that he and the others on hand would wonder aloud, in a kind of corporate searching, how it was possible for the young girl to meet the end she did. He had imagined that he would be able to ask how it was that he alone of the patrol had come to act as he had. He had wanted to tell of the way the episode with Mao had affected him, and why it was that he had felt impelled to report the others—four young Americans like him, each dependent on the others for survival deep in enemy territory. He had wanted to unburden himself of his doubts about whether he had done all he might have done for Mao in her travail—doubts that gnaw at him to this day. With me, he said,

he trusted he would be able to go into these matters freely, but he had early discovered that in a court of law they were of little interest.

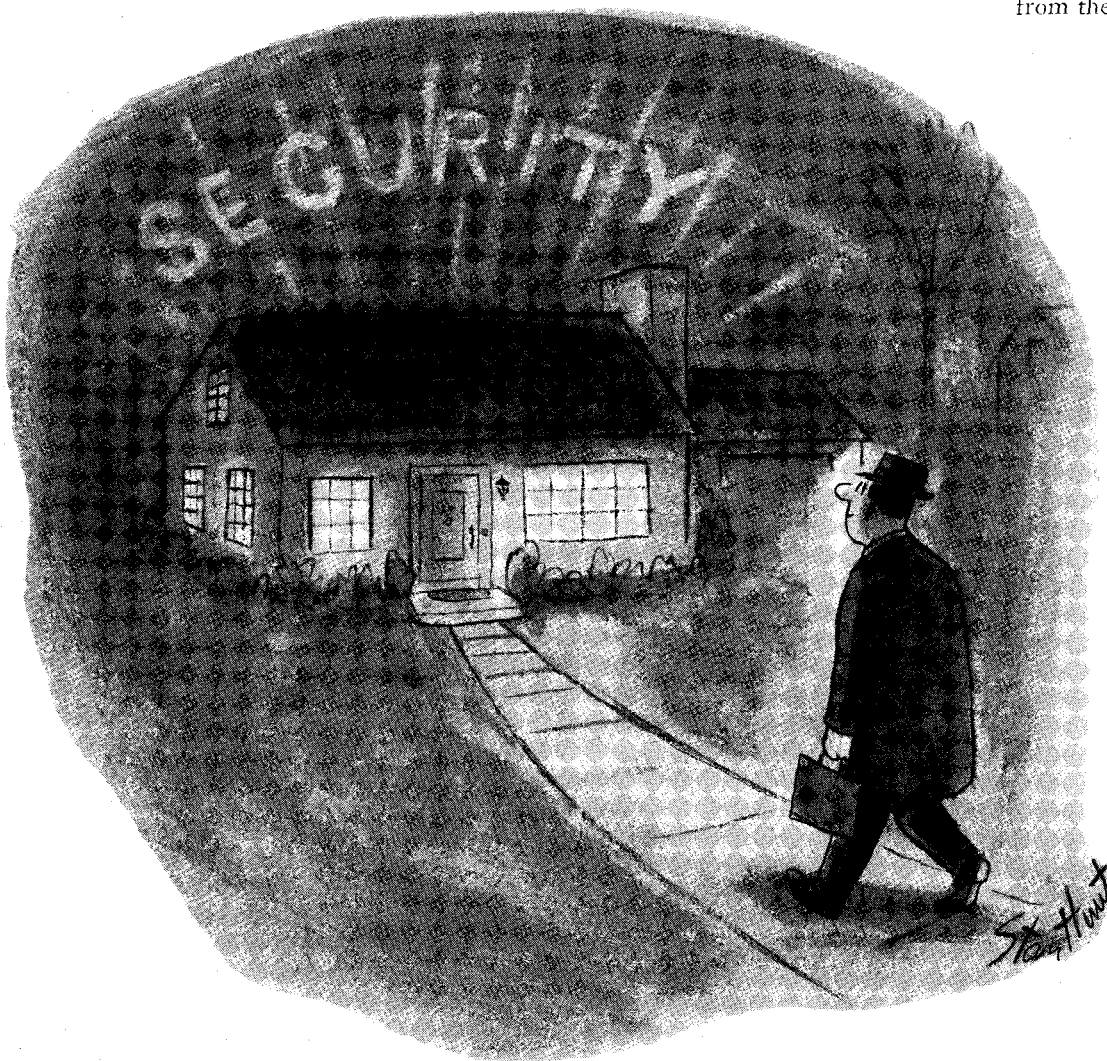
LAUNCHING into his unlegalistic account, Eriksson told me that it seemed clear to him in retrospect that he should have been prepared for Mao's death. It had been preceded by any number of similar occurrences. In one form or another, he said, they took place almost daily, but he was slow, or reluctant, to perceive that they were as much a part of the war as shells and targets were. Eriksson now believes he should have foreseen that sooner or later one of these incidents was bound to strike him with special, climactic force. He had scarcely landed in Vietnam, in October, 1966, when he was made aware of these occurrences, each of them apparently impulsive and unrelated to military strategy. He told me that beatings were common—random, routine kicks and cuffs that he saw G.I.s administer to the Vietnamese. Occasionally, official orders were used for justifying gratuitous acts of violence. Thus, early in his

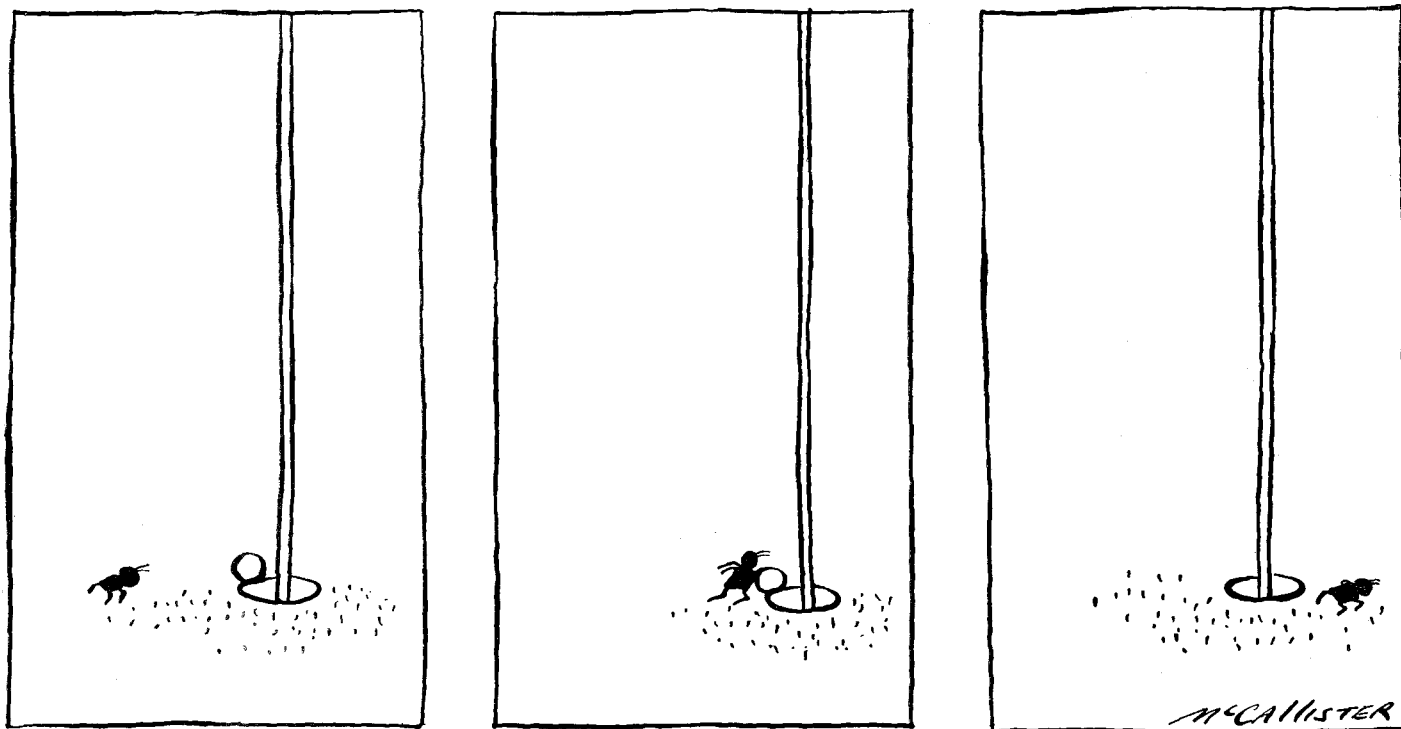
tour of duty, Eriksson recalled, G.I.s in his unit were empowered to shoot any Vietnamese violating a 7 P.M. curfew, but in practice it was largely a matter of individual discretion whether a soldier chose to fire at a stray Vietnamese hurrying home a few minutes late to his hootch—the American term for the mud-and-bamboo huts in which most natives lived. Similarly, it was permissible to shoot at any Vietnamese seen running, but, as Eriksson put it, “the line between walking and running could be very thin.” The day after the one on which his squad was ambushed and half its members were wounded, several enemy prisoners were taken, and, in retaliation, two were summarily killed, “to serve as an example.” A corporal who was still enraged over the ambush tried to strangle another of the prisoners; he had knotted a poncho, nooselike, around the captive's neck and was tightening it when a merciful lieutenant commanded him to desist.

Needless to say, Eriksson continued, the kind of behavior he was describing was by no means limited to Americans. The enemy did the same thing, and much of the evidence for this came from the Vietnamese themselves. They

constantly reported rapes and kidnappings by the Vietcong; in fact, the Vietcong committed these crimes so indiscriminately that the victims were sometimes their own sympathizers. On one occasion that he knew of, Eriksson said, American troops, attracted by the familiar odor of decomposing bodies, had found a pit piled high with Vietnamese men and women who had been machine-gunned by the V.C. But, as Eriksson pointed out, he could not give me many such first-hand accounts of V.C. depredations. Necessarily, he said, he was in a position to speak only of the behavior of American soldiers, since they were the people he fought and lived with.

Ending the first of his brooding silences, Eriksson said, “From one day to the next, you could see for yourself changes coming over guys on our side—decent fellows, who wouldn't dream of calling an Oriental a ‘gook’ or a





The Little Beetle Who Liked Billy Casper

'slopehead' back home. But they were halfway around the world now, in a strange country, where they couldn't tell who was their friend and who wasn't. Day after day, out on patrol, we'd come to a narrow dirt path leading through some shabby village, and the elders would welcome us and the children come running with smiles on their faces, waiting for the candy we'd give them. But at the other end of the path, just as we were leaving the village behind, the enemy would open up on us, and there was bitterness among us that the villagers hadn't given us warning. All that many of us could think at such times was that we were fools to be ready to die for people who defecated in public, whose food was dirtier than anything in our garbage cans back home. Thinking like that—well, as I say, it could change some fellows. It could keep them from believing that life was so valuable—anyone's life, I mean, even their own. I'm not saying that every fellow who roughed up a civilian liked himself for it—not that he'd admit in so many words that he didn't. But you could tell. Out of the blue, without being asked, he'd start defending what he'd done maybe hours ago by saying that, after all, it was no worse than what Charlie was doing. I heard that argument over and over again, and I could never buy it. It was like claiming that just because a drunken driver hit your friend, you had a right to get in your car and aim it at

some pedestrian. Of course, I was a foot soldier all this time. I was operating in a forward area and probably seeing the war at its ugliest. In daylight it was search-and-destroy missions, and at night it was setting ambushes for the enemy. I discovered it's not difficult to kill a human being—in combat it's as instinctive as ducking bullets. You never knew whose turn it was to die, and that isn't how it was in rear areas. The farther back you got, the closer you approached the way people lived in civilian life."

ON November 16, 1966, the commanding officer of Eriksson's platoon, a Negro lieutenant, Harold Reilly (whose name, like every soldier's name in this account, has been changed), assigned him as one of five enlisted men who were to make up a reconnaissance patrol, its mission to comb a sector of the Central Highlands for signs of Vietcong activity. Testifying later in court, Lieutenant Reilly characterized the mission as "extremely dangerous," and said that to carry it out he had picked members of the best of the four squads in the platoon. Special care had been taken with the operation, he stated, since it had been conceived by the battalion command, a higher echelon than the company command, to which Reilly was ordinarily responsible. Explaining his choice of the patrol, Reilly testified, "These people, I felt, knew what they

were doing, and a second reason was because the company commanding officer asked for good people." On the following afternoon, November 17th, the members of the newly formed patrol met in a corner of the platoon's headquarters area, near the village of My Tho, where, relaxed as they stood or sat on the ground, they listened to a briefing from their leader, who was seated on a low stool. He was Sergeant Tony Meserve, a slim, black-haired man of medium height who was twenty years old and came from a town in upstate New York, near the Canadian border. According to Eriksson, Meserve, who was assertive and confident, was both the patrol's youngest soldier and its most experienced one, being a volunteer of three years' standing who had fought in Vietnam for a year and had been decorated several times; he was due to go back to the United States in a month. The group's second-in-command was Ralph Clark, a corporal who came from a town near Philadelphia. He was twenty-two, a stringbean in physique, and blond, with eyes that were a pale, cold blue. Again according to Eriksson, Clark was given to quick movements and to seemingly abrupt decisions that reflected Meserve's thinking in an exaggerated form. The two other G.I.s in the combat team were a year younger than Eriksson, who was then twenty-two. They were cousins named Diaz—Rafael, known as Rafe, whose home

was near Amarillo, Texas, and Manuel, who came from a town some distance north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Eriksson remembers Rafe as a tall, swarthy, round-faced man with a disposition that was naturally sunny and amiable. As for Manuel, who was fair-skinned and stockier than his cousin, his manner was on the jumpy side. Like Clark, he was given to quick movements, but his behavior had nothing to do with embellishing Meserve's thinking. Manuel showed no initiative in that regard, Eriksson told me, his attitude toward authority being simple and automatic: he heeded it devoutly. In mild contrast, Rafe was capable of questioning authority, Eriksson said,

but he generally wound up by going along with whoever seemed to be the leader—"just to keep from making trouble."

Returning to the patrol's briefing, Eriksson told me that Meserve was all business as he plunged into his talk. Echoing the instructions that a battalion officer had given him earlier, the Sergeant informed the four men of the duties that each was expected to carry out, of the chain of command in the field, and of radio-communication arrangements with the platoon command, and then, consulting the grid coordinates of a map he was holding, the Sergeant described a precise westerly route that the patrol was to follow.

It was to take them, ultimately, to Hill 192—a height, in the Bong Son valley, that overlooked a ravine laced with a cave complex, which was suspected of serving as a Vietcong hideout. But caves weren't all that the five men would be looking for. Bunkers, trenches, trails that were not marked on maps, caches of enemy equipment—these, too, were to be reconnaissance objectives. Naturally, Meserve said, if the men could spot any Vietcong in the open, that would be all to the good, but the patrol's orders—and these had been spelled out in no uncertain terms by the battalion command—were to avoid any shooting matches with the enemy except in self-defense; as a so-called pony patrol, he said, they were out to collect "early-warning" information concerning enemy intentions.

The men were to be gone five days, the Sergeant revealed—a fairly long time for a reconnaissance mission—and on hearing this Eriksson experienced a sense of exhilaration, just as he had at the prospect of far shorter patrols in which he had taken part. He felt that way, he explained, because out in the field, in territory that could turn hostile at any moment, the men in the patrol would be very much on their own, and this would be so even if a high-ranking officer were in charge. "You could never tell how a man was going to behave under pressure," Eriksson said. "He might turn out to be dumb or brave or to have a wonderful stock of jokes. Sure, there were always advance plans to do this or that, but they didn't often stand up in the field. The only thing you could count on out there was that the unexpected would happen." Usually, Eriksson said, it took time for the unexpected to develop, but now—more than half a day before the patrol was to leave platoon headquarters—it happened with stunning abruptness. It happened when the Sergeant, having delivered his instructions, concluded the briefing by tell-



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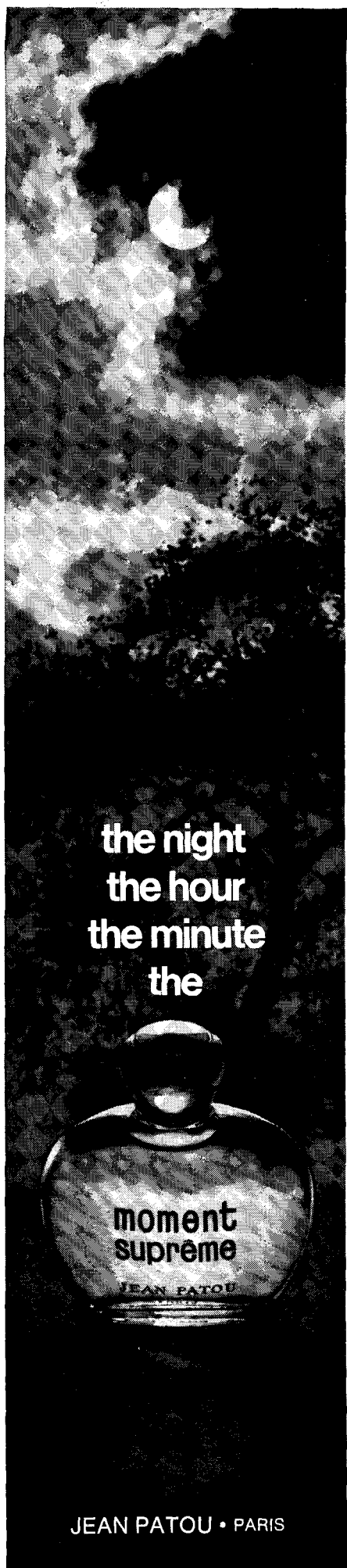
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ing the assembled men that they were going to have a good time on the mission, because he was going to see to it that they found themselves a girl and took her along "for the morale of the squad." For five days, the Sergeant said, they would avail themselves of her body, finally disposing of it, to keep the girl from ever accusing them of abduction and rape—both listed as capital crimes in the Uniform Code of Military Justice. Rafe later testified at his court-martial, "Meserve stated we would leave an hour ahead of time so that we would have time to find a woman to take with us on the mission. Meserve stated that we would get the woman for the purpose of boom boom, or sexual intercourse, and at the end of five days we would kill her." And in Manuel's testimony one finds: "After we were briefed by Meserve, he said that we would take a girl with us on patrol, or that we would try to take a girl with us to have some fun. . . . He said it would be good for the morale of the squad."

The Sergeant had made his announcement with a straight face, leaving his men to interpret it as they would. Clark at once greeted it with enthusiasm. The two Diazes laughed, either out of embarrassment, Eriksson conjectures, or because they thought Meserve was joking, in view of his remark about "the morale of the squad"—an old gag in the platoon. Eriksson told me that he himself reacted silently but that after Meserve and the men had broken up to go their separate ways until morning he sought out his friend Corporal Curly Rowan, a West Virginian, who had been in Vietnam, and with the platoon, just as long as Meserve had. Rowan listened with astonishment as Eriksson apprised him of the Sergeant's plan, but when Eriksson asked his friend whether he thought Meserve's statements should be reported to an officer before the patrol left camp, Rowan immediately shook his head, replying, as the court record shows, "Meserve wouldn't dare do such a fool thing." This incredulity notwithstanding, the news of Meserve's briefing left Rowan unhappy. The two men had arrived in Vietnam at the same time, and he had known Meserve as a considerate, agreeable man. However, in the last month or so, Rowan told Eriksson, the Sergeant, apparently undergoing changes, had exhibited a mean streak toward the Vietnamese; a couple of weeks before,

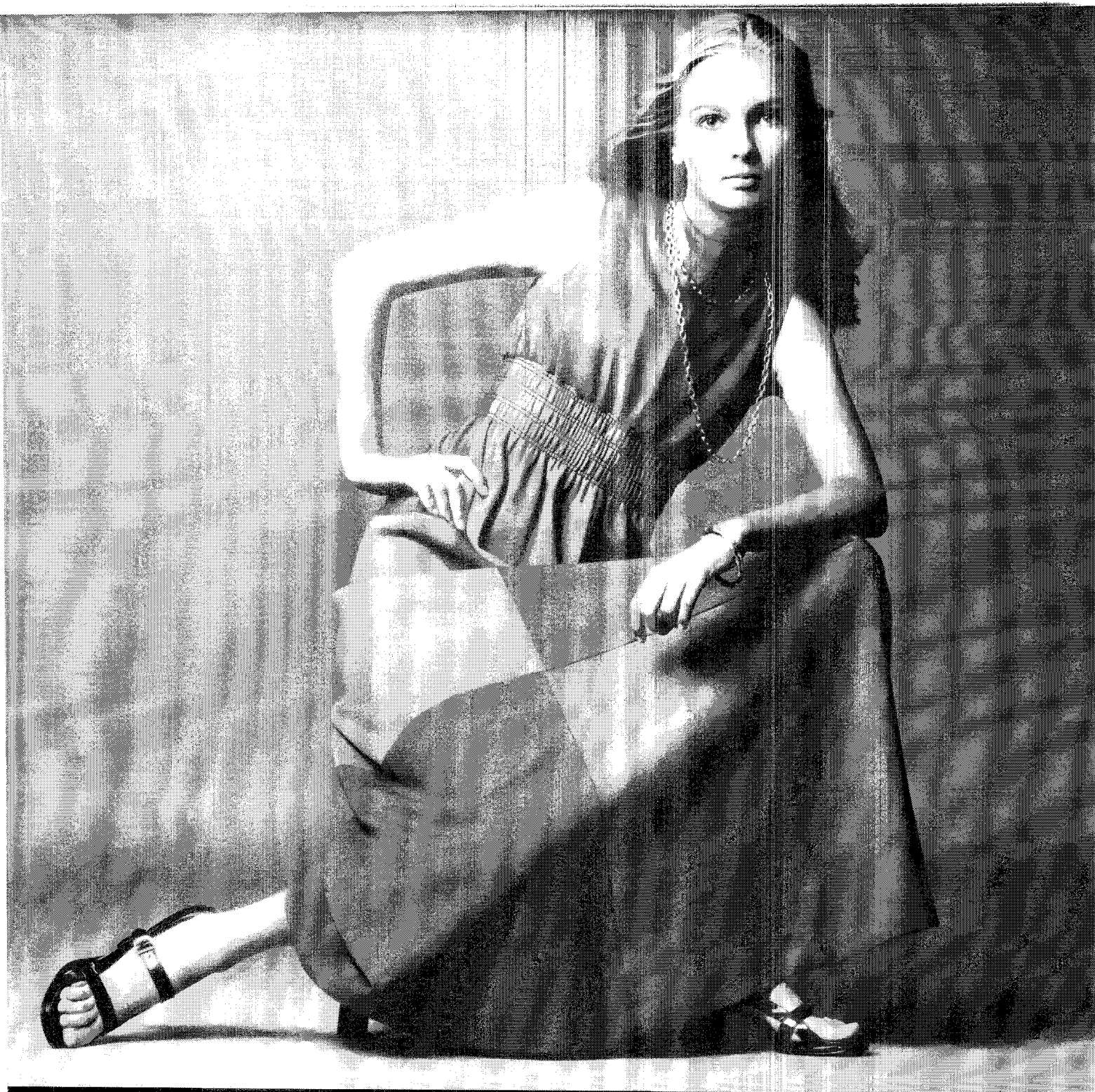
Rowan said, Meserve had shot at and wounded one of them, giving as his reason afterward that he had "felt like it." "The way Curly talked about him, Meserve sounded as though he had become a kind of war casualty," Eriksson told me.

At four-thirty the following morning, Meserve diligently checked his men's gear at the edge of camp, seeing to it that their chow, star clusters, rounds of ammunition, smoke and hand grenades, and other supplies were in order. Once this was done, the patrol



filed out of the camp in the faintly humid darkness, the men still uncertain of their leader's intent. Twenty minutes later, they knew what it was. By then, moving unhurriedly in the gray dusk, Meserve's squad had dutifully followed him two thousand metres to the east, which, as Eriksson and the

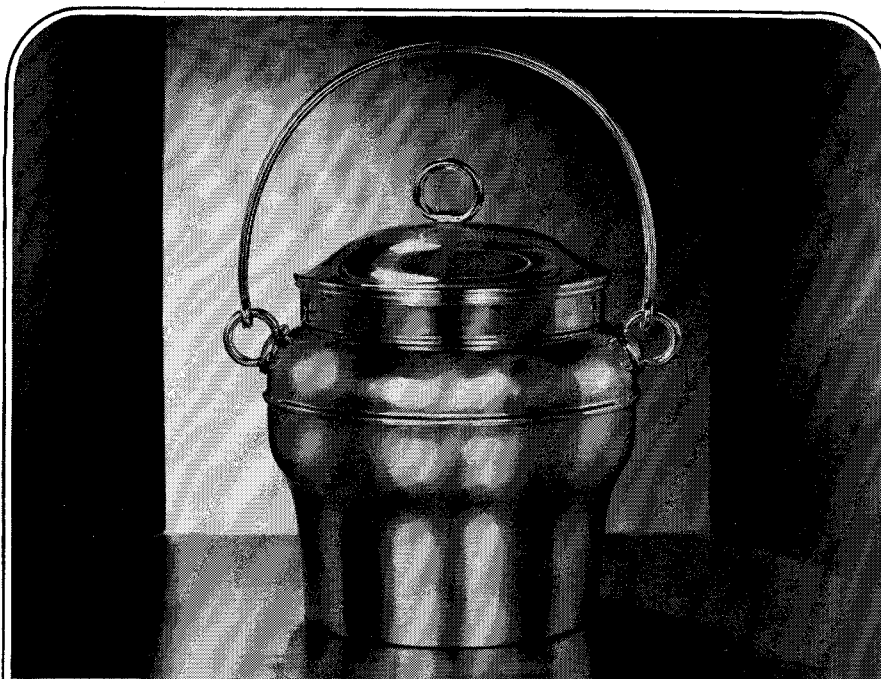
others realized, was a flagrant deviation from the westward route the Sergeant had described so precisely at the briefing. By then, too, the men were approaching the hamlet of Cat Tuong, in the district of Phu My, and Eriksson was cursing himself for having listened to Rowan. In disbelief and confusion, his heart palpitating, Eriksson saw that Meserve was losing no time in carrying out his plan, for, with Clark at his heels, the Sergeant had embarked on a systematic search of the hamlet's hootches. The pair had emerged empty-handed from five or six of the huts when Rafe, ever his amiable, accommodating self, pointed to a white hootch ahead and called out, "There's a pretty girl in there! She has a gold tooth!" Instantly, the Sergeant said, "That's the girl we'll find." Astounded by the enormity of his own suggestion, Rafe looked miserably at Manuel and Eriksson as Meserve and Clark, quickening their steps, made for the white hootch that contained the pretty girl with a gold tooth. While Eriksson, Manuel, and the now wretched Rafe hovered outside, Meserve and Clark entered the hut—Mao's home. They lingered in it longer than they had in the other hootches, but since Eriksson was standing outside the hut he is unable to describe what went on inside. However, Mao's sister, Phan Thi Loc, who was present, has done this at one of the trials. Translating the testimony of Loc, who was two years younger than Mao, an interpreter informed the court, "She said they come in, use flashlight and shone around the house and saw her



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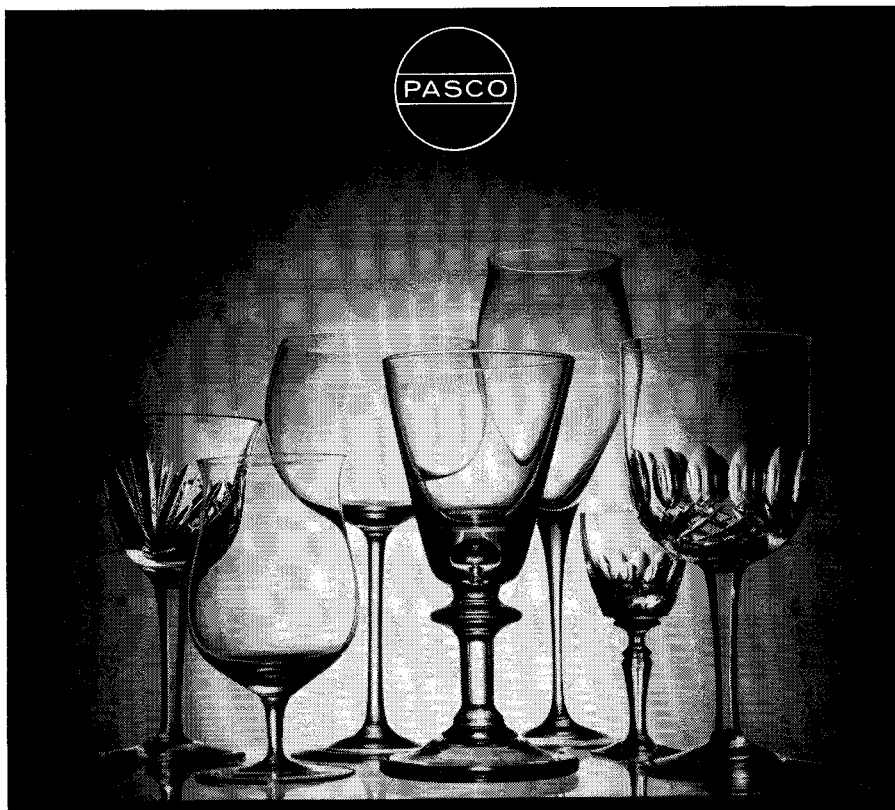
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mother's face and her sister's face and all of them wake up at the same time. It was six in morning and dark." The father was away in Phu My market, the interpreter went on. The mother wept and pleaded, and her daughters, clinging to one another, cowered against the wall. Loc was spared, but Mao was seized by the two soldiers, who bound her hands behind her back with a length of coconut rope. Reporting another of Loc's answers at the trial, the court interpreter stated, "She said her sister have gold tooth, right side in lower jaw."

When Meserve and Clark rejoined their comrades, Eriksson told me, they had the bound Mao well in tow. Clark was holding her elbow, and he pushed her forward when Meserve ordered the patrol to get moving. "Daylight was coming on fast, and he wanted the girl in the light as little as possible," Eriksson told me. "Helicopter crews might spot her." Before the patrol left the hamlet, a swarm of local children materialized, chattering agitatedly in a circle around Mao, and then out of the white hootch came Loc. The two sisters looked at each other. "Their eyes were terrified," Eriksson remembers. Departing from the hamlet with their prize, the soldiers moved west toward the main trail they should have been on. They had gone scarcely twenty metres when a cry of distress halted them. It came from Mao's mother, who was giving chase. Meserve testified at his court-martial, "The mother came out, like they always do, started crying, talking. We just tell them to *dee dee*"—meaning to go away. The mother, Eriksson told me, was waving a scarf and laboriously propelling herself forward. Panting, she finally reached the soldiers, indicating to them that the scarf was Mao's and that she would like her daughter to have it; the woman's cheeks were wet and her manner was imploring. It was an awkward moment, Eriksson said, and Clark terminated it. A smile spreading on his face, he took the scarf and stuffed it into Mao's mouth. In an affidavit that Manuel later signed, he stated, "Clark gagged the girl to keep her from yelling out. It was still dark in the area, and no civilians attempted to stop us." Leaving the mother behind, the patrol resumed its march, prodding Mao to match its stride. The hamlet was barely out of sight when Manuel, perhaps competing with Clark, untied Mao's hands, then slipped his pack from his shoulders and loaded it onto the girl's.

The five men and Mao kept up a steady pace. Meserve saw to that, for

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a brilliant sun had come up, its glare exposing the bizarre party as clearly as it did the landscape. "We were advancing through nice country," Eriksson told me. "We were on a plateau in the Highlands, and all around us were small mountain ranges, hazy and green. Below was a valley with a winding stream, and along its banks were paddy fields with neat little dikes around them. The country we were moving through was mostly all shades of green, but we also passed arid stretches and, here and there, places that had been browned by napalm. The land was very changeable. It would be open for a while, and then there'd be sections so thick with thorny vines tearing at our clothes that we couldn't see each other, even though we were spaced no farther apart than you and I are, right here in this room." Around eight o'clock, Meserve permitted his squad a half hour's break for chow. Mao was ungagged but was given no food; noticing that she was flushed and coughing slightly, Meserve handed her an aspirin. Only one piece of military action occurred that morning, and it could have been dispensed with. Gazing into the valley below, Rafe thought he spied a Vietnamese in a native type of straw hat standing in the stream. Deciding that he was looking at a V.C., Rafe let fly with a couple of rounds from his M-16 rifle. His target turned out to be the rump of a wallowing water buffalo, the animal raising itself from the shallow stream in clumsy panic and lumbering out of view. Rafe had flouted the order against unnecessary shooting, confirming Eriksson's observation that plans could mean little in the field and that out there any patrol was a unit only in theory. "We were each acting the way we had to," he told me. Meserve said nothing to Rafe; nor did he say anything to any of the others when, as the mission unfolded, they committed similar derelictions. Under cross-examination at his court-martial concerning this disregard of his commanding officer's instructions, the Sergeant stated, "Sir, most of the time everybody agrees with his C.O. Sometimes you have your disagreements, and sometimes you don't voice them, you keep them to yourself."

At ten-thirty, a short distance below the summit of Hill 192, Meserve found what he was looking for—a command post for the day. It was an abandoned hootch, eight feet square and eight feet high, with a window on the east side, a door on the west, and two slits facing north and south; there was a stream a few metres away, giving

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the patrol a ready source of water. The hootch contained a table, a low bench built against a wall, and tattered remnants of a straw mat strewn in a dark corner, and the dirt floor was littered with scrap metal, rocks, and cans. The structure was in a state of extreme disrepair, and had a number of large holes in its mud walls. However, it was essentially intact, and Meserve quickly converted it into a weapons depot, dumping ammunition stocks, and also food supplies, on its dirt floor. In addition, the hootch served as a place to hide Mao. Ordering Eriksson and Rafe to clean up the hootch, and leaving Mao in their charge, the Sergeant went off with Clark and Manuel to have a careful look around. In the hootch, Eriksson recalled, Mao, now relieved of Manuel's pack, watched him and Rafe heave out junk for a while, and then, unasked, the girl lent the G.I.s a hand. "She had no idea the kind of place she was helping to prepare," Eriksson said.

Meserve and the others returned an hour later, toward noon, and had a hearty snack, eating it outdoors, near the entrance to the hut. Sprawled on the ground after the meal, Meserve, refreshed, glanced at his fellows and then, with a knowing smile, indicated the partly ruined structure. "It's time for some fun," he said. Clark appeared to be beside himself with anticipation, Eriksson told me, and Manuel and Rafe appeared less so. He himself, he imagines, must have looked glum. "It was the way I felt," he said. "It was impossible for me to have any part of what I knew was about to take place." He suspects that Meserve sensed this, for before anything else happened the Sergeant confronted him, demanding to know whether he would enter the hootch when his turn came. Eriksson shook his head. Incensed, the Sergeant uttered the first of a series of threats. Unless Eriksson went along with the others, Meserve warned, he would run the risk of being reported "a friendly casualty." Clark seconded this vociferously, and both Diazes concentrated puzzled stares on the difficult member of the patrol. Eriksson shook his head again. "I had had enough of watching beatings and stranglings with ponchos," he told me. Rebuffed a second time, Meserve lashed out with an attack on Eriksson's manliness, deriding him as "queer" and "chicken." The attack didn't bother him, Eriksson told me, but it appears from the court record that it did affect Rafe, who testified that he could not have withstood the epithets he heard Meserve heap on Eriksson; it was his fear of such deri-

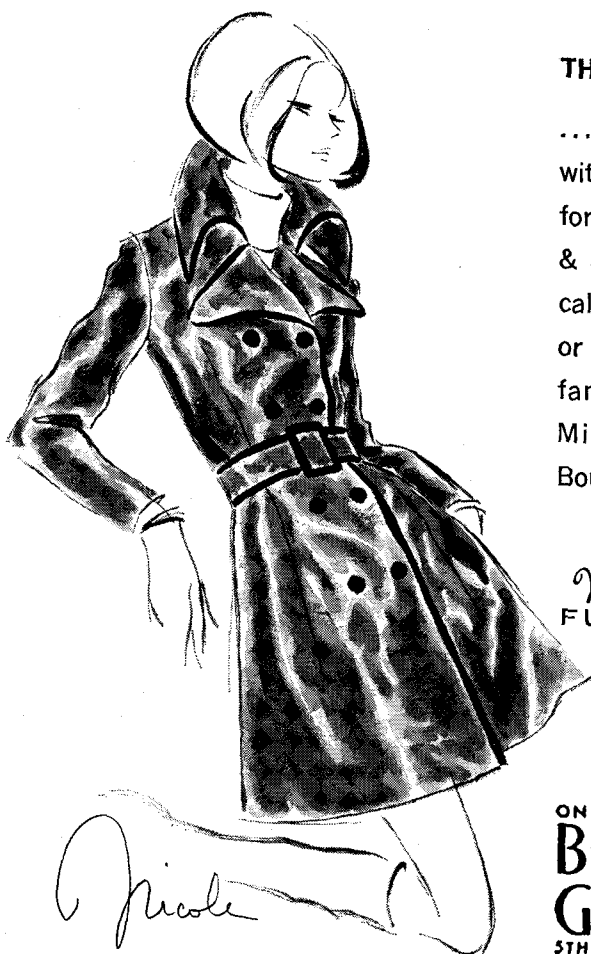


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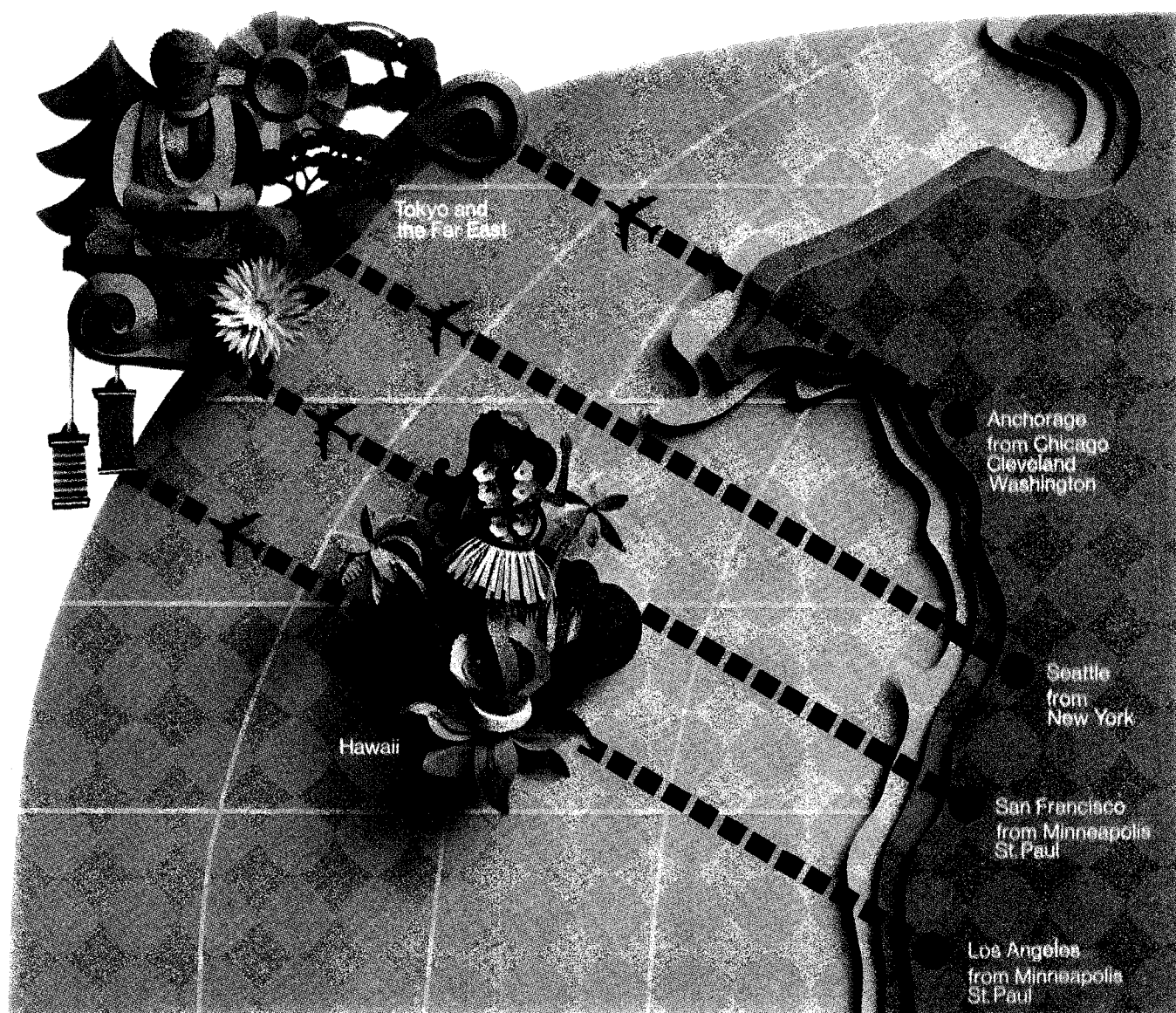
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sion, Rafe stated, that caused him to join those who entered the hootch he had helped make tidy. Manuel gave similar testimony. "I was afraid of being ridiculed, sir," he told the prosecutor. Asked why, he answered, "O.K., let's say you are on a patrol. These guys right here are going to start laughing you out. Pretty soon, you're going to be an outcast from the platoon. 'That guy, he's scared of doing this, he's scared of doing that.' Everybody is going to make fun of you. When you go out on a patrol, you ain't going to be as good as you want to be, because these guys ain't helping you do anything. It is going to be yourself. There is going to be four people on that patrol and an individual."

Once Meserve had delivered his estimate of Eriksson's virility, the ill-fated bacchanal got under way. Just before it did, Eriksson moved away from the entrance to the hootch, where he had been standing, and sat down alone on the grassy turf to one side of the structure; periodically, he raised his field glasses to gaze at distant points. Cross-examined at Meserve's trial as to why he had shifted his position, Eriksson testified, "Well, sir, these gentlemen seemed to me—oh, I should say kind of enthused about what was going on. The whole thing made me sick to my stomach. I figured somebody would have to be out there for security, because there were V.C. in the area."

The Sergeant was the first man to enter the hootch, and soon, Eriksson told me, a high, piercing moan of pain and despair came from the girl. It repeated itself in waves, broken only, Eriksson assumed, by Mao's need to summon fresh breath. After several minutes, the moan turned to a steady sobbing, and this did not cease until, after a half hour, Meserve reappeared in the open. He was shirtless; his face wore an expression of swaggering irresistibility. "She was real good—pretty clean," he said. Pointing to the hootch, he signalled to Rafe to be his successor, and Rafe, sparing himself ridicule, walked in. In court, Rafe said that he found Mao naked, lying on the table, her hands bound behind her back. "The girl looked so innocent, so calm," he testified. But Rafe stayed, and again the moan and the sobbing, slightly diminished, rose from the hootch. Outside, according to the court record, Clark was watching his comrade through a hole in the mud façade and letting out whoops of delight that mingled with Mao's cries. His manner became momentarily subdued when Meserve waved him in as the third



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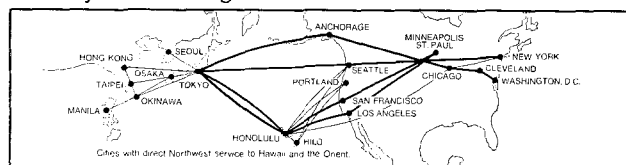
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man, but Clark was his jaunty self again when he returned. "I held a knife to her throat," he told the others. He displayed a hunting knife. It was ten inches long, and its handle was wrapped with tape that bore a pattern of tiny diamonds. The men were familiar with the knife; it had recently been given to Clark by a close friend in the platoon who had been wounded. As Manuel was going into the hootch, Mao's sounds could be heard, weak and conquered. The four soldiers' visitation lasted nearly an hour and a half, and two minutes after it was terminated the men, to conceal themselves from any Vietcong who might be in the vicinity, reentered the hootch together. Eriksson was now with them, and he saw that Mao had retreated to a corner of the hut, frightened, watchful, her eyes glistening with tears, her presence made known chiefly by a cough that had grown more pronounced since morning. The girl was dressed and her hands had been freed. The men ate, again without feeding her, and reminisced about their communal feat, comparing Mao with other girls they had known, and talking about how long it had been since they had had a woman. After fifteen or twenty minutes, Meserve, as though he were finally bored with the topic, abruptly reminded the unit of its mission; he wanted the men to do some more reconnoitring that afternoon. This time, he said, it would be Clark who would stay behind to guard Mao and the weapons in the hootch.

The day continued eventful. Exploring the mountain further, often making their way through shoulder-high vegetation, Eriksson, Meserve, Manuel, and Rafe pushed on toward the summit. Though the men had to struggle for footing, Eriksson related, they made a point of keeping an eye on the stream that ran near the hootch; it had its source high up on the mountain, flowing down past a number of rice fields. After half an hour, their watch on the stream paid off, producing a more interesting sight than Rafe's water buffalo. Three Vietnamese were spotted walking along the edge of the water, and though they wore no uniforms, Meserve assumed they were V.C., and he and his men, including Eriksson, opened fire on them. None of the four hit anything, and the Sergeant radioed the platoon command for artillery support, which was quickly granted; the cooperation, Eriksson recalled, pleased Meserve no end, since it implicitly conferred an importance on the skirmish. Deciding

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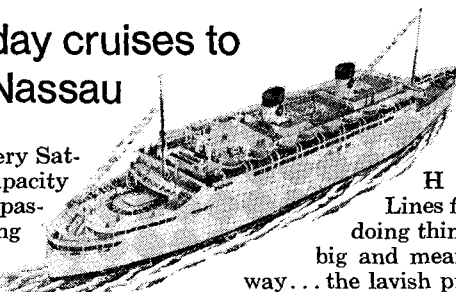


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to close in on the three Vietnamese, Meserve dispatched Eriksson and Rafe to the hootch to pick up a supply of smoke grenades. Arriving on the run, the two explained their errand to Clark, who heard the news eagerly, then pulled rank on Eriksson and ordered him to take his place in guarding the hootch. As Clark and Rafe left, Eriksson told me, he realized that he was about to exchange one kind of excitement for another—the encounter with the three Vietnamese, that is, for the quieter, more complicated ordeal of being alone with Mao. He was uncertain how he would act with her, he said, even though, oddly, he felt he knew her well; her cries, he said, had thrown him into a turmoil he had never before experienced. As he listened to her, he said, it had even crossed his mind to shoot her assailants, but then, he observed to me, "I'd have had the bodies of four men to justify." Asked in court for his thoughts during the period he had sat on the grassy turf, he testified, "Well, sir, I was wishing I wasn't in the situation I was in. I might say I was praying to God that if I ever got out of there alive I'd do everything I could to see that these men would pay for what they did."

Eriksson now lapsed into the longest of his silences with me, and when he spoke again, it was, for him, at great length. "When Mao saw me come into the hootch, she thought I was there to rape her," Eriksson said. "She began to weep, and backed away, cringing. She looked weary and ill, and she seemed to be getting more so by the minute. I had a feeling she had been injured in some way—not that I could tell. She had her black pajamas on. I gave her crackers and beef stew and water. It was her first food since she'd been taken away from her hamlet—it had been still dark then, and here it was the middle of the afternoon. She ate, standing, and it was whimper, then eat, whimper, then eat. She kept looking at me, as though she was trying to guess what my game could be. When she finished eating, she mumbled something in Vietnamese; maybe it was 'Thank you'—I wouldn't know. And I told her, in English, 'I can't understand you.' I wanted to tell her other things. I wanted to say, 'I apologize to you for what's happened, but don't ever accept my apology or anyone else's for that. Please don't ask

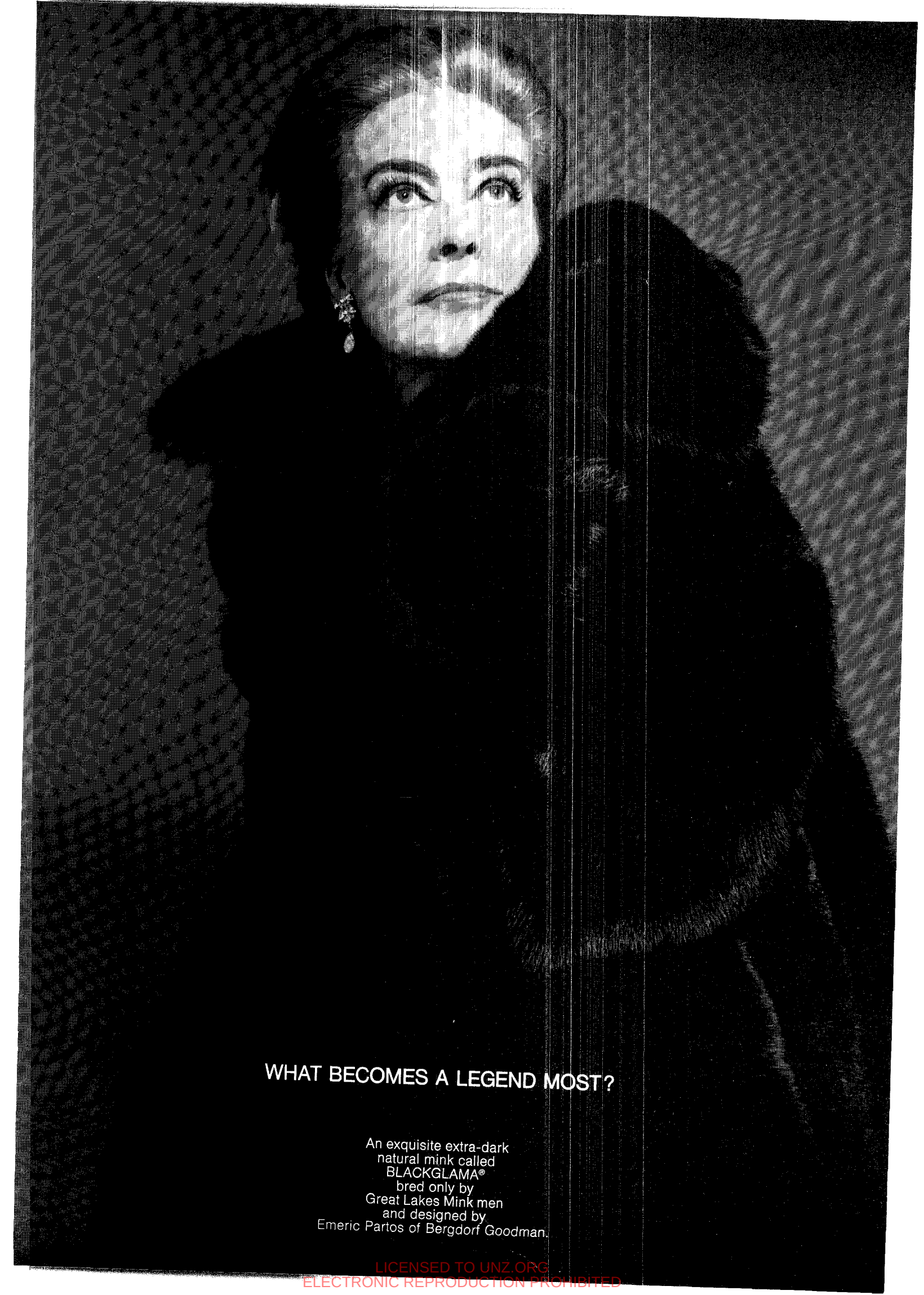
me to explain why they did it. I'll never know. You're hurt, I can see, but how are you? I mean, if I let you go, do you think you can make it home?' I wish Mao and I could have talked," Eriksson said, his voice tightening. "She might have helped me know what to do, instead of my having to figure it out alone—it was her life that was at stake. I stepped outside the hootch to be by myself awhile, and out there I could hear the muffled noise of artillery off in the distance. I had no idea where my unit was. I didn't know then that they were four hundred metres away, at the top of Hill 192, or that it would be a whole hour before they returned. It might have influenced my thinking if I'd had that information, but I'm not sure. As a disciplined soldier, I knew I wouldn't abandon the weapons in the hootch to the enemy, but, just the same, I was dizzy with thinking how to save Mao. I thought again of letting her go, but what would I tell Meserve when he got back? That this weak, coughing girl had overpowered me? Besides, she was in no condition to reach home or anywhere else. Then I thought of taking off together with her. We couldn't have gone very far, I realized, but it was going to be dark soon and we might find a hideout somewhere in the brush. After that, we'd have to stay out of sight until the third day of the patrol's mission—that was the day the patrol was supposed to rendezvous with another unit for fresh supplies. I knew

the rendezvous spot, and if Mao and I could show up there at the right time, there was no question in my mind but that the fellows in the resupply squad would help us both. But I couldn't think any of my brainstorms through. I knew I had cut myself off from the rest of my patrol, refusing to go into that hootch, and I had this

idea that the fellows were watching the place from the brush, waiting for me to make just one false move with Mao. I had this picture that when we did, they'd fire at us, or, at least, Meserve would have me up on charges of desertion. The guys would back him up, of course. They'd say there had never been a girl with the patrol, and I'd be left looking crazy."

Shifting uneasily on the sofa, Eriksson went on, "When I stepped back into the hootch, I saw that Mao had made up her mind that I wasn't going to harm her. She had stopped whim-





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pering, and there was even a little look of trust in her eyes. There shouldn't have been, because I had decided, outside, that there wasn't a thing in the world I could do for her. It was the hardest decision I've ever had to make, and it couldn't have been the best possible one, or Mao wouldn't be gone today."

In the time that elapsed before the patrol's return, Eriksson said, Mao's condition worsened noticeably. The men found her feverish and coughing, and Clark was all for rescheduling her death hour to that evening. Meserve, however, counselled patience. A good night's rest might do wonders for Mao's health, he pointed out, in which case he, for one, wouldn't mind revisiting her in the morning. Rafe subsequently testified that the Sergeant was in an expansive mood, cheerfully observing to his men that it wasn't every day he could rate artillery support and have himself a woman as well. The patrol and Mao shared the hootch that night, the girl spending it in a corner by herself. The soldiers set up a night watch, each man pulling guard duty outside in the moonlight, alert for any lurking enemy. Mao coughed throughout the night, and at one point, Eriksson recalls, Clark again urged that the girl be finished off forthwith. Eriksson said, "He told Meserve her coughing was going to give away our position, but I didn't think it was Charlie he had on his mind. I thought he wanted to destroy living evidence."

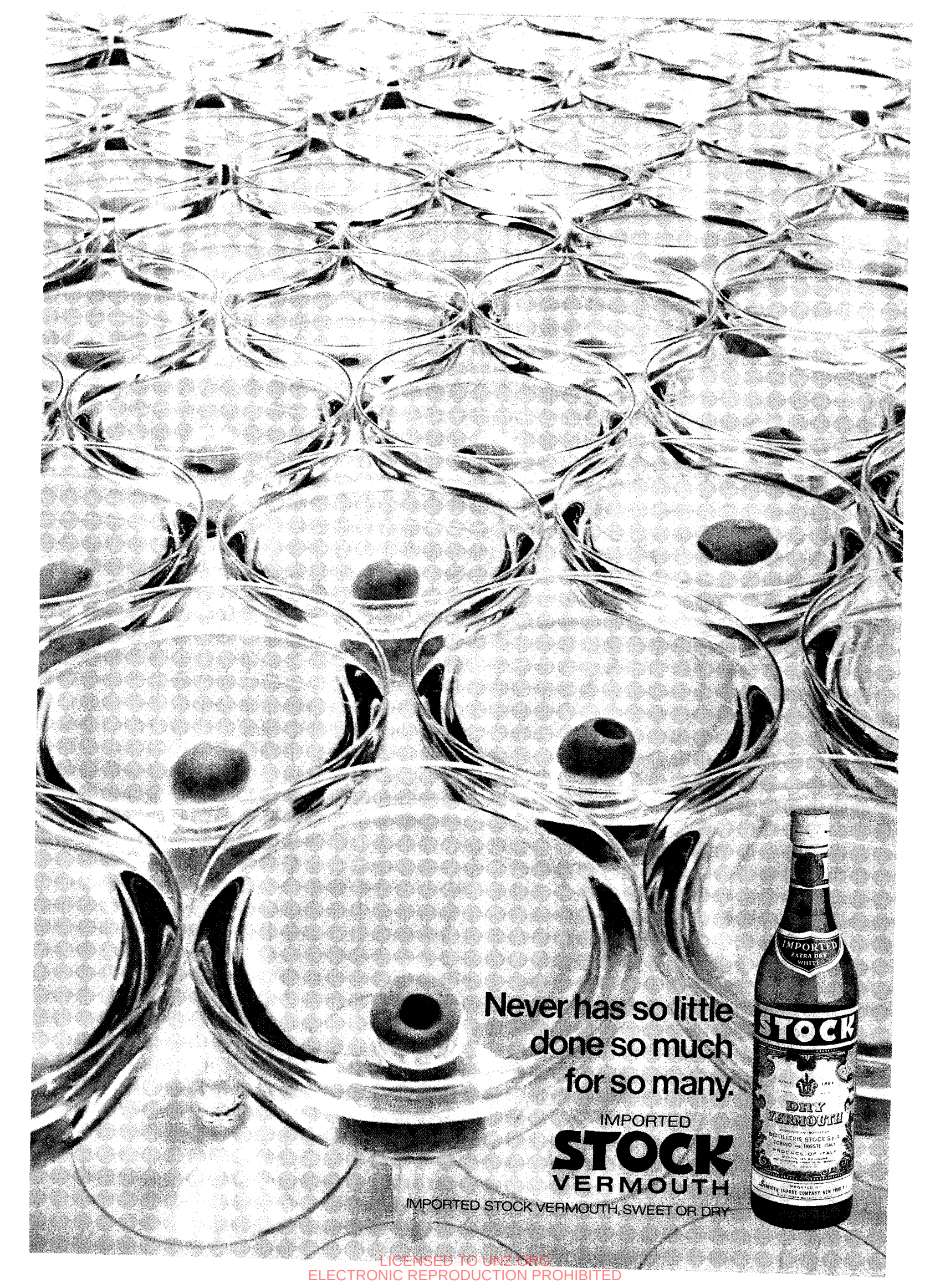
IN the morning, everyone got up shortly after six, and it wasn't long before Mao's fate was sealed. "Events happened fast that day," Eriksson said. The first of them, he told me, was that Mao woke up less alluring than when she had gone to bed. Her fever and coughing had increased overnight, he said, and that didn't do her cause any good. Meserve, he noticed, paid scarcely any attention to her. The Sergeant seemed more attracted by the possibility of military action, to judge by the speed with which he had his charges break camp. His last order before they left was to send Eriksson, Rafe, and Manuel to fetch the day's supply of water from the stream. When they returned, Eriksson told me, they discovered that Clark was no longer alone in advocating Mao's early demise. Meserve was now an ally, he and his second-in-command apparently having arrived at a meeting of minds while the others were filling the patrol's canteens. As Mao stood listening, mute and uncomprehending, Meserve said that she had to



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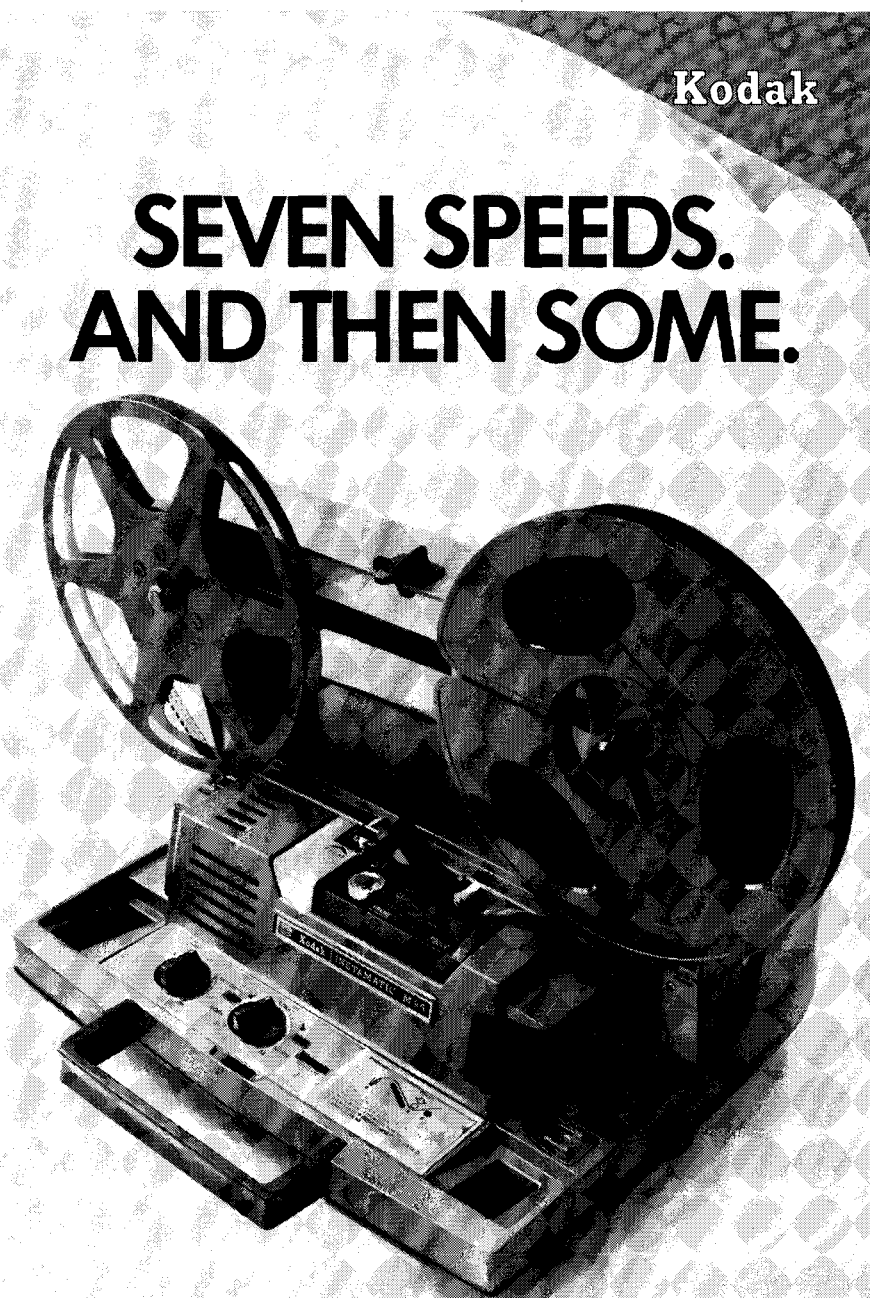


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be got out of the way; if they ran into action, he pointed out, she would be a hindrance, and even if they didn't, helicopter crews scouting the area might want to know who she was. All that awaited decision, Meserve went on, was the moment and method of the girl's murder, but, whatever was settled on, the Sergeant's thought was to have Eriksson do the job; if Eriksson refused, Meserve said, he would be reported as K.I.A.—killed in action. Manuel later told agents of the Army's Criminal Investigation Division, "Meserve said to Eriksson that inasmuch as he did not do anything to the girl [the day before], Eriksson would have to kill the girl, but Eriksson said that he would not have anything to do with that." Meserve, however, didn't follow through on his threat. To Eriksson's astonishment and deep relief, the Sergeant abruptly shifted his attention to the Diazes, asking first Rafe and then Manuel to carry out the murder. "Both refused," Eriksson said. "They were very definite. It excited me." Impatiently, Clark volunteered his services, but Meserve wouldn't have that, insisting that they collaborate. Clark could knife the girl from the front, the Sergeant said, while he bayoneted her from behind; the body would then be tossed over a cliff from the summit of Hill 192, where the patrol had reconnoitred the previous day. Accordingly, at nine the group struck out for the cliff. The climb took longer than it had the day before, the men's pace slowed by the packs they bore. This morning, Manuel carried his own. Serving as radioman, he was in the vanguard with Meserve and Clark; Mao walked ten metres behind, wearily ascending the rugged terrain, with Rafe as her forward guard and Eriksson bringing up the rear. It took an hour to negotiate the climb, and the group had barely attained the ridge when Rafe, his eyes sweeping the vista below, saw five Vietnamese in peasant dress making their way along a mountain trail toward the paddy fields near the stream. The Vietnamese proved to be V.C., for the moment they were aware that they had been seen they fired at the patrol with small arms, then changed their direction and passed temporarily out of sight. Meserve at once radioed the platoon command, reaching Lieutenant Reilly, to whom he suggested that the V.C. be ambushed. Agreeing, the Lieutenant said that he would order another squad, operating at the base of the mountain, to coordinate its movements with those of Meserve's patrol, and that he would



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also dispatch two other squads to the area. In addition, Meserve learned that he was again to be the recipient of artillery support; in a short while, Reilly said, helicopter gunships—aircraft equipped with rocket artillery and machine guns—would be in the area. "It was going to be a big outlay, considering the few men we were up against," Eriksson said. Ordinarily, he conjectured, the promise of such generous support would have cheered Meserve, but Mao's presence seemed to confuse matters. Glancing at the girl with distaste, the Sergeant ordered Eriksson and Rafe to stay with her on the ridge, whereupon he, Clark, and Manuel began a cautious descent of the mountain, their purpose to stalk the Vietcong. Thirty metres down, they came to a curiously shaped rock formation composed of two jutting ledges. Using the upper one as a vantage point, they spied the small band of V.C. making slow progress toward the refuge of the cave complex, which was three hundred metres away, almost at the bottom of the ravine. But the Sergeant did nothing about the escaping V.C., for he was now powerfully distracted from the enemy; in the distance, still inaudible and looking miniaturized, were four approaching gunships. Acting fast, he sent Manuel backtracking to the summit to tell Eriksson and Rafe to report to him with Mao. In ten minutes, they were all together again; by then, too, the helicopters had grown larger and their engines were faintly audible. Rafe later testified, "There were helicopters flying around, and everyone was getting jumpy about having the girl."

Before Meserve could devise any next step, Clark took hold of Mao's arm. "Let's kill her and get it over with," he said, according to the court record.

"All right, go ahead," Meserve said, and he instantly turned his attention to the enemy, ordering Eriksson to the lower ledge of rock while he and Manuel returned to the upper one, with Rafe to their rear.

Rafe was the man closest to Clark and Mao—only a few metres away—and because he was, his testimony concerning the events that now took place carried special weight with the court. He stated at the trial, "From where I was, I observed Clark grab the girl by the arm and take her into the bushes nearby . . . I saw that Clark had his hunting knife hidden in one of his hands." It was in the next seconds that deer-gutting sounds issued from the bushes. "I then heard the girl cry out,



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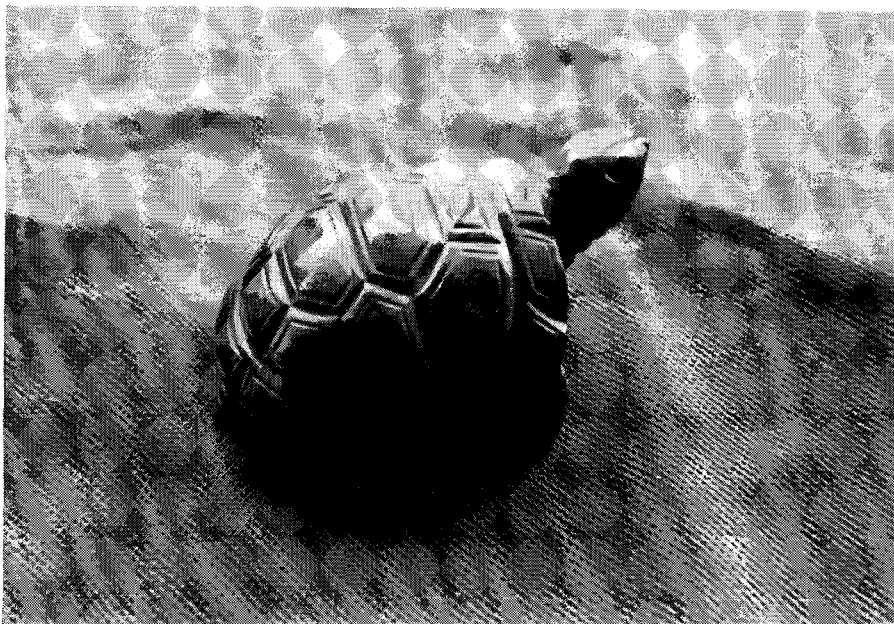


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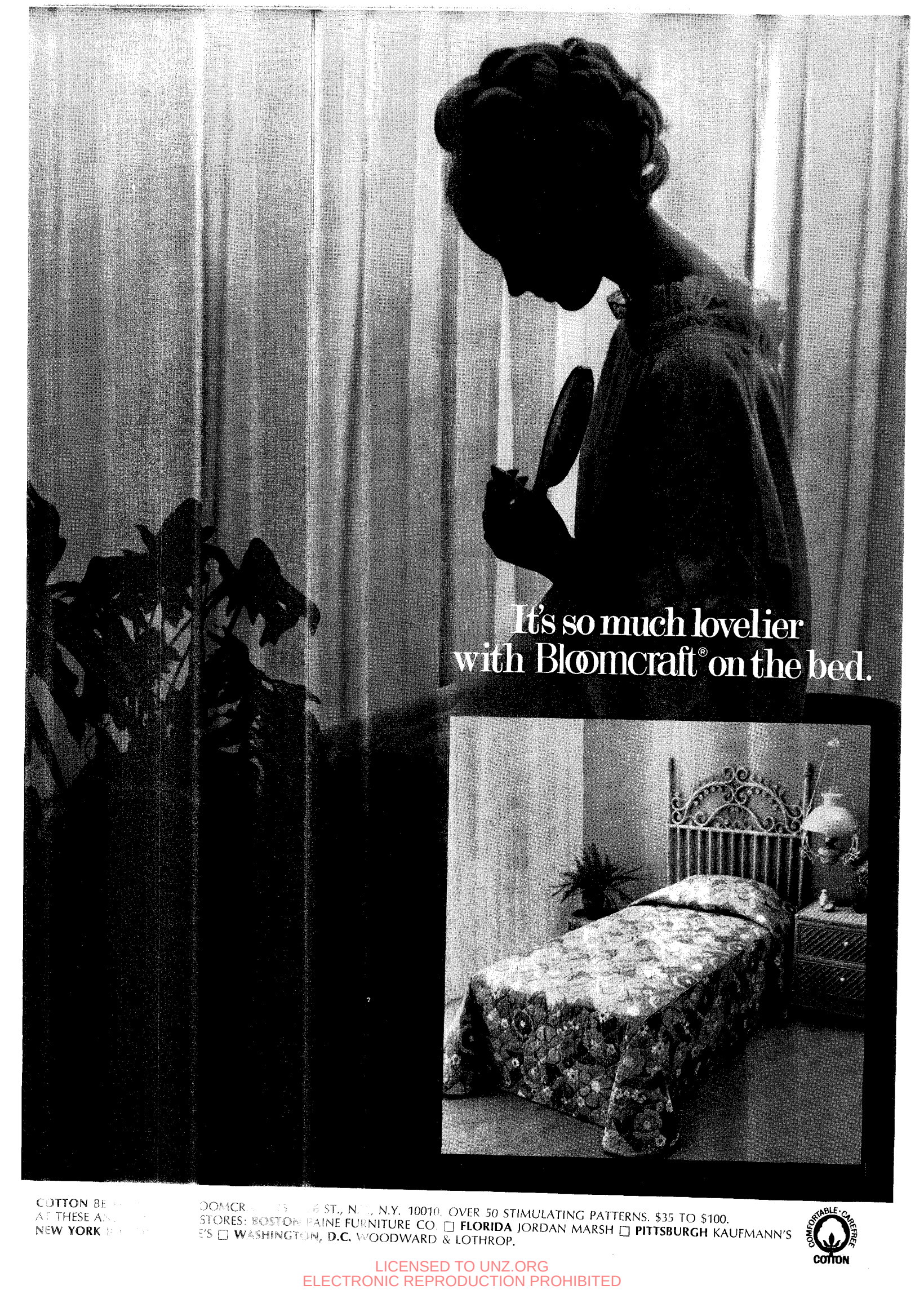
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but not too loud," Rafe continued. "Clark came back to where we were. Meserve asked him if he had finished the girl." Clark had just replied yes when Mao, like a wounded apparition, was seen crawling rapidly downhill and then disappearing into the thick foliage. As Rafe recounted it, "Meserve saw her and said, 'There she goes.' Clark said, 'Why, that bitch, I stabbed her more than twice.' Meserve told us all to shoot her before she could get away. We were all told to look for the girl." All five men shot, but Eriksson aimed his weapon—a grenade launcher, which looks like a shotgun—down into the valley, away from the general direction of Mao. In addition, Rafe flatly said, "Eriksson could not see the girl," despite which, Rafe also testified, "Eriksson stated, 'Oh, no,' like he regretted that he had fired." Rafe himself let go with a burst from his M-16, which, inexplicably, caused his rifle to jam. However, he did call Clark's attention to a bush directly ahead. It was rustling. "I couldn't tell whether it was Charlie or the girl," Rafe testified. Clark, who was several metres in front of Rafe, yelled back to him that it was the girl. "I saw him raise his rifle," Rafe stated, adding that he then started toward Clark. Moving in on the bush, Clark blazed away with his M-16, and at once the rustling foliage grew still. "You want her gold tooth?" Clark called over his shoulder to Rafe, who was then, he testified, a foot away and was staring, aghast, at Mao. "When I got up to the girl, I saw that her head was partially blown away," he testified. "She was dead, I'm sure."

Immediately after the murder, Eriksson told me, the men appeared to assume a self-protective air of disbelief at what had taken place. Straggling uphill, he said, they gravitated toward their leader, who stood, unflustered, near the jutting rock formation, surveying the combat situation. It had built up sharply. The gunships were now unmistakably in the area, their motors sending up a storm of noise as the machines hovered low and their crews searched out the enemy. Now the V.C., flushed from their temporary hideout, continued to beat a desperate retreat, relying on sniper fire to fend off their attackers, who were converging on them from both sides of the stream. Small artillery spotter planes had arrived, heralding the imminent use of ground-artillery support. The court record attests that it was in the midst of this encircling racket that Meserve chose to initiate radio contact with Lieutenant Reilly, the burden of



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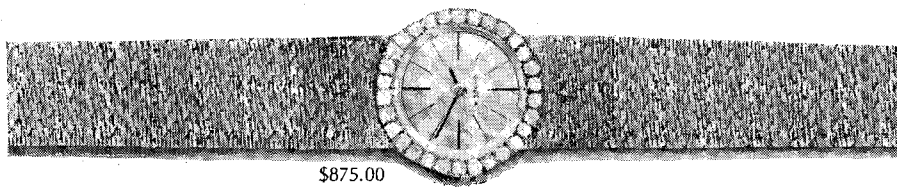


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the Sergeant's message being that he wanted to report "one V.C., K.I.A." Under cross-examination at Meserve's court-martial, Reilly, appearing as a defense witness, testified, "Sergeant Meserve called me up and informed me in the middle of the fire fight that a girl was fleeing up the side of the mountain, and I informed him to get the girl. He called me back in a few minutes, or a couple of minutes, and informed me that he could not catch the girl, that he had had to shoot her. . . . I called him back and commended him on the job that he did and reported it, in turn, to the company headquarters."

Meserve fought well that day. With Mao out of the way, he was able to concentrate on the action at hand, managing his patrol, working in concert with the other squads, and helping to guide the diving gunships, whose presence he now welcomed. Among them, Eriksson said, these sizable elements, advancing toward the cave complex, succeeded in killing one V.C. and wounding another. Two escaped, and the fifth man made it to the caves, where he holed up for a last-ditch stand. The man was never captured, Eriksson said, despite the fact that he became the single target of the gunships' rockets and the infantry's bullets and grenades. Moreover, Eriksson told me, the enemy soldier inflicted casualties on the infantrymen deployed around the cave complex, which was some two hundred metres long and had numerous mouths. At the time the fifth V.C. entered the caves, he said, the patrol had long ago left the vicinity of the curiously shaped rock formation, and had descended so deep into the valley that the men were practically able to touch the thick, rough outer walls of the caves. Meserve, Clark, and Manuel, together with members of the other squads, were shooting away at the solitary V.C., who was behind an aperture that measured perhaps six inches wide and a couple of inches high. As for himself, Eriksson told me, Meserve had ordered him to a ledge from which he could overlook the complex as he trained his grenade launcher on two cave mouths in particular, either one of which, the Sergeant thought, could afford the entombed V.C. an exit. For Rafe, the fighting had ended an hour earlier—well before the patrol reached the cave complex. As the men had raced to get there, clambering and sliding, Rafe had slipped and fallen from a ledge, dislocating an elbow and a shoulder. Evacuated by a medical helicopter, he was flown to a hospital at Qui

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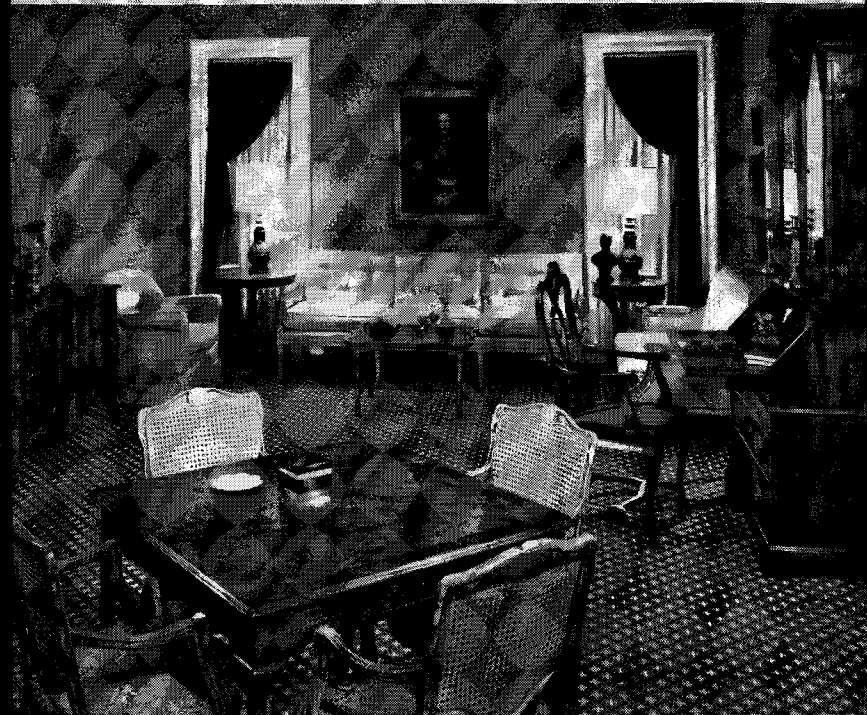
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Nhon. There, corpsmen deposited him on a bed alongside that of a battalion officer he knew and liked. At Rafe's court-martial, it was disclosed that for several days the two patients in the hospital ward seemingly talked about whatever came into their heads but that Rafe never mentioned Mao. Testifying in his own defense, Rafe stated, "I was afraid to tell [the officer], because I might be the only one who brought it up. I didn't know Eriksson brought it up. I wanted to find out first what Meserve and Clark might do."

The fire fight in the ravine lasted several hours, the attackers finally breaking off after dark. The holed-up V.C. (who escaped the following morning) wounded five Americans, and Meserve displayed considerable courage in rescuing the most seriously injured of them, a G.I. whose ammunition pouch, girding his midriff, had exploded as the result of a hit. "The poor guy's guts were out," Eriksson said. "It was as though he had shot himself with two rounds of his own ammo." The wounded man lay helpless, directly in front of the small opening from which the V.C. was shooting, and Meserve, braving a fusillade of bullets, crept forward and pulled the man out of the V.C.'s line of fire. For this action, Meserve was nominated for a Bronze Star.

Eriksson had no occasion to fire his grenade launcher, and that was just as well, he told me, since his mind was on Mao—on the part of the war that, as he put it, "had got to me." Perched on the mountainside, listening to the gunfire and the helicopters, he found his thoughts returning repeatedly to the fact that Rafe and Manuel had refused to kill the girl. Transitory though their show of character may have been, he said, it encouraged him in reaching a private resolve, for as he kept watch above the cave complex, Eriksson told me, he was suddenly seized with the overwhelming realization that unless he took it upon himself to speak out, the fact of Mao's death would remain a secret. "No one would ever know what had become of her!" he exclaimed. "Who else would tell but myself? All the others in the patrol had raped or killed her. I knew I wouldn't rest until something was done about Mao's murder. It was the least I could do—I had failed her in so many ways. The only thing that could stop me was if I became a friendly casualty."

LOOKING back, Eriksson thinks that the small band of V.C. may have rescued him from Meserve. The

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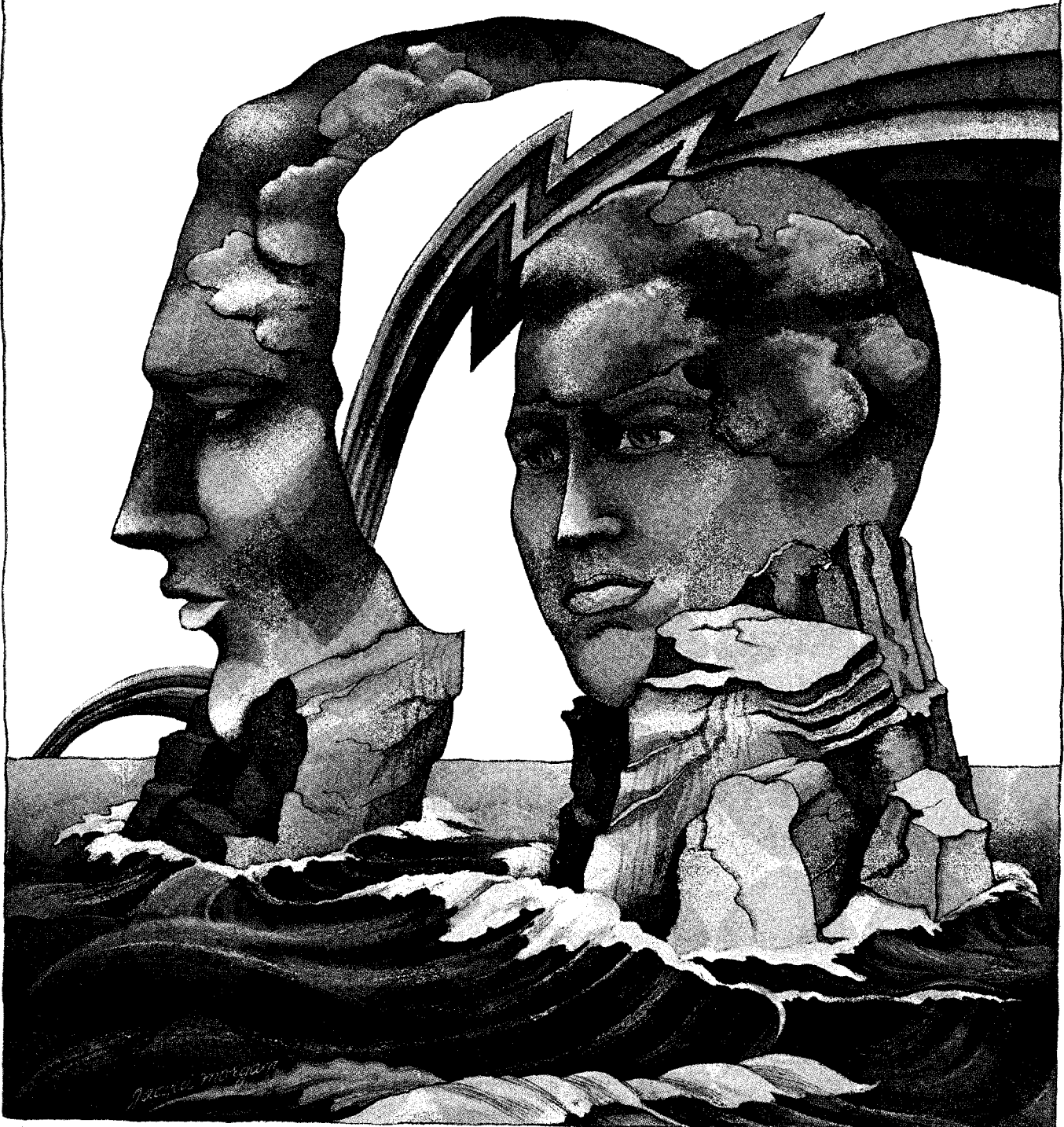
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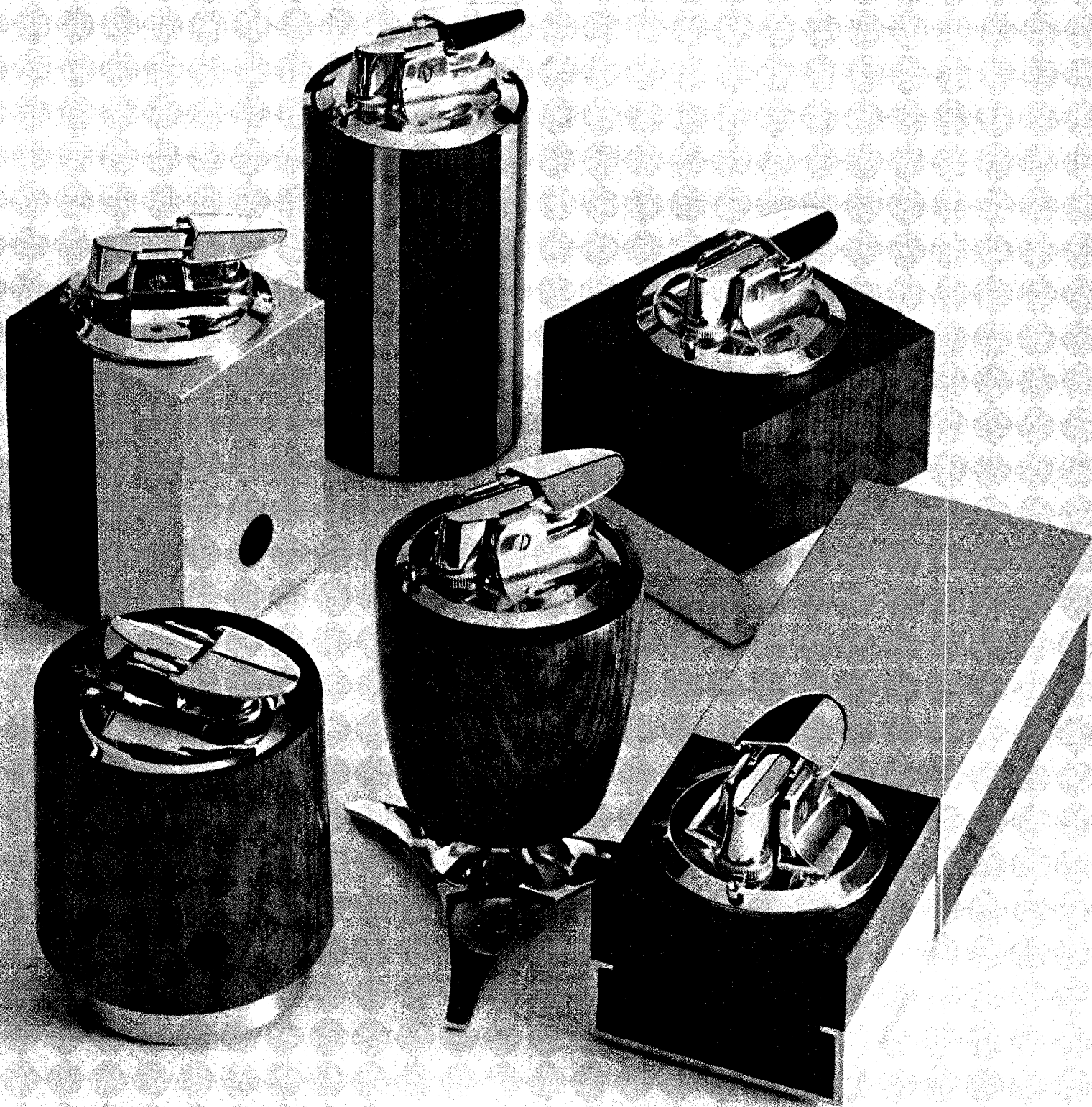
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outmanned, outgunned enemy put up so strong a fight, he said, that the Sergeant, Clark, and Manuel ran out of ammunition, and the patrol had to interrupt its five-day mission long enough to go back for fresh supplies of bullets and grenades. This meant going to platoon headquarters—the home of four squads, and only a few minutes' walk from company headquarters, where there were officers who outranked Reilly, the platoon's lone lieutenant. Arriving at the platoon area, Eriksson told me, he felt as though he had reached the promised land; the anxiety in which he had lived the past two days yielded to what he described as an almost tangible sense of safety. Since the patrol would be going out again, Eriksson said, he knew he had to act fast, but that seemed no big deal. In the first place, he wanted to act fast, and, besides, he had no doubt that once he did act, there would be fast results. Once he was inside the camp perimeter, he assumed, it would be a simple matter to bring Meserve and the others to judgment. All he need do, he believed, was report that they had committed rape and murder, and the military authorities would investigate with the same alacrity that civilian authorities are expected to show in such situations. During his first hour back in camp, he recalls, no one could have persuaded him otherwise.

In any event, Eriksson went on, he lost little time in seeking out his friend Curly Rowan to tell him the story of Mao. He had barely begun it, however, when Clark, seeing the two in conversation, descended on them, demanding to know what they were talking about. "We made up something to get him to go away," Eriksson told me. "He had a wild manner—he couldn't stand still, and his eyes looked every which way. All of us in the patrol had long ago stopped pretending nothing horrible had happened. All of us had come back scared and upset, but Clark, I thought, showed it the most." Once Clark had left them, Eriksson continued with his story, feeling an immense relief when he had finished telling it. "At last, someone outside the patrol knew of Mao," he said. He had no illusion, though, that Rowan himself could do much about what he had just learned, but at that, Eriksson said, his friend did what he could, immediately relaying news of the murder to the sergeant of his own squad. In turn, the sergeant passed the news on to Lieutenant Reilly, who sent for Eriksson.

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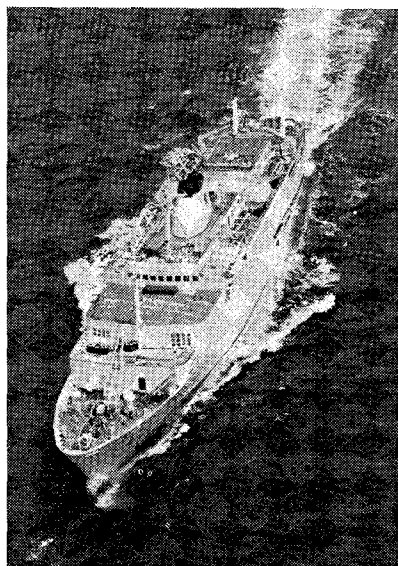


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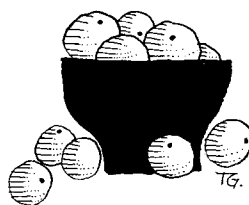
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Reilly used as a command post, Eriksson told me, he imagined that the Lieutenant, if only conversationally, would express dismay over the murder. No such dismay was expressed. Instead, to Eriksson's astonishment, Reilly chose that moment to offer a reminiscence. Calmly and easily, he told Eriksson about an experience that he had undergone three years earlier, when he drove his wife, also a Negro, to an Alabama hospital to have their first child. She was in an advanced state of labor, the Lieutenant related, but she had been refused admittance to the hospital, on racial grounds, and she had eventually had her baby on the floor of its reception room. Wild with rage, Reilly had tried to wreck the place, whereupon hospital orderlies summoned the police, and the new father was arrested and jailed. In his cell, Reilly went on, he had made plans to shoot various officials at the hospital, but when he was finally released he gave up the idea of vengeance. "By the time I got out of jail," he told Eriksson, "I was saying to myself, 'What's happened is the way things are, so why try to buck the system?' And take it from me, Eriksson, it's even more hopeless to try to buck it in the middle of a war—there's more of a system then than ever. Better relax about that Vietnamese girl, Eriksson. The kind of thing that happened to her—what else can you expect in a combat zone?" His recollection out of the way, the Lieutenant informed Eriksson that the patrol, having replenished its ammunition stocks, would be leaving camp at any moment to resume its five-day mission. Eriksson wouldn't be going along, though; the Lieutenant had assigned another G.I. in his stead. Acknowledging the danger in which Eriksson had placed himself, the Lieutenant told him, "If I sent you out with that patrol, you'd never make it back."

As the court transcript shows, Reilly didn't let matters rest there. The atrocity that Eriksson had reported was too big for that. Reilly was aware that if it came to public knowledge it would tarnish the image of the officers commanding the platoon, the company, the battalion, perhaps even the regiment; the officers might be made to appear incapable of controlling the conduct of the men in their commands. Reilly's immediate superior, Captain Otto Vorst, as was later brought out in court, was out in the

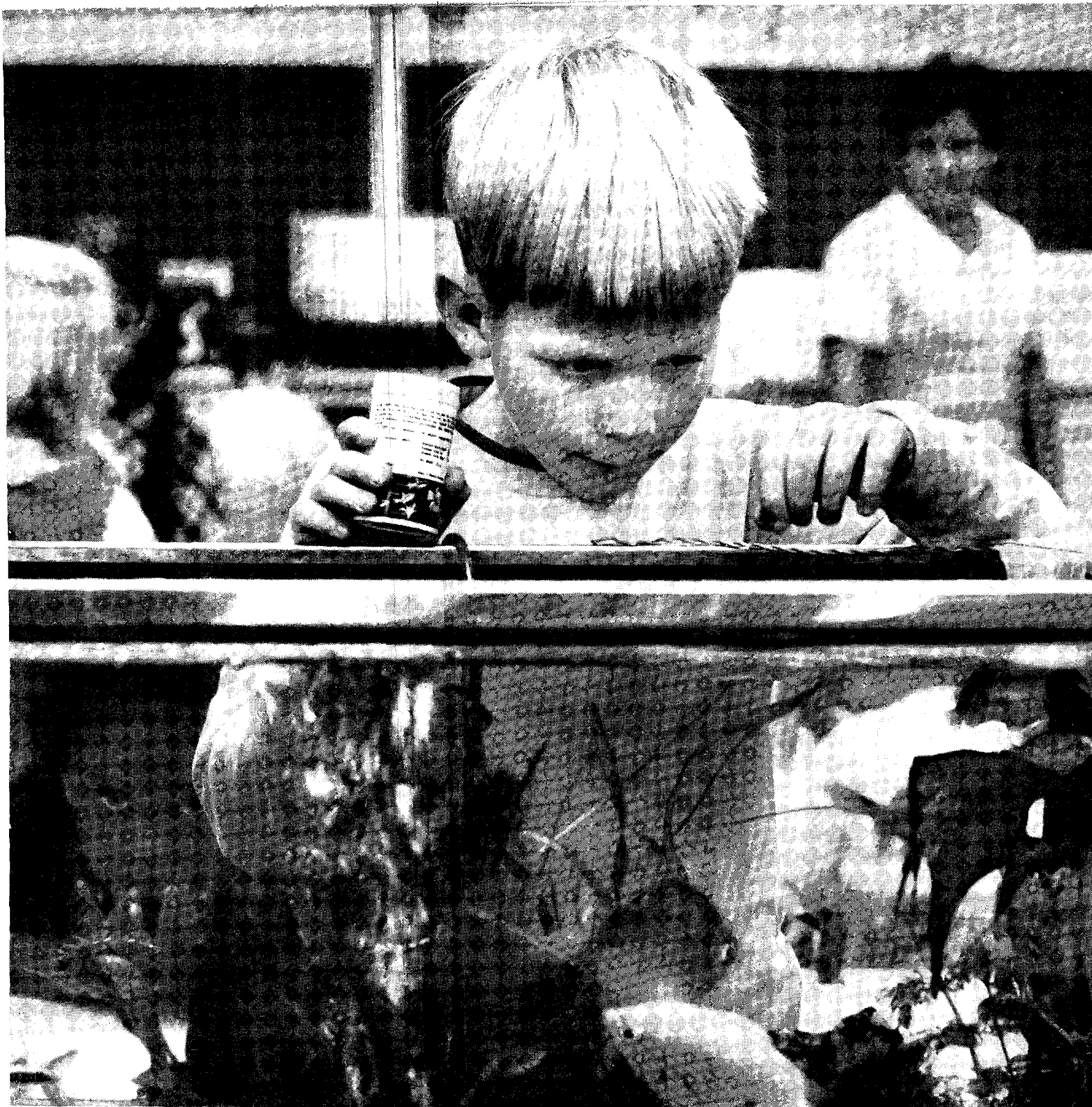
field at the time on "a tactical problem." He was not due back until November 22nd, the day Meserve's patrol was scheduled to conclude its mission. The Captain—a "lifer," or career Army man—had left instructions that he was to be sent urgent messages only, but shortly after Eriksson took leave of Reilly, the Lieutenant, confident that the murder merited his superior's attention, radioed word of it to Vorst. As it happened, the Captain heard about it from a second source as well—from Eriksson himself. Out on a search-and-destroy mission the morning after leaving Meserve's command,



Eriksson told me, he encountered a small group of American military men reconnoitering the vicinity of the cave complex. Vorst was in the group, and Eriksson, detaching himself from his unit,

went up to the Captain and told him about Mao. "Leave it to me. I'll handle everything," Vorst said. A moment later, the two groups went off in different directions.

On November 22nd, Meserve, Clark, and Manuel, weary from their five-day stint (Rafe was still hospitalized), had scarcely dropped into their foxholes back in the platoon area when they were ordered to appear at Captain Vorst's command post—a hootch somewhat larger than Reilly's but equally bare. They found the company commander, who had himself only just returned, waiting impatiently to confront them with Eriksson's report. In his affidavit for Army investigators, Manuel gave what is probably a comprehensive account of the confrontation that took place in the Captain's quarters. "This was about 1400 hours," Manuel stated. "Captain Vorst handed Meserve a piece of paper with three words printed on it—Kidnaping, Rape, Murder. We all looked at the paper, and he asked us what this was all about. At first, we all denied any knowledge about it. He first asked Sergeant Meserve, 'Do you know anything about this?' To which Meserve said, 'We don't know what you're talking about.' He then directed the same question to all of us, 'Do you people know what you've done up there?' Captain Vorst then asked me did I know what would or could happen to me. I said, 'Probably the firing squad, sir.' He then said something to the effect, 'I could send you all back to the States for courts-martial,' or he could court-martial us out here and still have a firing squad. Then the C.O. said



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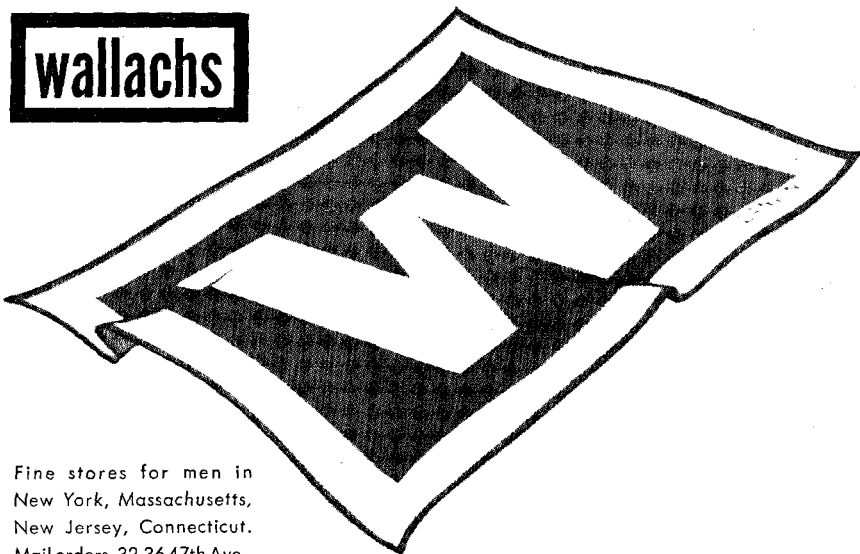
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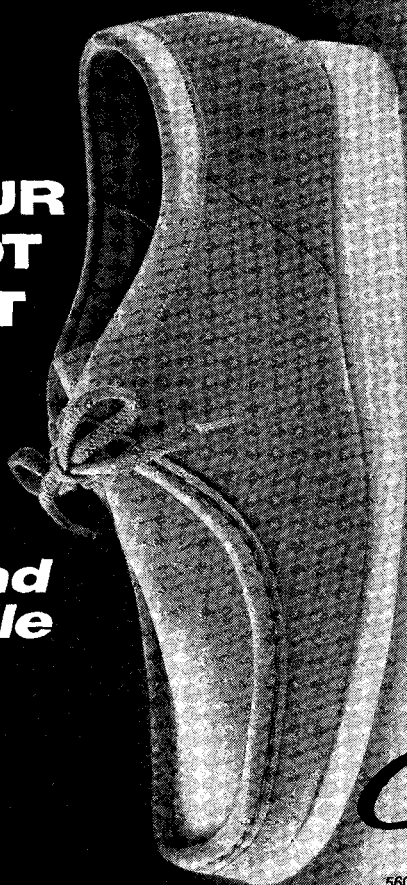
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something to the effect, 'You people acted like animals up there and do not deserve to live.' He said he would have never learned about this but one man had the balls to tell [the officers] about it. Then he proceeded to tell us that if anything happened to Eriksson, our souls would belong to him." Possibly to help them retain their souls, Vorst announced that he was breaking up the patrol. Rafe, hospitalized at Qui Nhon, was already accounted for; Clark was to take a relatively rear-area post, at battalion headquarters; Meserve was to be shifted to another platoon. Only Manuel would remain anywhere near Eriksson; he was being reassigned to a different squad in the same platoon.

Eriksson saw Vorst shortly after the three soldiers left the company command post. At the time, Eriksson told me, he had no idea that the Captain had chewed them out. If he had known this, he thinks, he might have realized then, as he did later, that the Captain was in a bind; that is, he was torn between the dictates of his conscience, which condemned the crime, and concern for his Army career, which, Eriksson later discovered, the battalion commander—who outranked Vorst, and who was also a "lifer"—was in the habit of admonishing the Captain to bear in mind. Initially, however, Eriksson discerned no signs of inner conflict in Vorst. As far as he could make out, the company C.O. held a clear, uncomplicated view of the crime, and that view was that its repercussions should be kept to a minimum. "That word 'handle'!" Eriksson said reminiscently. "Three times I saw the C.O. about Mao, and three times he used it—'I'll handle everything,' 'I'll handle everything,' 'I'll handle everything.' Maybe he did, but not in a way that had anything to do with anyone's making amends." At his meeting with Vorst the day of the Captain's return, he went on, he noticed that—like Reilly, who was present—the company commander failed to deplore the murder, and instead stressed its potentialities as a scandal. Reilly later testified in court, "Captain Vorst stated to Eriksson, 'I guess you realize how serious this incident is, and that it could cause an international issue.' Eriksson stated that's why he reported the incident—because he knew it was serious. Eriksson also stated that the entire taking of the girl, the rape, and killing of the girl were pre-planned... that he [had] thought [at first] the men were just joking about really completing the acts." Throughout, Eriksson told me,

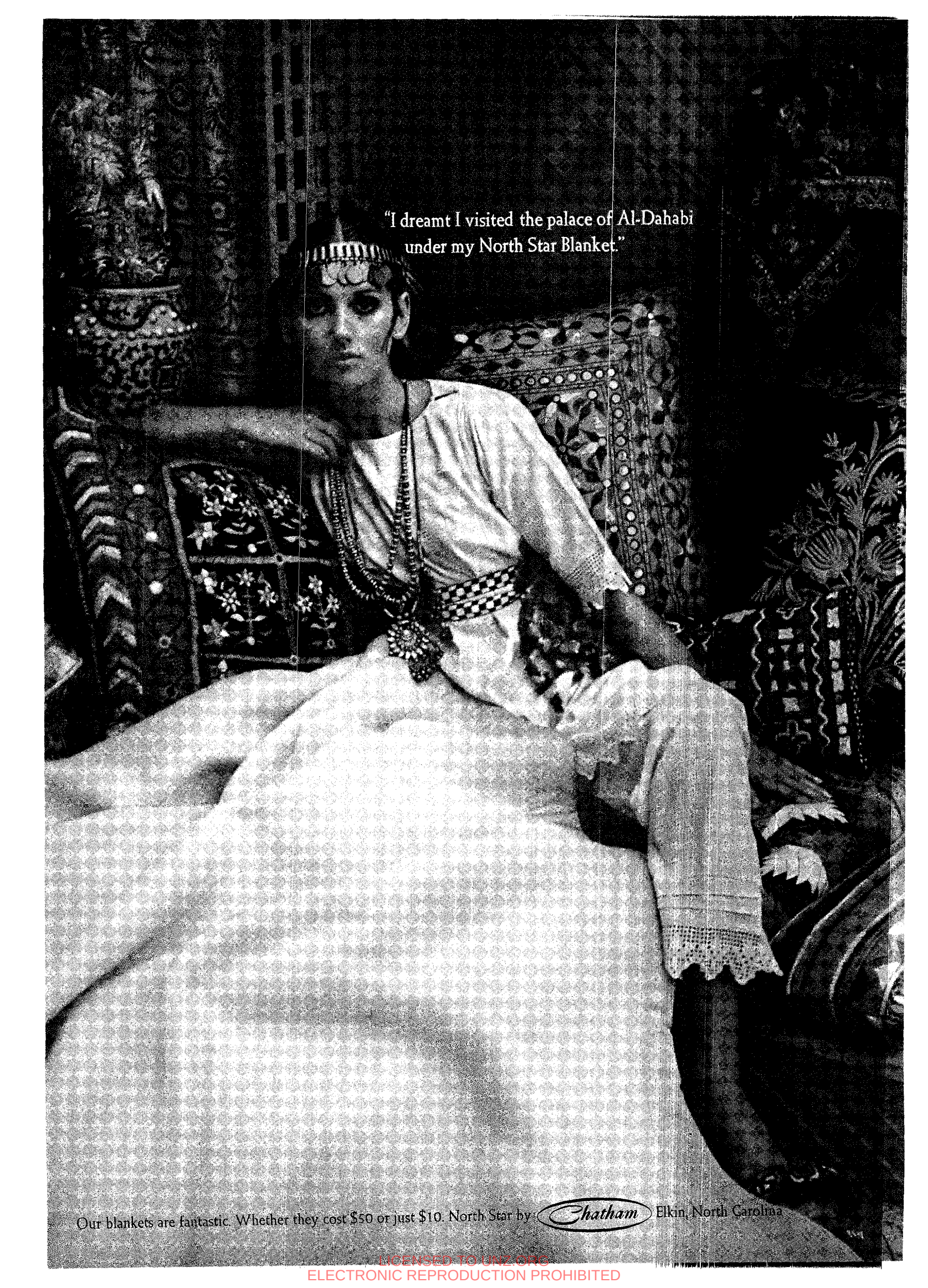
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A black and white photograph of three men standing side-by-side, modeling sweaters. The man in the center is wearing a light-colored, button-up cardigan over a dark shirt. The man on the left is wearing a dark-colored V-neck sweater. The man on the right is wearing a light-colored crewneck sweater. They are all looking towards the camera.

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he had the distinct impression that his position and Vorst's were at variance. Despite Vorst's generally negative tone, Eriksson said, he believed that the company commander would eventually take steps to bring Meserve and the others to justice. At one point, Eriksson recalled, the Captain warned him that if the incident did result in courts-martial, he might face rough going on the witness stand. When Eriksson replied that he was prepared to take his chances on that, Vorst asked whether Eriksson might not care to transfer out of the company—or, for that matter, out of the infantry altogether. Eriksson replied that he wouldn't mind a change—not that it would deter him from pressing charges. He wouldn't mind being a door gunner aboard a helicopter, he told Vorst, citing as his qualifications for such a post that he had been trained as a machine gunner and that he was fond of flying. Vorst filled out transfer forms, and Eriksson signed them. As he was leaving, he told me, the Captain called out reassuringly, "I'll handle everything!"

When Eriksson heard nothing from Vorst for four days, he sought an interview, which was granted. It was the final talk between the two men. They were alone this time, Eriksson told me, and when Eriksson inquired what progress there had been in the murder case, the Captain seemed not to hear but posed a series of questions. He was merely asking, Vorst said, but had Eriksson really thought through what he was doing in pushing his charges? Had he taken into account the amount of suffering that Americans had already undergone in behalf of the Vietnamese? Had he stopped to think of the consequences to himself of accusing four fellow-G.I.s—thereby adding to that suffering? Besides, what if the four were court-martialled and found guilty? Did Eriksson know that military judges and jurors were notoriously lenient in their sentencing? Unlike their civilian counterparts, Vorst said, the law officers (the term by which military judges were known) and members of the court (as jurors were known) had a sympathetic understanding of the pressures a combat man faced in risking his life daily; military jurists didn't expect foot soldiers to be on their best behavior in a war zone. Here, the C.O. went on, it was mild sentences that were the order of the day, and, what was more, they became even milder when they were up for review; safe and professionally idealistic back home, he said, the legal experts of military appellate bodies invariably looked with suspicion upon the



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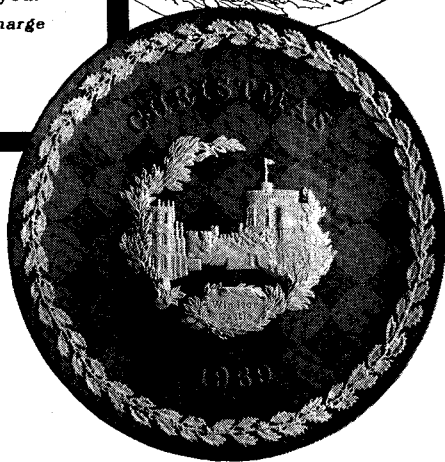
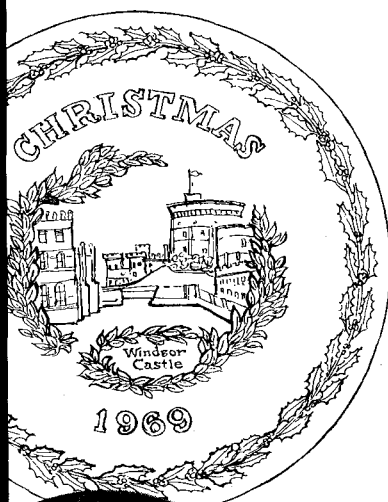
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administration of justice in war zones. Thus, Vorst concluded, coming to the last of his questions, if the men in the patrol were actually convicted, Eriksson could anticipate their being freed in short order, and when that happened Eriksson himself might not feel so free—for was it really inconceivable that one or more of the ex-convicts would seek revenge? And wasn't it just possible that the victim might not necessarily be Eriksson himself but, rather, his new bride? Eriksson stated in court, "Captain Vorst said that the men would get off with hardly any or no sentence at all, then myself and my family would really have something to worry about."

IN the weeks immediately following Mao's death, Eriksson's home continued to be the platoon area, and his routine consisted of patrols—search-and-destroy by day, ambush by night. These were always demanding and hazardous, yet they could not distract him from the intense feeling of frustration that now beset him. After his last talk with Vorst, he told me, that frustration was always with him—eating at him, keeping him remote from his fellow-G.I.s, costing him sleep. Lying awake nights, listening to Asian birdsong and the squealing of monkeys in the jungle nearby, he said, he found himself constantly mulling over the phenomenon of military discipline—the chain-of-command system. As in all armies, he believed, it pervaded every facet of military life, embracing officers and enlisted men, volunteers and draftees, and, for that matter, men with college degrees, like Vorst and Reilly, and men with meagre educations, like Meserve and him. He was at his wit's end for a way to circumvent the system, Eriksson told me, because he was convinced that it was this system that lay at the heart of his difficulties. He saw now how wrong he had been in thinking that a report of rape and murder would evoke instant action, as in civilian life. In the Army, he had discovered, that kind of action depended entirely on the discretion of one's superior—unless it was possible to figure out some way of bypassing him. It was maddening, Eriksson said, to realize that military discipline threatened to make Mao its victim again, just as it had on Hill 192, when all that certified Meserve's orders was his rank as sergeant. "They scare that discipline into you in basic training," Eriksson told me. "It's obey the man over you, follow the chain of command, or into the stockade you go." Something that

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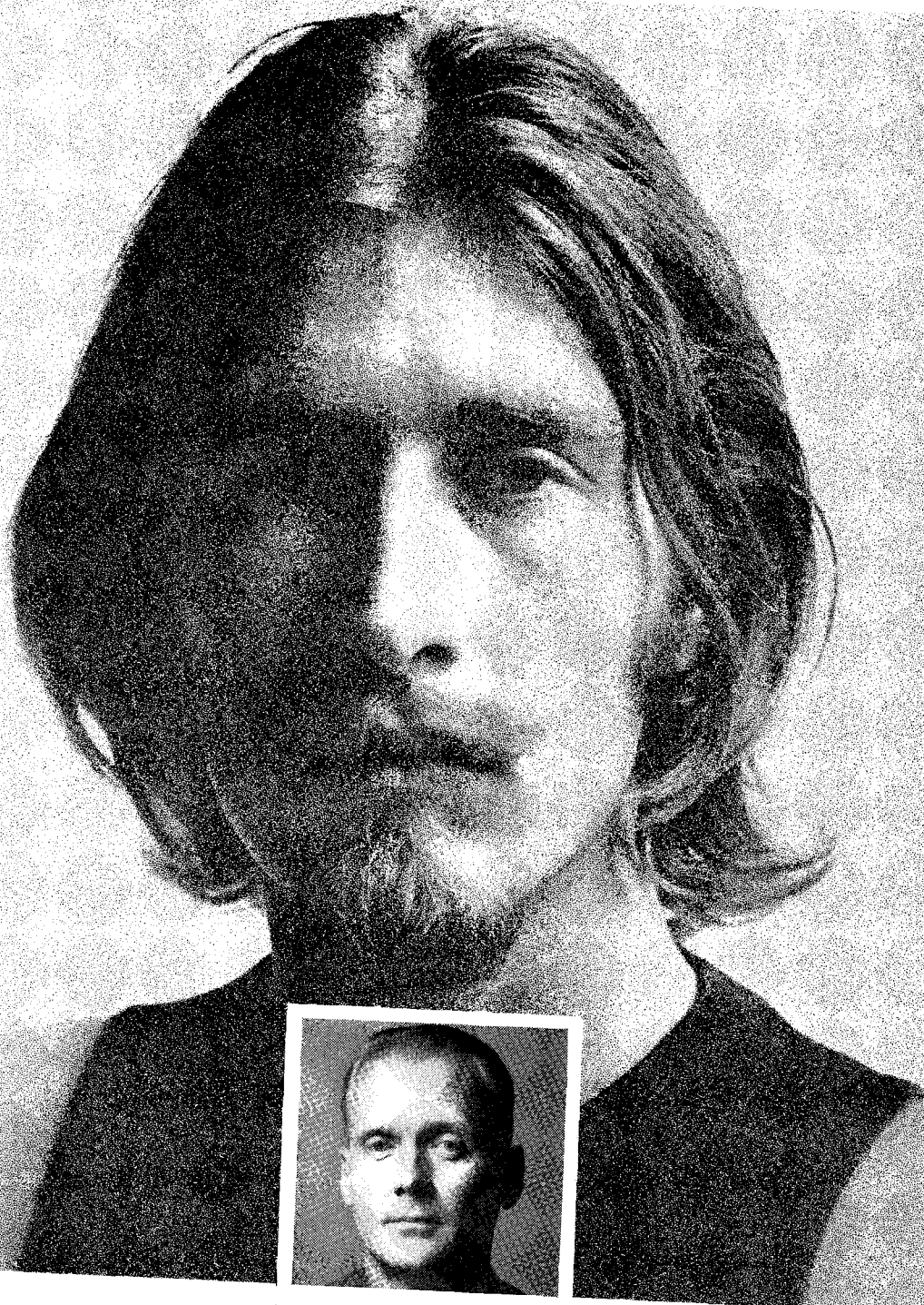


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added to his feeling of frustration in those trying weeks was that he could not find it within himself to single out Vorst as the arch-villain, from whom all evil flowed. Eriksson said to me, "It only looked as though he was the one out to do everything in, but the C.O., I knew, had someone over him, and *his* superior had a superior. That was the thing about the chain of command—you couldn't tell who was to blame for what. It had nothing to do with a man's being responsible for his own behavior. Just as long as he stayed in line, just as long as he kept the set-up going, he could do whatever he wanted."

Perhaps the most jarring of all the discoveries he made during this unhappy period, Eriksson told me, was that his fellow-G.I.s took a dim view of his efforts in behalf of Mao. To be sure, there were a few individuals, like Rowan, who shared his outlook, but the great majority saw things the way their officers did. Time and again, at chow or during a break out in the field, someone would tell him (as Vorst had told him) that it was pointless to throw good lives after bad by having Meserve and the others up on charges, since (as Reilly had said) violence was the language of war, and, naturally, it could not always be controlled. Continually, Eriksson recalls, he heard the familiar argument that the V.C. also kidnapped, raped, murdered. "Hey, Sven, how do you know that girl wasn't a V.C.?" an Oklahoma rifleman asked one night as he and Eriksson were settling down to sleep in their foxholes. Each day, Eriksson said, he felt as though he were at war with war, a troublemaker out to undermine some careful, desperate code of survival. When he first got back from Hill 192, he said, he had imagined that it might have been his peculiar misfortune to draw a patrol made up of psychopaths, but now each time a new G.I. rallied to the patrol's defense that idea seemed less tenable. "Listening to the fellows, I had the feeling there might be any number of Meserves and Clarks around me," he said. "It was like living in an overorganized jungle—full of names, ranks, and serial numbers but not much else."

Dispiriting though he found the atmosphere in the platoon area, Eriksson went on, there were traces of conscience there. It took him a while to realize this, he said, and, curiously, he became persuaded of its prevalence as a result of thinking about Vorst's negative "handling." As he went over it in his mind for the hundredth time, he



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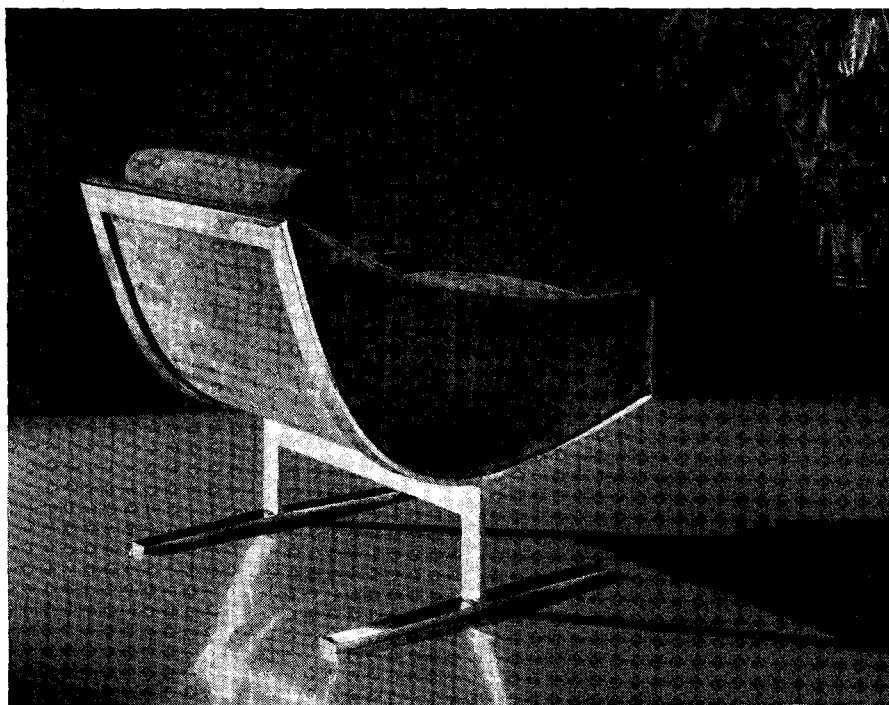
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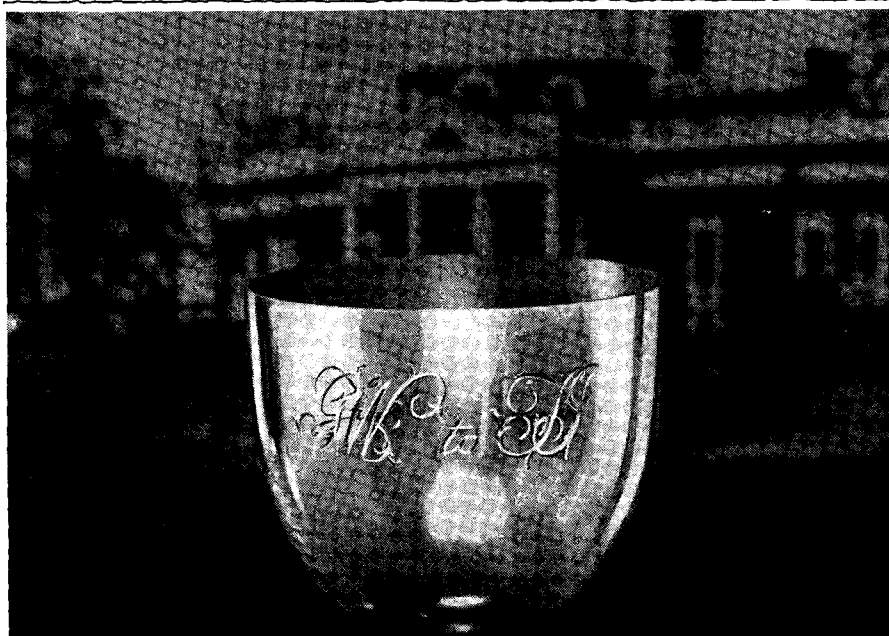


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began to suspect the existence of cracks in the Captain's seemingly certain, untroubled façade. If there weren't any, Eriksson asked himself, why hadn't the C.O. simply told him to bug off from the word go? Why had he bothered to discuss Mao with him three times? Nor could the concern that the C.O. had shown for Eriksson's safety be explained unless those cracks existed. Why else had Vorst seen fit to reshuffle the patrol, leaving only Manuel within shooting distance, so to speak? And then there was Vorst's invitation to Eriksson to transfer out of the company. It seemed like a deal, but why was it, Eriksson asked himself, that a captain should feel constrained to bargain with a lowly enlisted man? Why make all this effort to dismiss the death of an unknown peasant girl if it weren't that the C.O. recognized that there were forces of conscience that might have to be contended with? Thinking along these lines, Eriksson said, he arrived at a kind of strategy in regard to Mao. "Whatever I could do about her depended on finding someone with both the rank and the conscience to help me," he told me. "Otherwise, I'd stay boxed in by the chain of command."

On the last day of November, Eriksson was in a patrol that was chasing two or three V.C. down a trail between two hedgerows when the patrol was suddenly fired upon from one side. "Hit it!" the patrol leader shouted, and his men hit the ground, the bullets from the still invisible attackers raising columns of dust all around the flattened G.I.s. In a matter of seconds, the shooting broke off, and another patrol, consisting of another squad in Reilly's platoon, emerged from behind the hedgerow. Eriksson's patrol leader delivered a tongue-lashing to his counterpart, who apologized. It had all been a mistake, he said—he and his men had been dozing when the sound of running feet aroused them, and instinctively they had assumed it was the enemy. He had stopped the shooting as soon as he heard an American voice yell "Hit it!" Still fuming as the two patrols stood facing each other awkwardly, Eriksson's sergeant declared that in all the time he had spent in Vietnam he had never before experienced any such "mistake." As Eriksson waited for his sergeant to cool off, he idly scanned the men in the other squad, his eyes stopping abruptly when they met the expressionless gaze of a familiar face. "It was Manuel," Eriksson told me. "We just looked at each other, without saying hello. Seeing him

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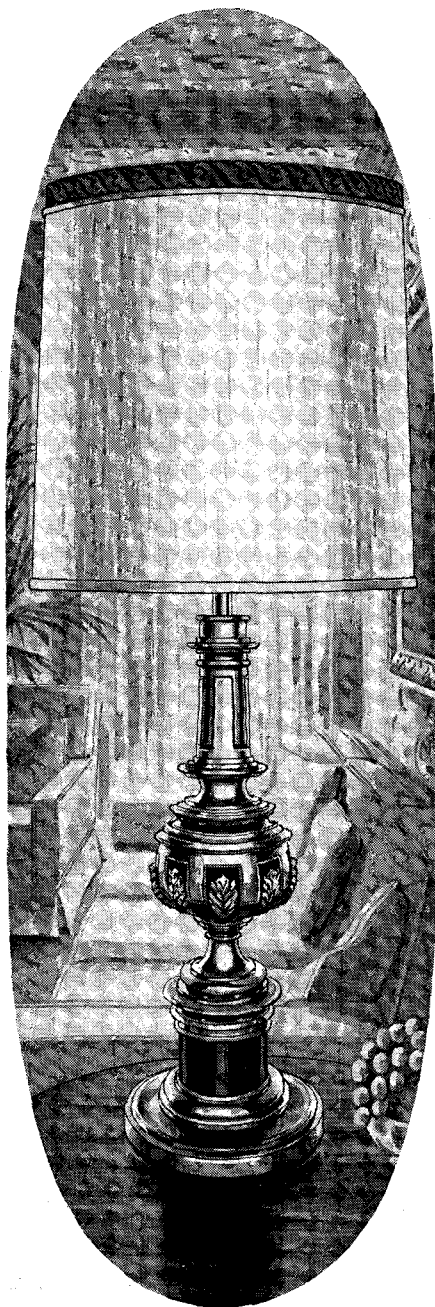
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made me think at once of two questions I would have liked to ask him or his sergeant. Just who, I wanted to ask, was the man in Manuel's patrol who started the shooting? And who was the man who fired the last shot? I couldn't even guess at the answers—not without knowing what kind of jam Manuel thought he was in."

Whatever the answers, Captain Vorst saw to it that Eriksson left his command early the following morning, sending the enlisted man seventy miles away to Camp Radcliff, the 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Division base, near the small city of An Khe. Eriksson was to remain there until his reassignment as a door gunner came through, Vorst having sent his transfer papers on for official approval by the helicopter command. In the meantime, Eriksson's orders placed him on temporary duty with a carpentry detail that was constructing additional housing for the base, whose population came to twenty thousand. Eriksson was delighted with this duty, since he had had a passion for carpentry all his life. However, he welcomed the shift to Radcliff for a more important reason. He was confident, he told me, that he stood a better chance of finding help there than in the confines of the platoon area. Far from where the daily, relentless fighting was going on, he pointed out, Radcliff was probably less disposed to take gratuitous violence in stride; besides, there were infinitely more people at the division base, and that gave him a better chance of finding the effective ally he needed. "From the minute I got to Radcliff, I was on the lookout for him, whoever he might turn out to be," Eriksson said.

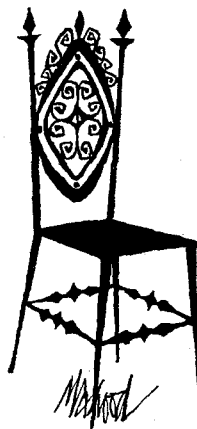
His break came after just a week—by accident, which was the only way it could come. Late one afternoon, when he and about twenty other G.I.s putting up a barracks were about to knock off for the day, he saw a fellow-carpenter, Boyd Greenacre, detach himself from the crew to have a talk with a passing chaplain, a blond, long-nosed six-footer wearing a captain's bars; the two men, Eriksson could see, were on cordial terms. Eriksson had never laid eyes on the chaplain before. For that matter, he said, he knew almost nothing about Greenacre—only that he was a cowboy from Arizona, a wiry type, who put in a good day's work as a carpenter and didn't have

much to say. Now, watching the chaplain depart, Eriksson decided that Greenacre was very much worth cultivating. Eriksson was determined to meet the Arizonan's friend, he told me, for he had a feeling that the long-nosed chaplain was the man who would help him bring Mao's case to light. Seeing him and Greenacre chatting together, Eriksson went on, had made him realize that the only chance he had of escaping the chain of command was through a chaplain. Actually, Eriksson told me, he had once asked Reilly for permission to discuss Mao's murder with a chaplain, but the Lieutenant had discouraged the idea. Perhaps, Eriksson said, he remembered that idea just then because of his recent stewing about Vorst and conscience. At any rate, he felt that he was on the right track, since chaplains were professionally concerned with conscience. "Conscience was one thing that crossed over from civilian life to war," he said. "It was as much a part of us as our legs and arms."

His spirits on the upswing, Eriksson set about trying to meet the chaplain. "It had to be him, and no other chaplain," he recalled, smiling. "And it had to be Boyd Greenacre who would introduce me. That was how my hunch went, and I didn't dare change it in any way." Eriksson moved cautiously. He didn't see how he could just walk up to Greenacre and state

his business. Greenacre might react disapprovingly, as the fellows in the platoon had—or, for all Eriksson knew, Greenacre might turn out to be Meserve's best friend. As a result, Eriksson spent the next two days surreptitiously doing a kind of security check on Greenacre's character. "I needed more of an impression of Boyd than I had," Eriksson said. "What if he refused to arrange an introduction for me? I had to know whether he could at

least be trusted to keep quiet about what I was up to." As indirectly and offhandedly as he could, Eriksson sounded out various members of the work detail about Greenacre—none of whom, he remarked, he knew any better than he knew the Arizonan. He remembers that he talked with one of them while they were both shaving, and that in shooting the breeze with another he led the conversation around to Greenacre when the man mentioned that Arizona was where he dreamed of spending his first post-



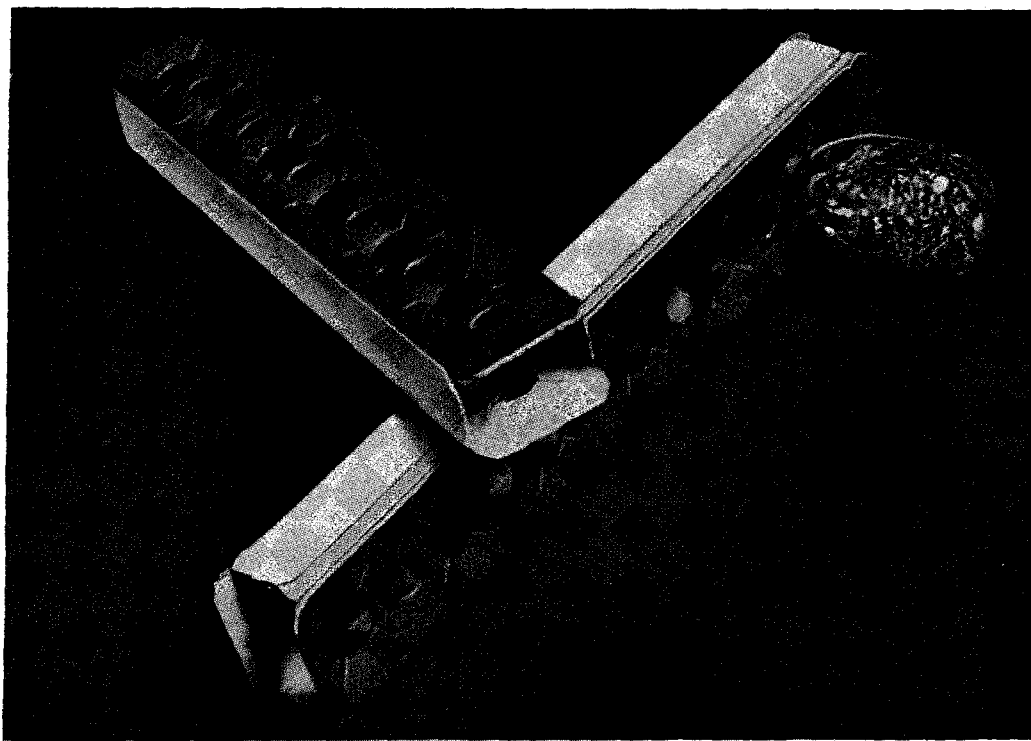
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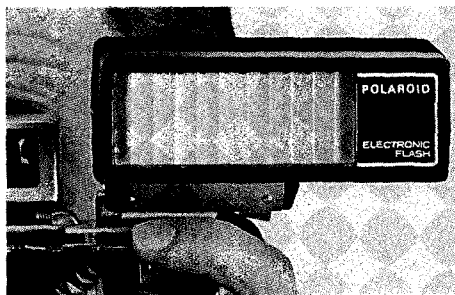
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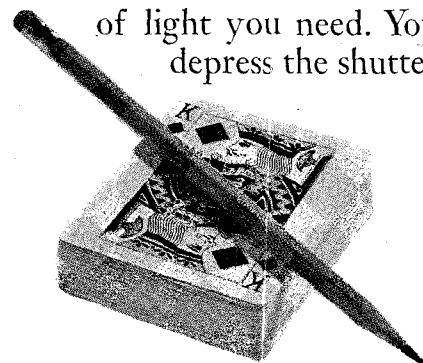


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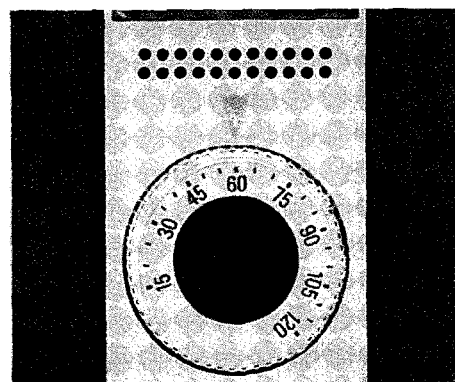
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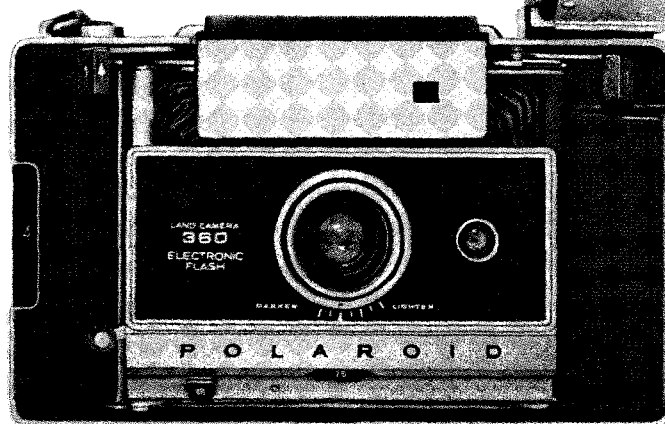
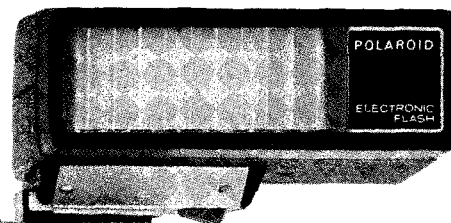


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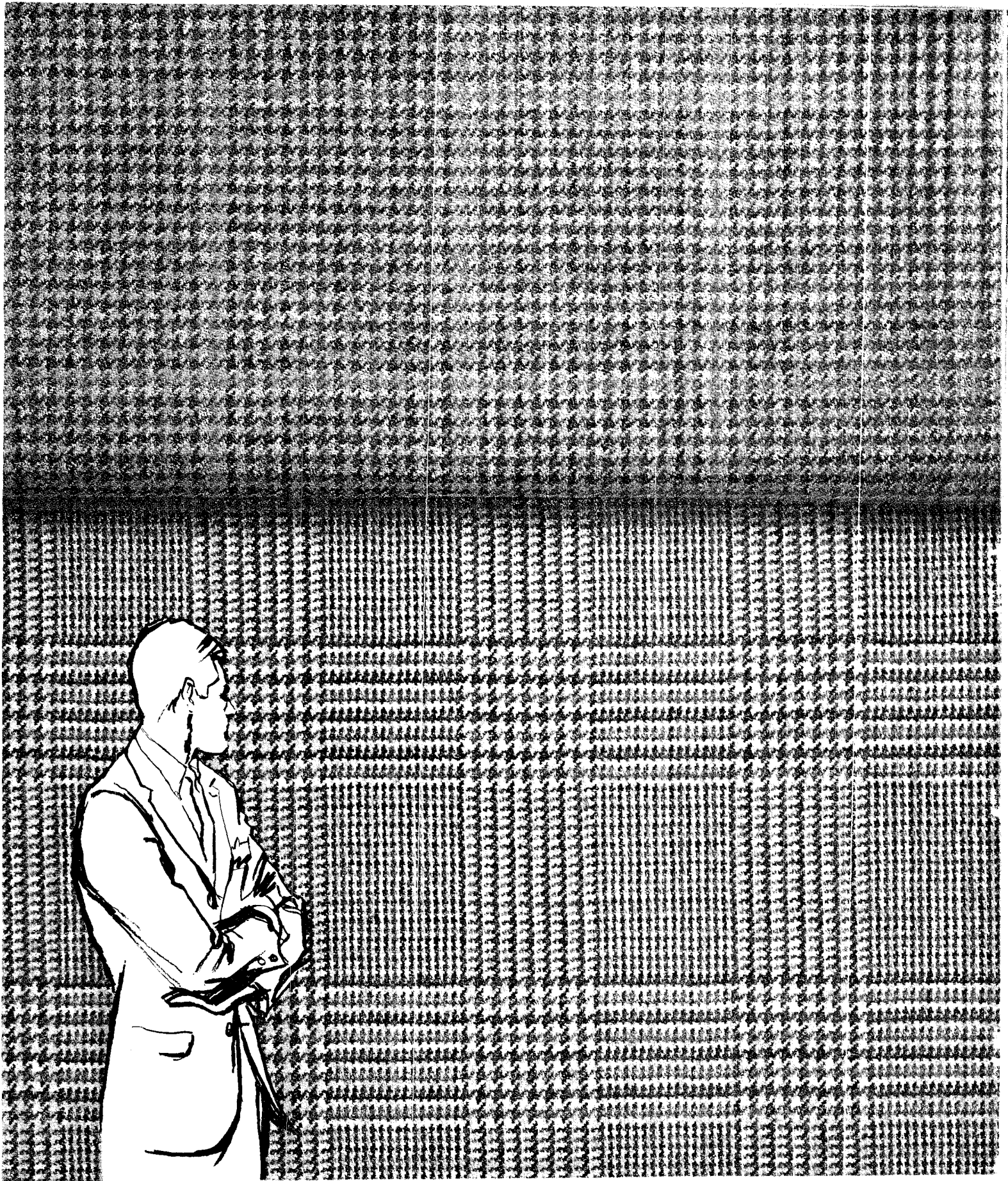
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war vacation. Before long, Eriksson told me, his sleuthing established that Greenacre was well thought of, and one evening, after the carpenters had finished eating, he invited Greenacre to take a walk with him. Even though the two were alone, Eriksson remained cautious, revealing nothing about Mao's murder. He did, however, speak of her abduction and rape, and that, it turned out, was quite enough to make Greenacre propose that he and Eriksson walk over to the chaplain's quarters immediately. On the way, Greenacre told Eriksson that the chaplain, Captain Gerald Kirk, came from Ogden, Utah; he was a Mormon, Eriksson learned, and so was Greenacre.

Mrs. Eriksson, who was once more plying her husband and me with coffee and cake, put in, "Sven and I are Lutherans. In our part of Minnesota, just about everyone is."

It was ten at night when Eriksson sat down to talk with Kirk, and he found he was able to speak more freely than he had even to Curly Rowan. Eriksson remembers having a deep feeling of ease and calm, as though he were at long last ceasing to be a fugitive from injustice. Greenacre was present throughout the talk, at Eriksson's insistence. "Boyd had been a big help," he told me. "I hadn't let out anything to him about the murder, but as long as I was with Chaplain Kirk, I thought he was entitled to hear everything." The gesture impressed him, the chaplain has since told me. "With Greenacre there, it meant that Sven was waiving his right to my silence," he said. Impressed though he may have been, he heard Eriksson out with some skepticism, for before Kirk entered the Mormon priesthood he had spent ten years as a policeman on the Salt Lake City force. "I listened to Sven's story with a cop's ear," the chaplain said. "I wanted to be very sure that he himself hadn't taken part in the rape. Coming to me, the way he did, he might have been trying to save his neck by turning state's evidence, so to speak." Kirk therefore interrupted Eriksson frequently, challenging him to tie together details that at first seemed contradictory. Gradually, though, the cop's ear gave way to the chaplain's. "I decided I was hearing an individual who wished he could have saved that girl but hadn't been able to," Kirk told me. "I can assure you he wasn't being paranoid in thinking he might be shot in the back for seeing me. In war—at least, the war we were in—it was nothing unusual to hear shots that were unexplained, to find a body that might

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or might not have been shot in combat. Where we were, it was a time and place for thousands of men to play for keeps, and that certainly included Messer and the others in the patrol, because if they wanted to eliminate Sven as a potential witness they had the M-16s to do it with."

Eriksson finished telling his story to the chaplain toward midnight, whereupon Kirk pressed him closely, as Vorst had done earlier, to determine whether he was certain in his mind that he was prepared to endure not just the cross-examinations but the risks attendant upon appearing as a government witness in open court. When Eriksson reaffirmed that he was, Kirk picked up his phone and called the Criminal Investigation Division office at Camp Radcliff. "I'd never known the Army had any such unit," Eriksson told me. In ten minutes, a pair of agents entered the chaplain's quarters, and Eriksson, as his affidavit shows, told them, in a signal example of understatement, "This [the rape and murder] has been bothering me since it happened, and I went to the chaplain tonight and told him what had happened." The agents interrogated him with a cool, neutral competence. "They weren't shocked, or anything like that," Eriksson recalls. "They were just doing their job." Once the pair had assessed the gravity of the crimes being charged, they moved swiftly. "The next thing I knew, I was in jail," Eriksson told me. "They locked me up in a steel box, in solitary. For protective custody, they said."

FROM that point on, Eriksson's life in the Army was radically changed. Released from jail in a few hours, he found himself no longer a lone, underground accuser but, instead, a cog in an elaborate law-enforcement machine, whose purpose was to gather evidence, question suspects, and generally determine whether "a case" existed. Once the investigation of Mao's murder had been set in motion, Eriksson was frequently consulted by a variety of experts, among them pathologists, C.I.D. agents, lawyers, and ballistics and firearms specialists. Even his routine duties as a G.I. now had to do with law enforcement, for he was reassigned to the 545th Military Police Company at Camp Radcliff, in which outfit he guarded high-ranking officers, pulled gate duty, made periodic "sweeps" of the base area for signs of infiltrating V.C., and, every day at 4 P.M., climbed into "the drunk wagon," which was an M.P. bus that collected G.I.s who had

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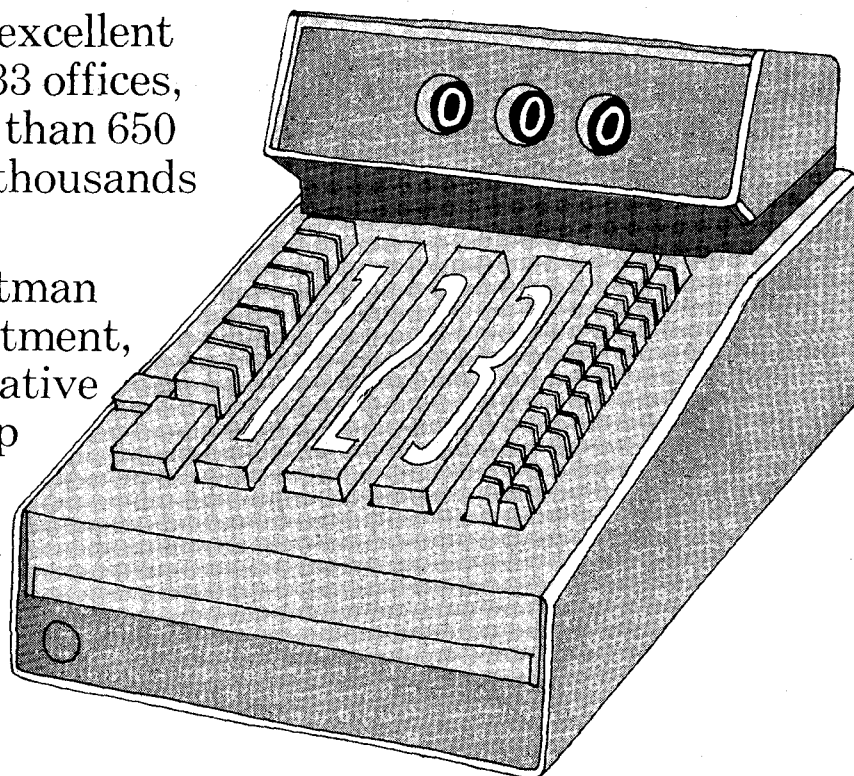
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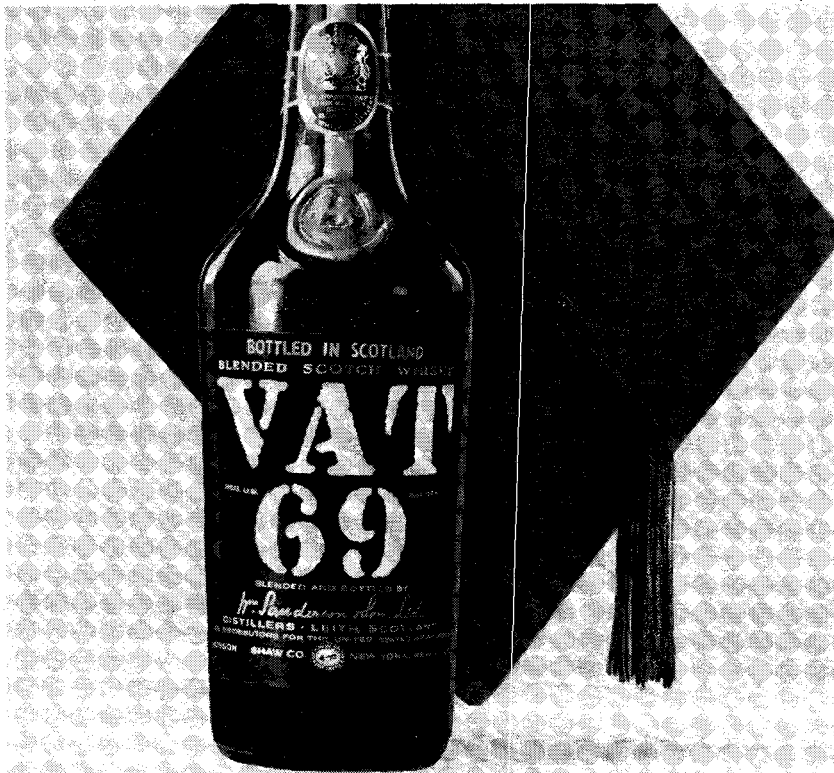
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fallen on hard times in "Sin City," a section of bars and bordellos in An Khe, two miles away. "The C.I.D. wouldn't let me become a door gunner," Eriksson told me. "They put a hold on my transfer forms. They said that door-gunner duty was too dangerous—that if I was going to be any use as a witness I had to stay alive."

Eriksson recognized the abrupt transformation of his military life the morning after his meeting with Kirk. Almost before he was awake, M.P.s escorted him from his cell to the Provost Marshal's office, where he underwent a further interrogation. "Technically, I myself was a suspect," Eriksson told me. "The C.I.D. carefully explained that to me, informing me of my legal rights, one of which was to shut up." When the interrogation was over, he was asked to lead a search party to the spot on Hill 192 where he had claimed that Mao's body could be found. Accompanied by a squad of armed enlisted men, as a precaution against an enemy ambush, the search party set out early the following morning, December 9th, flying from An Khe to an airstrip near Captain Vorst's company headquarters. In charge of the group were a colonel, a major, and, after they reached the airstrip, Captain Vorst himself, who maintained silence toward Eriksson. Among its members were C.I.D. agents, photographers, a firearms expert, and a ballistics man. The group walked from the airstrip to Hill 192. It was a six-hour trek, over difficult terrain, and when the men finally stood just below the summit, several of them, who were unaccustomed to tramping so long, were near exhaustion. Eriksson himself stood scanning the landscape intently, looking for the curiously shaped rock formation where the stabbed girl had been shot. Eriksson had considered the jutting and twisted rock a highly unusual one, but now, refamiliarizing himself with his surroundings, he saw, to his surprise, that it had a practically identical twin close by. It had to be on one of the two rocks that the girl lay, Eriksson knew, and to spare the others in the party unnecessary exertion he screened out the nearer rock by himself, doggedly plunging through formidable brush to reach it. Mao wasn't there, and Eriksson, rejoining the waiting group, pointed to the other rock. "That's where she is," he said, with certainty. After the others fell in behind him, he walked silently to the second rock, seventy-five metres away. In due course, they came upon Mao,

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her remains a rigid crescent settled grotesquely in a half nest of soil and rocks and matted foliage. She had lain molding there for three weeks and her body was badly decayed. As the others clustered around it, Eriksson withdrew to the fringes of the circle, made uncomfortable by everyone's purposeful curiosity. "It was another case of people doing their job," he told me. "They hadn't ever heard Mao's voice or seen her carrying Manuel's pack."

Going about their tasks with unrelieved efficiency, the men staked out an area thirty feet square in which to conduct their operations, soon gathering a harvest of clues, among them lead fragments of spent bullets, for the ballistics and firearms men, and parts of Mao's remains, for the pathologists. The corpse itself was placed in an Army "casualty bag"—a rubberized olive-drab shroud, originally designed for fallen soldiers. There was to be an autopsy at the United States Army mortuary in Saigon, by a Japanese anthropologist, Professor Tadao Furue, of Tokyo University, and Colonel Pierre A. Finck, commanding officer of the 9th Medical Laboratory. (Dr. Finck, a well-known Army pathologist, was one of the team of three physicians that performed the autopsy on the late President Kennedy.) Throughout, Eriksson recalls, dozens of pictures were taken, for possible use as trial exhibits, the flashes of the photographers' bulbs pale in the afternoon sun. Additional pictures were taken a week later, when Eriksson led a second pilgrimage to Hill 192. The search party was a smaller one this time, Eriksson said, its assignment to make certain that nothing of any conceivable courtroom value still lay hidden in the area around Mao's body; eventually, a C.I.D. agent, poking through leaves with a bayonet, found teeth, finger bones, and yet more bullet fragments, all of which he deposited in a plastic bag.

The evidence gained as a result of the two field trips played an important part in the judicial proceedings, Eriksson told me. For example, the ballistics and firearms specialists, working together, were able to analyze the lead bullet fragments as having come from an M-16 rifle and to offer it as their judgment in court that Mao had been shot at close range—a judgment that afforded a presumably objective basis for incriminating Clark, at least, as one of her assassins. Professor Furue and Colonel Finck also appeared as witnesses, to offer information based on clinical studies they had made of Mao's skeletal parts in Saigon. The experts'

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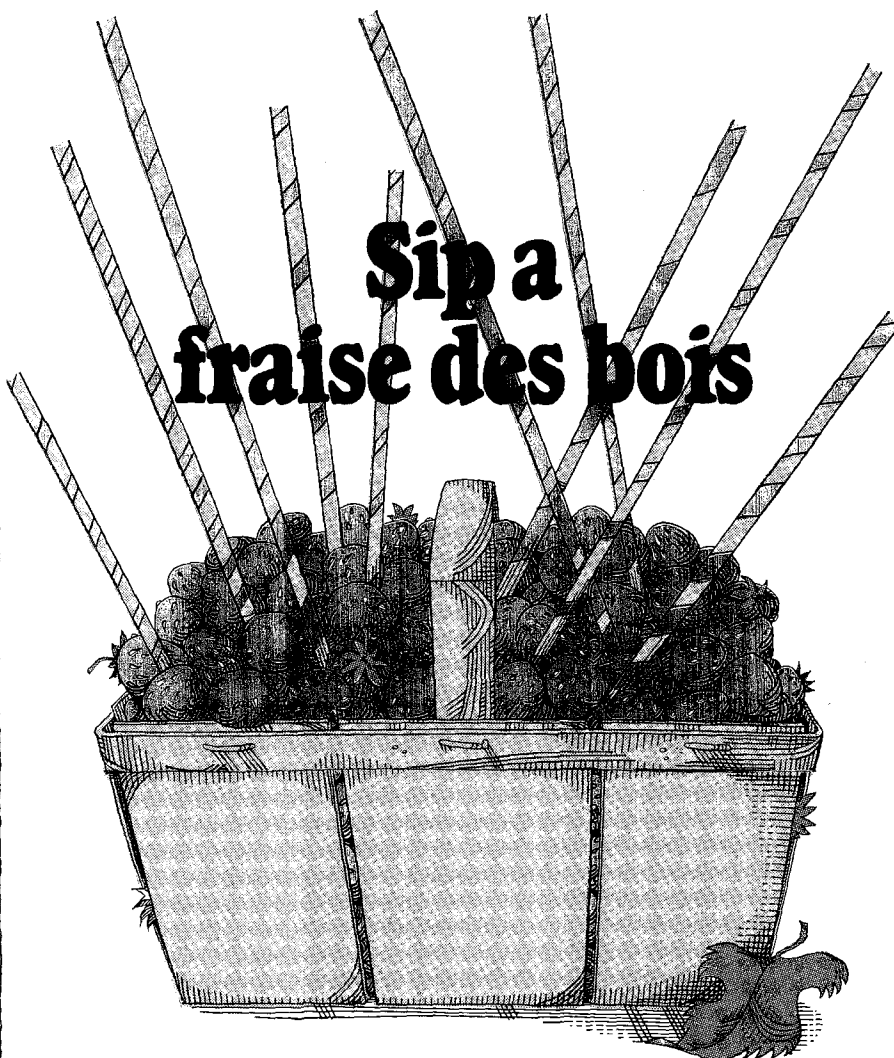
Pure worsted cavalry Twill
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Hobson.



findings established conclusively that Mao had been stabbed three times, in the rib cage and the neck, and that her skull presented a "crushed" appearance, "showing the shattering effects of two high-velocity-missile wounds." Classifying her "racial stock" as Mongoloid, Professor Furue placed Mao's age at between eighteen and twenty and her height at five feet four and a half inches—somewhat greater than Eriksson had estimated it to be in talking with me. A veteran of thirty-five thousand autopsies, Professor Furue told the court, "Compared with other female Mongoloids, Mao's remains were well developed, a well-balanced body build."

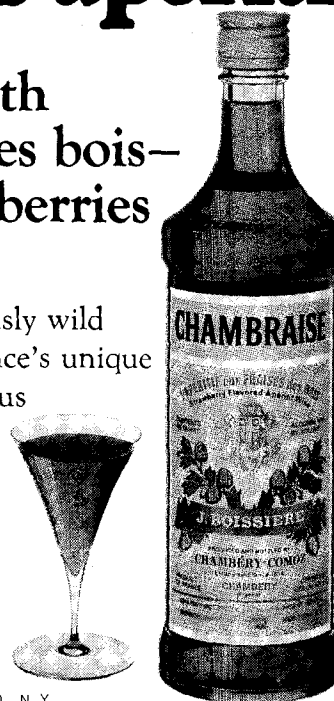
Meserve, Clark, and the two Diazes were taken into custody the day after the first search party made its visit to Hill 192. Arrested by military policemen at scattered points, the four soldiers passed through Vorst's area in the late afternoon and saw the Captain briefly. His farewell to them was succinct. Recalling it for investigators later on, Manuel stated, "He told us he had attempted to keep the incident quiet but that now he couldn't give us any further advice or help." The M.P.s took the enlisted men to the Provost Marshal's office at An Khe, where they were given an initial interrogation before being remanded to the stockade at Long Binh. It didn't take many further interrogations to convince the law-enforcement officers that they had "a case," for Rafe and Manuel readily signed affidavits whose substance supported Eriksson's account of "the incident on Hill 192"—the name by which Mao's murder became known among the military. (Asked by a C.I.D. man, "Who raped or had sexual intercourse with the girl?" Manuel replied, "Sergeant Meserve, Clark, R. Diaz, and myself. Eriksson did not have sexual intercourse or harm her in any way.") Meserve and Clark denied any wrongdoing, and the leader of the misbegotten patrol insisted that his motives had been misconstrued. He had only been fooling, he testified, when he talked of having "fun" on the reconnaissance mission. As he recalled his briefing, he had told the men, "It'd be nice if we could pick up five women for the five days up there and have an orgy," and then, he said, "everybody had made comments and laughed." As for going to Mao's hamlet, the Sergeant said that he had led the patrol there to look for V.C., and that he had captured the girl because she had behaved suspiciously inside her hootch. When Meserve ended his testimony,



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the prosecutor inquired how many times and to whom he had "told the story you just told on the witness stand."

"Numerous times, sir," the Sergeant replied. "Mostly to my lawyer."

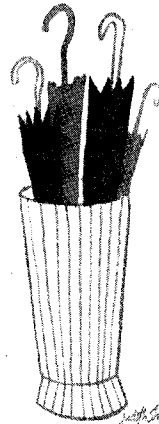
THE four courts-martial took place in the winter of 1967, within a period of about ten days in the middle of March. The trials were held in a courthouse at Camp Radcliff, a frame structure measuring thirty feet by thirty and roofed with tin. The weather had turned hot and dry, Eriksson remembers, and the interior of the courtroom throbbed with the whirr of electric fans. Outside, a diesel generator, the base camp's source of electricity, made a constant racket, causing the law officers frequently to request witnesses to raise their voices. The participants in the cases, including lawyers, witnesses, law officers, and members of the court, lived in tents near the courthouse, and often at night the vicious thump of artillery shells, enemy-bound, from the edges of the division base disturbed the quiet of the legal encampment.

Throughout each trial, Eriksson said, the exponents of military law strove diligently to apply judicial rules largely borrowed from civilian law, as though they were seeking to re-create a semblance of civilian life. Eriksson found it impressive that these procedures should be so punctiliously observed within easy artillery range of the enemy—which, he added, was not to say that he was unaware of various shortcomings. Uninitiated though he was in the ways of jurisprudence, Eriksson said, he found it odd that defense lawyers could freely engage him in conversation during court recesses, questioning him on subjects that he was later asked about under oath when the court session was resumed. And, in fact, Eriksson told me, a C.I.D. man attending the sessions assured him that this was highly improper. "But then I don't know how much the C.I.D. fellows knew about law," Eriksson said. "One of them, I know, goofed on his interrogation of Manuel—he forgot to read off one of Manuel's rights before he started asking questions." In addition, Eriksson told me, he would have appreciated it if the prosecutor—whom he looked upon as his lawyer—had tutored him slightly in how to conduct himself in court; despite his status

as the Army's chief witness, Eriksson said, he took the stand practically cold. However, he acknowledged that the prosecutor did warn him, as Vorst and Kirk had previously, of the possible consequences to him and his wife of his testifying for the government. "He said for me to think that over again very carefully," Eriksson recalled. "He sounded genuinely concerned." Something else the prosecutor did was to advise him to see a psychiatrist before the trials started. The prosecutor, it appeared, counted it a safe bet that the defense attorneys would attempt to portray Eriksson as some kind of repressed nut for having failed to join in the festivities on Hill 192. To counter any such strategy, the prosecutor wanted to have on hand a statement attesting to his chief witness's mental stability. Thus, a couple of weeks before the first court-martial opened, Eriksson found himself sitting in a cubbyhole office at Camp Radcliff face to face with a stocky medical captain with an extremely close crew cut who wanted to know whether the young infantryman loved his mother and whether he heard from his wife. Recalling the interview, Eriksson said, "I'd answer a question, then he'd wait and I'd have to wait along with him, then he'd ask another question, real fast, and in I'd come with my next answer. His questions didn't take long—maybe twenty minutes—and when they were over he wrote down

on a piece of paper, 'Has no speech defects, steady manner.'" Offering an evaluation of his own, Eriksson added, "He seemed like a nice guy. When he stopped asking me questions, he started talking about Meserve and the others, sort of thinking aloud what it was that came over fellows in wartime. He sounded as though the war would have to come to an end before his work could make much sense."

For Eriksson, the trials were totally unlike anything he had anticipated. He had thought of them uneasily, imagining that the act of testifying might force him to relive the macabre episode on Hill 192. No such thing happened. From his point of view, as he had indicated at the beginning of our talk, the legal consideration of the crime was a field day of fencing and distortion, of quibbling and traps. No matter how close the questioning, and no matter how detailed the testimony he gave, or heard, it all seemed related to Mao's murder in only a surface sense. "The lawyers were playing



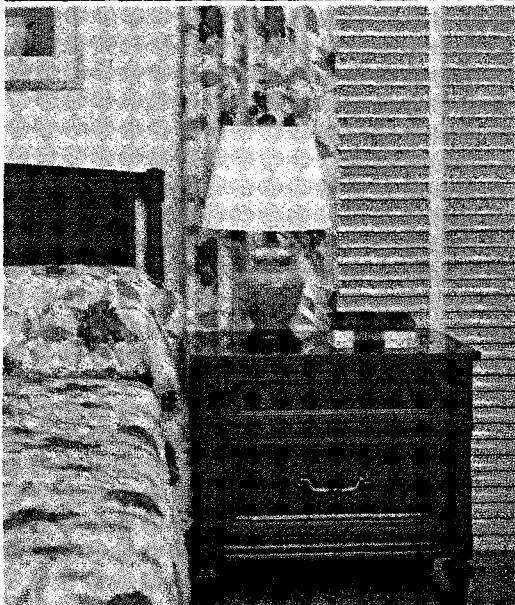
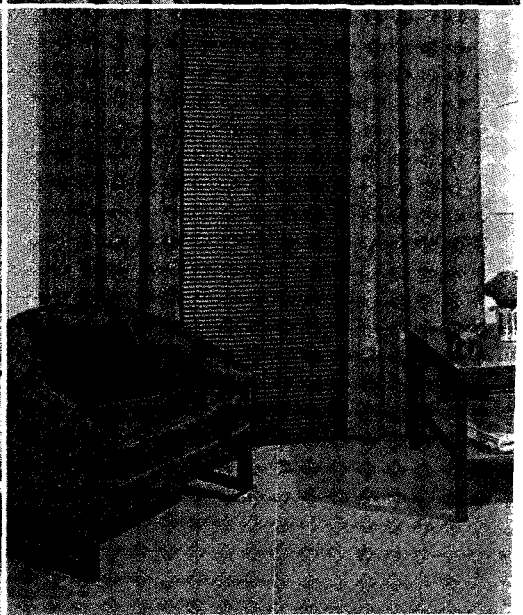
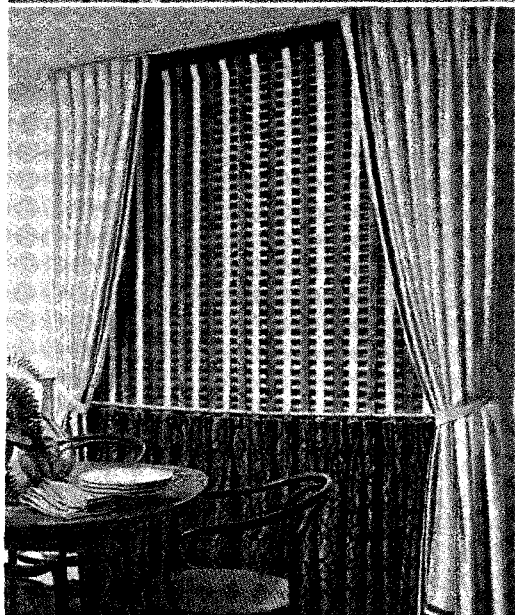
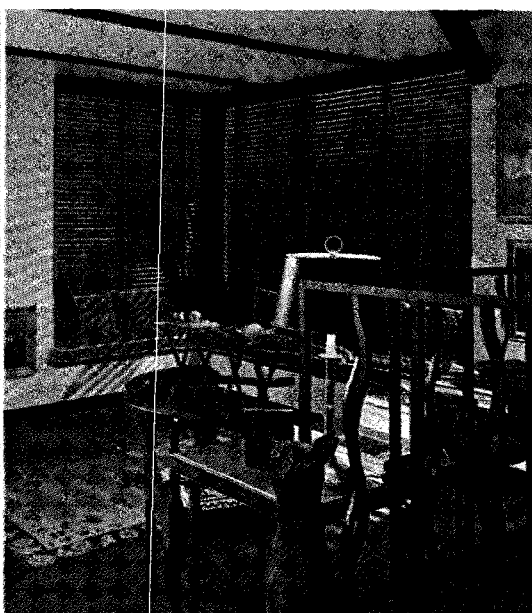
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a game," he said. "To listen to them, and to the testimony that the guys in the patrol gave, Mao was probably living happily in her hamlet." As early as the opening day of Rafe's trial, which was the first one held, he realized that it was idle to consider whether the G.I.s' punishment would, or could, fit the crime. Throughout, he told me, the single belief that sustained him was that in serving as the defendants' principal accuser he was carrying out the resolve he had made as he trained his grenade launcher on the cave complex; namely, to let the world know of Mao's fate.

Enacting the role of chief government witness was not an edifying experience, Eriksson went on. Just as the prosecutor had foreseen, the defense attorneys did try to make Eriksson look odd, but that was among the milder of their insinuations. By the time he concluded his last appearance on the stand, he had been accused of lying, of cowardice, and even of Mao's murder. One of the defense lawyers hammered away at the point that Eriksson had killed the girl when, in obeying the Sergeant's command to shoot her, he fired his grenade launcher. But the assertion was a hard one to prove, for Rafe was on hand to testify that Eriksson was so situated in that feverish moment that Mao wasn't even in his line of vision. Besides, as the defense could not dispute, the jacket containing the explosive charge of a grenade launcher is made not of lead but of copper, and the search parties' experts had found only the lead of numerous bullets from an M-16 rifle littering the immediate vicinity of Mao's body.

In all four trials, the court records show, defense lawyers made a studied effort to depict Eriksson as less than lion-hearted, presumably on the theory that proving him to be craven would automatically exonerate their clients. "Are you afraid of Sergeant Meserve?" Eriksson was asked at one point, and he replied, "That's affirmative, sir. . . . I am not afraid of him if he has no weapons." Eriksson answered, "That is negative, sir," when a defense counsel, taking up the pre-Hill 192 patrol in which half of Eriksson's squad had been wounded, inquired, "Isn't it true, Eriksson, that you allowed the squad to walk into the ambush area without warning, because you were hiding in the bushes?"

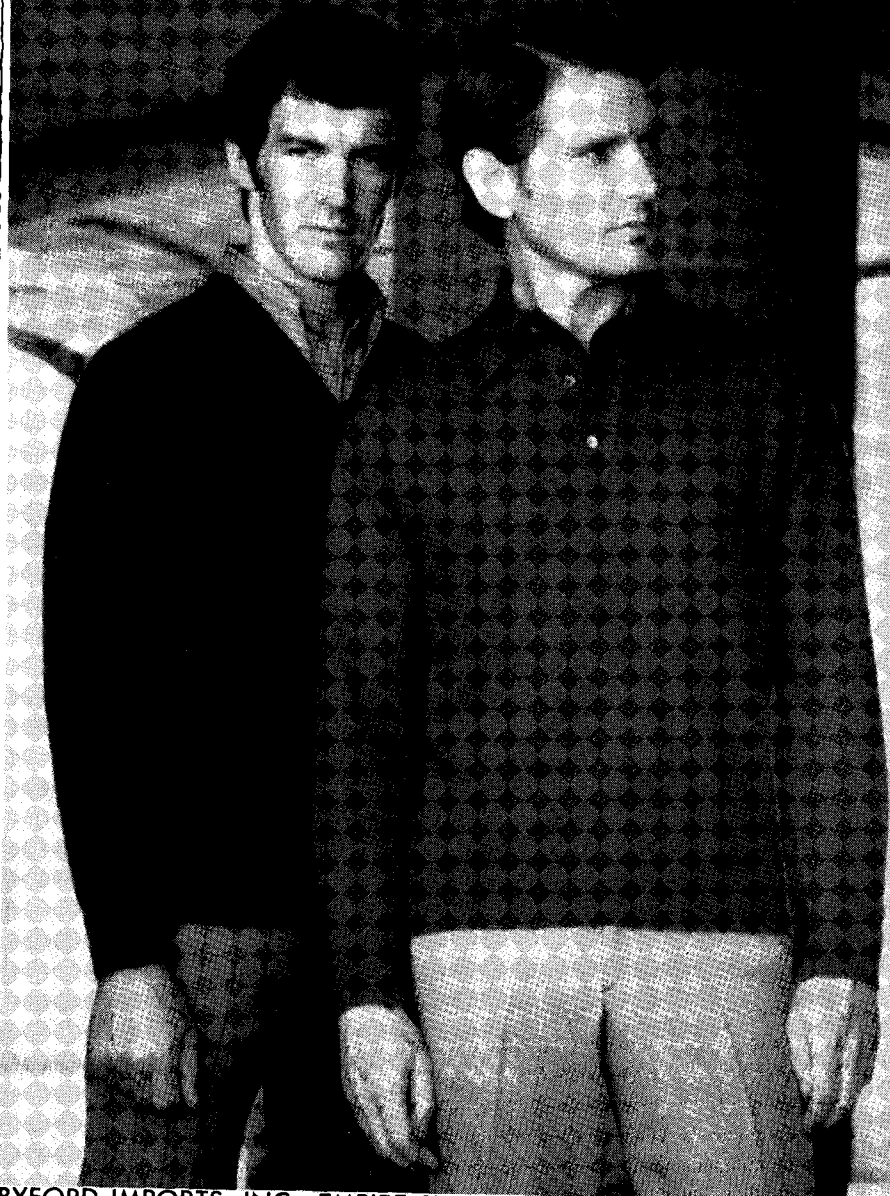
Undeterred by Eriksson's denial, the lawyer persevered with his line of questioning.

Q: How did you react to this par-

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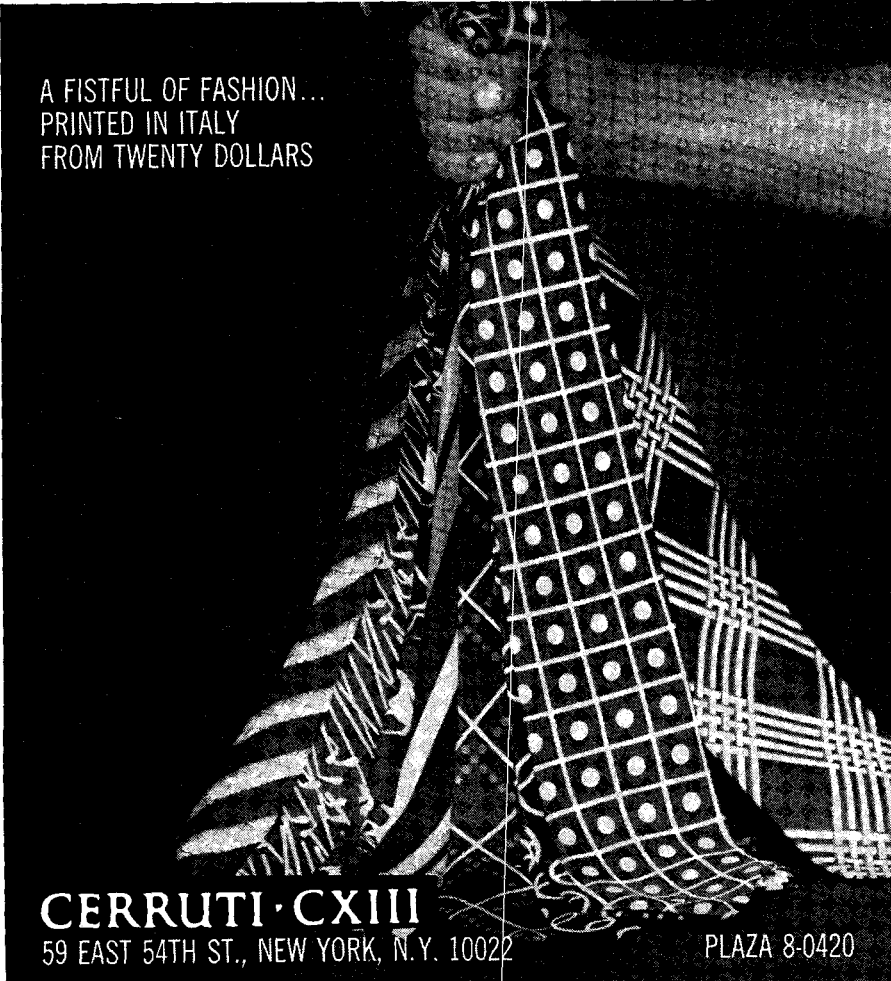
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particular ambush, Eriksson? Did you fire your weapon?

A: I was in the rear of the column, and didn't have a chance.

Q: Were you afraid?

A: No, sir.

Q: You were not afraid?

A: No, sir.

Q: Isn't it true you were so afraid you could hardly move?

A: No, sir.

Q: You think your fear was apparent to anyone else?

A: No, sir.

Another defense attorney repeatedly taxed Eriksson with having "fabricated" his charges against Meserve and the others in order to escape further assignments to hazardous infantry missions. When Eriksson was able to state that he had put in for door gunner aboard helicopters, which could hardly be considered safe duty, the lawyer persisted in reminding him that "you testified you wanted to get out of the platoon."

Eriksson agreed. "I wanted to get out of the platoon," he stated. "I wanted to get out of the whole company, because I could not see staying in a company that would do anything such as here. I realize that we are over here fighting a war, but to go out and kill an innocent person has nothing to do with the war."

Accused of shrewdness in seeking to evade infantry duty, Eriksson found himself also accused of a lack of shrewdness in failing to let Mao escape when he was alone with her in the hootch. He was asked, "Couldn't you have thought up a story [for Meserve] to the effect that you heard some noises or heard some V.C. and went out to check, and she got away from you, right out of the hootch?"

"No, sir," Eriksson replied.

"You traded the girl's life for your well-being," he was told.

At times, Eriksson displayed a certain poise on the stand. Asked whether Meserve might not have been searching the hootches of Mao's hamlet for the strictly military purpose of finding "strange faces," he answered, "I wouldn't say this, sir. They were all strange faces." Asked whether Mao's continued presence on Hill 192 might not ultimately have "endangered the lives of the members of the patrol," Eriksson said, "Sir, this girl wasn't supposed to be on this patrol."

Before Eriksson was through, even his possession of a sense of humor became an issue. This arose when a defense witness, a sergeant in the platoon, said that Eriksson had none. "He

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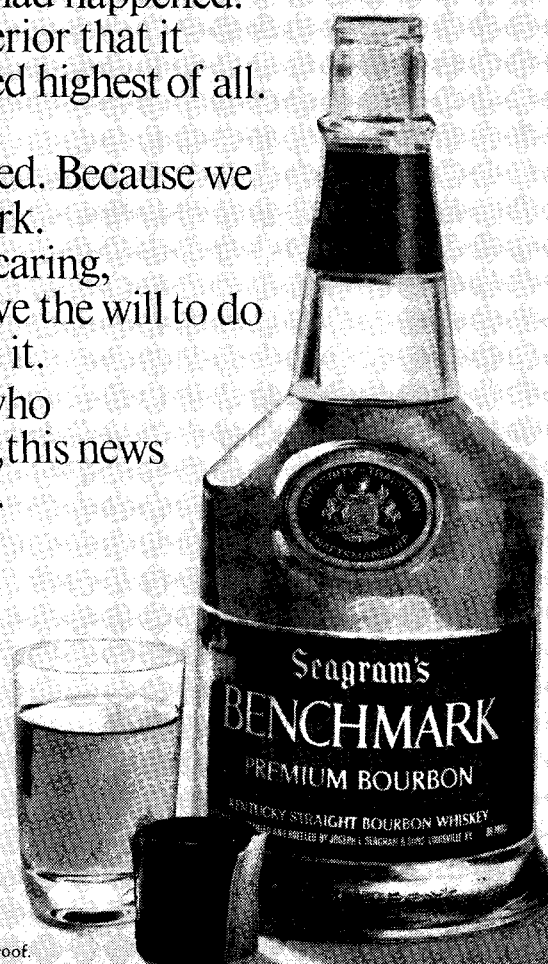
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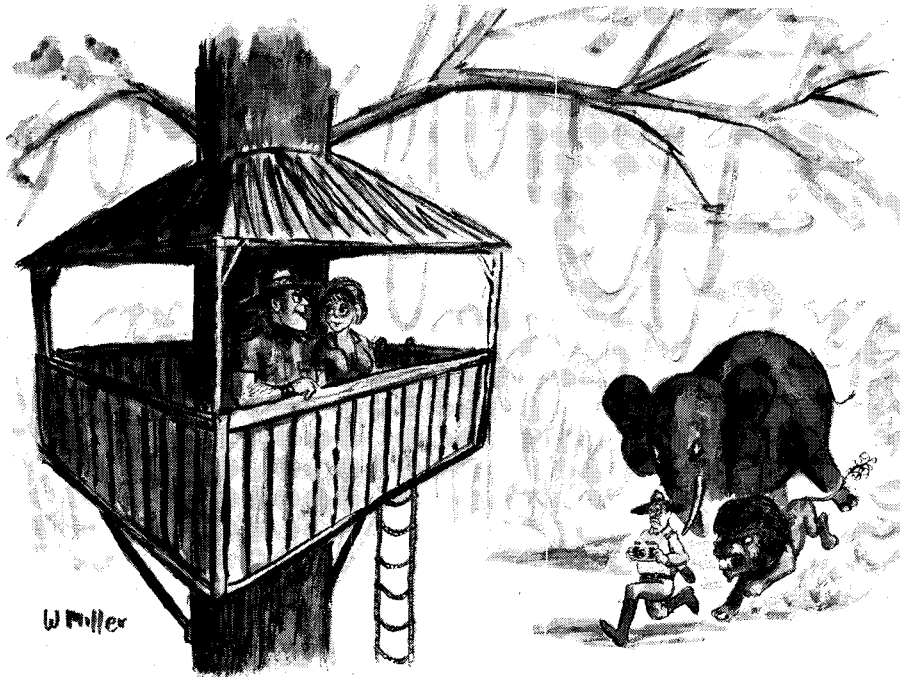
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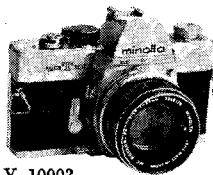
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didn't laugh and joke as much as the other guys did; he was much quieter," the sergeant said.

Cross-examining, the prosecutor asked, "When you say he didn't have a sense of humor, you mean he wasn't a jokester, running around making or seeing the funny side of everything?"

A: Yes, sir.

Q: Did he endeavor to actively join in with the free-time activity of the rest of the people, or did he have to be coaxed . . . or did he just refuse at all times?

A: Oh, no, sir, it was not that he was disliked in any way. It was just that he was less than average as far as being one of the guys, should we say? He was just more serious-minded.

Mao's sister, Phan Tai Loc, appeared as a prosecution witness, her very presence irrefutable evidence that Mao was not in fact living happily in her hamlet. Through an interpreter, Loc related that after the patrol finished with their hamlet, she and her mother had searched desperately for Mao. Accompanied by troops of the South Vietnamese government, the two women had eventually come to the hootch on Hill 192, where they had found Mao's brassiere, flecked with blood; the troops had burned down the hootch. Loc's mother was now missing. The Vietcong, Loc said, had abducted her, accusing her of having led South Vietnamese forces to a V.C. munitions cache on Hill 192. Loc and her father had moved from their native hamlet; they now lived in a village several miles from there.

Though Eriksson testified at greater length than anyone else, most of the witnesses who appeared in the close, noisy courtroom spoke in support of the defendants, extolling their gallantry, their sense of duty, and their other soldierly virtues. With few exceptions, these witnesses had fought alongside the defendants, and it was a powerful camaraderie they shared, forged, as it was, in combat, where they had all saved each other's lives more than once. Recurrently, the court records show, witnesses found it deplorable that the defendants should have to fight for their survival in a prisoner's dock when they might be far better employed doing that on the battlefield; in their every utterance these witnesses reflected the view that losing soldiers of Meserve's calibre could result only in gaining a stronger enemy.

Perhaps because Meserve had been the leader of the four accused, he came in for particularly heavy praise. In a sample encomium, Lieutenant Reilly

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declared that the Sergeant's "character and reputation are the best I have seen, and [he is] one of the best combat soldiers I have known." Reilly also called him "a fine soldier," and went on to say, "He never failed to accomplish the mission. I give him 'max' rating as a soldier." In other connections, it was brought out that the Sergeant had not waited to be drafted, that he was currently in line for the Bronze Star, and that in the course of his overseas duty he had been awarded five medals, of varying importance, and had a conduct rating of Excellent. It was adduced that even before Meserve left for Vietnam he was regarded as an exemplary soldier, since he had been selected to march in President Johnson's inaugural parade—an honor limited to two hundred men with unblemished records. Inevitably, though, the defense witnesses were unable to confine their remarks to Meserve's service record, for—almost tactlessly, it seemed—the prosecutor would inject the topic of Mao's murder, the implications of which had less to do with the conquest of an enemy than with the requirements of an ordered civilian life. Given this confusion of values, the legalistic consideration of Mao's death sometimes bordered on the incongruous. Thus, defense lawyers raised no objections when the prosecutor asked the defendants and the defense witnesses whether a soldier who was condemned for having committed civilian homicide, such as the killing of Mao, should be kept on as a member of the armed forces—that is, should be permitted to go on committing military homicide. Needless to say, the question was not examined philosophically in the Camp Radcliff courthouse; instead, it was employed narrowly as a government gambit for stumping a witness. If he said no, he would appear to be disowning the defendants, his comrades-in-arms; if he said yes, he would in effect be telling the jury that he regarded the war as a public-works project for criminals. The trial records make it clear that the question left the witnesses uncomfortable, for their responses were reluctant and tortured. Of those who were asked the question, only Captain Vorst, "lifer" though he was, stated that if Meserve was guilty of rape and murder, then he did not care to have the Sergeant in his command.

Vorst's executive officer, by contrast, could not countenance the thought of Meserve's being cashiered. Here is the interchange between the executive officer and the prosecutor:

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A: Sir, Sergeant Meserve, he joined the unit in approximately February of last year, and he served under me when I was a rifle-platoon leader, and the reason he is a sergeant today is because we put the duties of squad leader upon him—

Q: I didn't ask you for a long elaboration. I simply asked, do you think a murderer should be retained in the United States Army? Yes or no?

A: Well, no, sir, until they've—not until they serve their sentence. Then, of course, after rehabilitation—I think there's a difference, sir. . . .

Q: You would suggest some minor form of punishment, in other words?

A: Well, in general, sir, [but] in this specific case—

Q: For a murder. I'm talking about a murder. I'm not talking about any specific case.

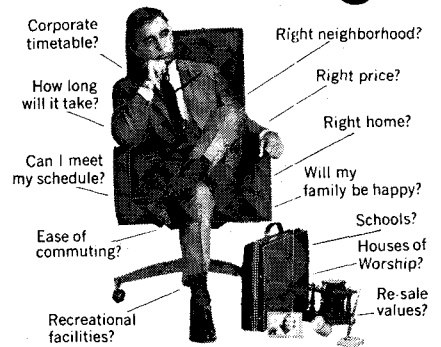
A: Well, yes, sir, I think if someone has been found guilty of murder, they should be punished, but, knowing Meserve as an individual, I would accept him back in the unit, yes, sir.

As for the defendants themselves, only Rafe showed contrition, the most striking manifestation of which was his decision to testify against Clark. The decision was not easily arrived at, for two days before Clark's trial was to begin, and when Rafe had already been convicted, Clark approached Rafe in the stockade at Long Binh, where both were jailed, and, appealing to Rafe's conscience, told him that if he gave unfriendly testimony against his comrades, "he would have it on his mind the rest of his life." Troubled by this, Rafe sought, and heeded, the counsel of a Catholic chaplain at Camp Radcliff in resolving the dilemma of choosing between his "moral obligation," as Rafe put it to the chaplain, and "loyalty to the patrol." Summoned to the stand by Clark's lawyer, the priest said he had advised Rafe that, as opposed to defending Clark's interest, he had "a greater obligation to his wife and his child and the young woman who, supposedly, I assume, was killed, and to justice and society." The priest also said he was asking a Franciscan brother in Texas to break the news of Rafe's conviction to his wife, "to help her absorb the initial shock."

By contrast, the general demeanor of the other defendants was that of incredulity at being tried; the impression they gave was that they thought only the sheerest, most improbable sort of accident could explain their being haled before a tribunal. Their testimony indicates that they were so

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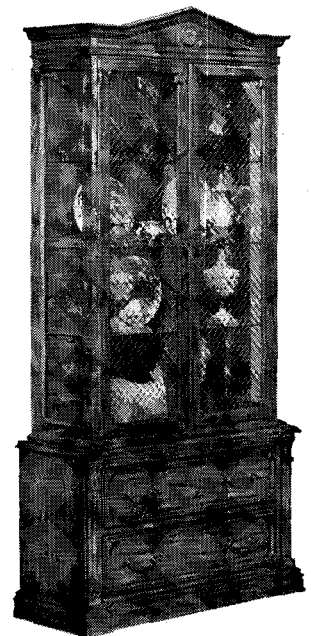


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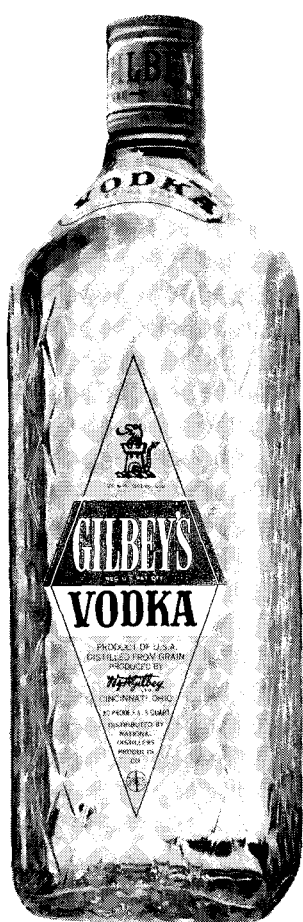
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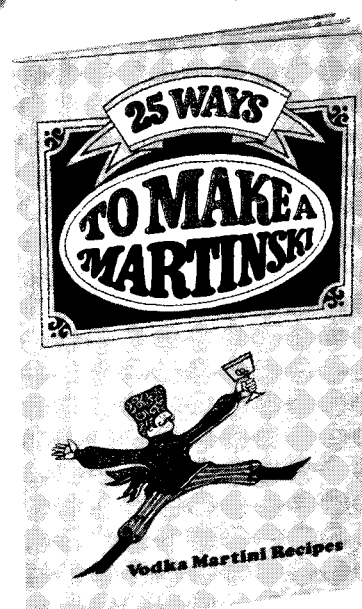


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inured to the epidemic, occupational violence of war that they found it hard to recognize their judicial plight as a type of retribution. In the case of Manuel (the father of a three-month-old girl), this attitude of mystification became so palpable that the prosecutor finally inquired, "Do you feel you are involved in any way in this rape and murder?" To which Manuel replied "No."

Q: You feel that the government has done you a grave injustice in bringing you here today for trial?

A: No, sir, I've got nothing against the government.

Q: Well, you feel you are not involved in any way?

A: Yes, sir, I feel that way.

Q: You shouldn't be on trial?

A: Well, yes, sir.

Q: As a matter of fact, you have complained [from the stockade] that your promotion is being held up?

A: I wrote my senator. I told him I was being wrongly brought to trial.

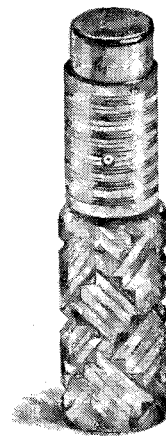
Manuel admitted to C.I.D. investigators before the trial started that he had committed rape, but when the subject came up in the courtroom, it appeared to be Manuel's judgment that he had taken part in a reasonable enterprise, and the justification that he gave for doing so was military discipline. Confirming Eriksson's ruminations on this subject, Manuel testified that at a special ten-day camp in Vietnam where G.I.s were trained intensively to cope with combat situations "it had been knocked into our heads, practically, to obey orders and . . . they said if you were fortunate enough to get in a group where you had an old-timer who had been in Vietnam like six months longer than you had, if you followed what he said, you would live longer." Besides, Manuel testified, if he had not gone into the hootch he would have risked becoming an out-cast. Asked by the prosecutor why he thought Eriksson had stayed out of the hootch, Manuel answered, "Eriksson was different. He was brand-new. I'd been there a month or three weeks longer."

When he went on to imply that Eriksson might be "chicken," the prosecutor asked, "How come he stood up to Meserve? Do you consider yourself braver than Eriksson?"

A: I don't think I'm braver than Eriksson. I'm not going to say that, sir.

Q: Why did you want other members of the squad to think you were a rapist?

A: Better to go into the hootch, sir,

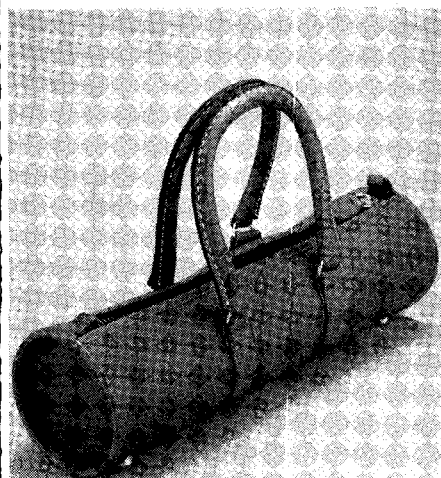


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and keep contentment in the squad, and keep a better—well, how can I explain it?—keep the thing running smooth. It makes for an easier mission and no problems.

Q: You don't believe the military gives a choice between rules, orders, and conscience?

A: The Army expects you to do it the Army way, and that's follow orders.

In the end, the four juries sitting at Camp Radcliff found the defendants guilty of one crime or another. All were dishonorably discharged, reduced in rank to private, and deprived of all pay, with the exception of Rafe, who was to go on receiving pay but forfeit fifty dollars monthly for eight years. All four soldiers were sentenced to hard labor at the United States Army Disciplinary Barracks, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. There was little pattern to the verdicts, each of the juries indulging in its own vagaries. Possibly because of his cooperative attitude at the trials, Rafe was given the lightest term—eight years, for the crimes of rape and unpremeditated murder. Clark, convicted of rape and premeditated murder, was to serve for life. Manuel received a sentence of fifteen years, his punishment for rape. To Eriksson, Meserve's was the most surprising of the verdicts, for the Sergeant was found innocent of the charge of rape but guilty of unpremeditated murder, for which he was sentenced to a term of ten years. When Meserve had been convicted but not yet sentenced, he was asked by the law officer, "Is there any particular thing that you would like to tell the court?" Standing before the bench, Meserve replied, "Well, sir, I've seen a lot of killing, which it is our duty to do, because it's kill or be killed. Sometimes you hate the enemy so bad. Well, during this Operation Thayer II, which started [last October], we ran into a hootch that was burned down. Some Vietnamese people were bringing children out of . . . the bunker in the hootch. They suffered from smoke inhalation. I had to give one small child mouth-to-mouth respiration and bring her back to life. That just shows you it isn't all combat over here." Meserve's lawyer, pleading for his client immediately after this, spoke of the pressures on "twenty-year-old sergeants . . . leading men on fifty, sixty, seventy patrols," and gave it as his opinion that "this incident did not occur as the normal incident." Making his chief point, Meserve's lawyer told the court, "There's one thing that stands out about this particular of-



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fense. . . . It did not occur in the United States. Indeed, there are some that would say it did not even occur in civilization, when you are out on combat operations."

Two weeks after the trials ended, one of the court interpreters, a Vietnamese schoolteacher, with whom Eriksson had made friends, brought word to him that Mao's sister was missing. Eriksson said to me, his voice urgent, as though he had just heard the news, "Charlie kidnapped her, just as he did Mao's mother. So now it's only the father who's left—or is he? Who says we don't get along with Charlie? Between us, we've taken care of that whole family."

ERIKSSON never did become a door gunner. Since the verdicts would automatically come under review and the government might again need him as a witness, he was kept on in the post of military policeman at the division base. Fortunately, he said, his assignments involved no murder or rape cases. Only minor infractions came his way, but even such a routine chore as driving the drunk wagon down to Sin City could make him conscious of the sense of justice in himself that had been so tumultuously aroused the preceding November. It was a consciousness he could have done without, he remarked, for its effect was to remind him of Mao, and, following the trials, he was in a mood to try to forget her. "I just wanted to feel quiet," he said. He had no impulse to talk about Mao—certainly not with his fellow-policemen. To do so, he believed, might only invite their censure, enforcers of the law though they were. As it turned out, they required no invitation to talk about her—particularly in the summer months, when the torrential monsoon rains drowned all possibility of outdoor routine. In that season, Eriksson told me, when the M.P.s yakked the hours away together in their quarters, one or another of his fellow-cops would periodically recall what Eriksson had chosen to do. Invariably, Eriksson said, he found himself re-proved for the deed. "But they weren't as sure about it as the guys in the platoon had been," he said. "One M.P., I remember, told me he could have understood it if I'd gone to bat for a G.I. who was murdered, but how could I do it for a Vietnamese? But he was very tolerant about it. He said it was only human to make mistakes."



Eriksson's attempt to forget Mao proved futile, as he had really known it would. In addition to the occasional remarks he heard in the police barracks, a train of other developments served to remind him of the girl. In the late spring, for instance, he learned that a change of sentence might be in the making for Clark, whose lawyer, it appeared, had asked the jurors who convicted him to approve a petition urging clemency; all but two of them had agreed, and Eriksson was given to understand that this augured an almost certain reduction in sentence. Commenting on this, Eriksson told me, "I realized that nothing definite had happened yet, but I had the feeling it was the first sign that things were going to work out the way Captain Vorst had warned me they would—I mean, that the sentences would get shorter and shorter, maybe even disappear."

Late in July, Eriksson was handed a communication from the commanding officer of his division, the 1st Cavalry (Airmobile). It turned out to be a letter of commendation. Mrs. Eriksson fetched it for me from a bureau drawer, and I read:

1: You are to be commended for the important role you played in seeing that justice was done in the recent court-martial cases involving four soldiers charged with the rape and murder of a young Vietnamese woman. Your prompt reporting of this serious incident to your superiors and subsequent testimony in court were essential elements in the apprehension and trials of the men responsible for this brutal crime.

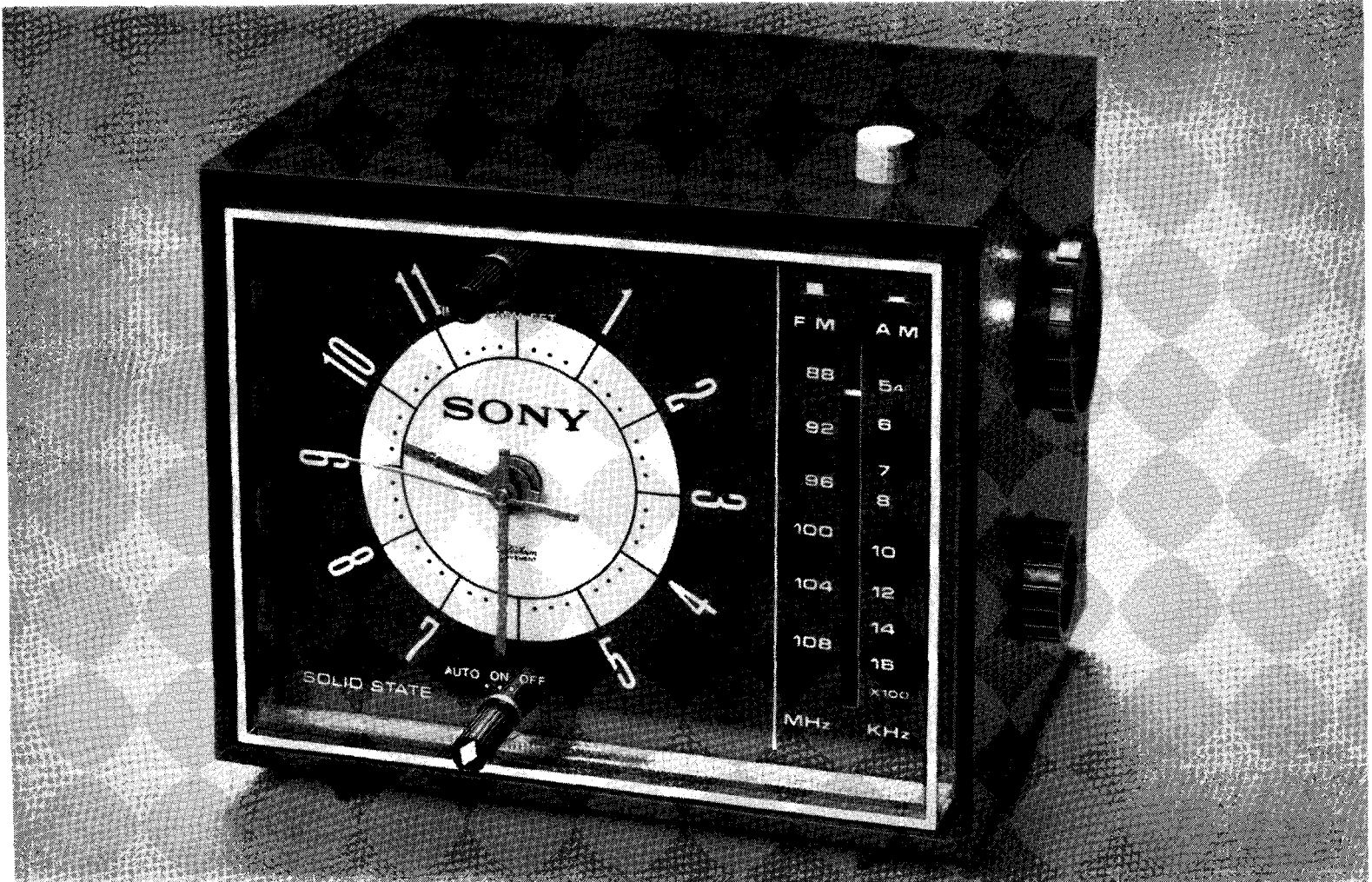
2: The great pressures you were subject to during those critical months are appreciated. Yours was not an easy task, but you did your duty as an American soldier. You should know that the courage and steadfastness you demonstrated make me proud to have you a member of this division.

John J. Tolson
Major General, U.S.A.
Commanding

Eriksson's tour of duty in Vietnam came to an end on November 28, 1967, a year after the patrol paid its visit to Mao's hamlet. He thought of her as his plane, full of singing soldiers, took off from Cam Ranh Bay and he had his last look at the unhappy land below. "She was the big thing that had happened in the war for me," he told me. His plane was a commercial airliner, the Army having chartered it for a flight to Fort Lewis, Seattle, from which point the men, all of whom were going on leave, would be on their own. Eriksson was bound for Minnesota, for

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a month at home before his discharge in the spring, but when his plane put down at Seattle he found that he was ten dollars short for the final leg of his journey. Fortunately, he ran into a fellow-Minnesotan at the airport, an artilleryman with whom he had gone off to Asia thirteen months earlier; the artilleryman, also homeward bound, unhesitatingly lent Eriksson the ten dollars. When the two men were aloft and sitting side by side, the artilleryman suddenly glanced at Eriksson with fresh interest and said, "Say, weren't you the guy who turned in that patrol? That was a bum rap." Smiling, Eriksson remarked to me, "We were thirty thousand feet up by then, or he might have asked for his money back."

In Minnesota, Eriksson returned to the small apartment in Minneapolis where we were sitting, his wife having maintained it while he was gone. During his month's leave, he was always with her and with relatives and friends and, in a way, Eriksson said, with Mao. Mao seemed to figure constantly in his thoughts, he said, which were concerned mostly with how he would earn his livelihood after he left the Army, the following April. The ideas that came to him, he said, had less to do with jobs than they had to do with life, and he attributed this to the incident on Hill 192. Sounding as though he felt he would be years mining its lessons, he told me, "I decided that whatever jobs I'd get, they weren't going to be as important to me as the way I lived. That had to have some purpose. If it didn't, then coming back from that patrol meant nothing."

Recalling her husband's arrival, Mrs. Eriksson said that when she went out to the airport to meet him, she could tell at once that there was a stronger kindness in him than when he had left. "The girl was very much with us when Sven came home that day, and maybe she always will be," Mrs. Eriksson said. "We'd had to support each other in a new way after she was killed. I made sure I wrote to him every day, and in each letter I put a packet of Kool-Aid, so that at least his water would be tasty. He was upset and frustrated—it was in all his letters. He had no one to talk to over there. Of course, I never bring up the girl now, because I know how much she's still on his mind, but Sven brings her up, and usually when I don't expect it." Eriksson and his wife spent Christmas of 1967 with members of their families in the small farm town up north that they both came from, and while they were there, an uncle of



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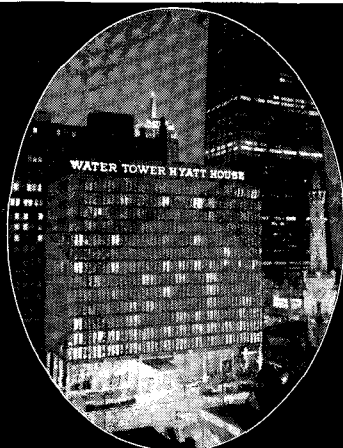
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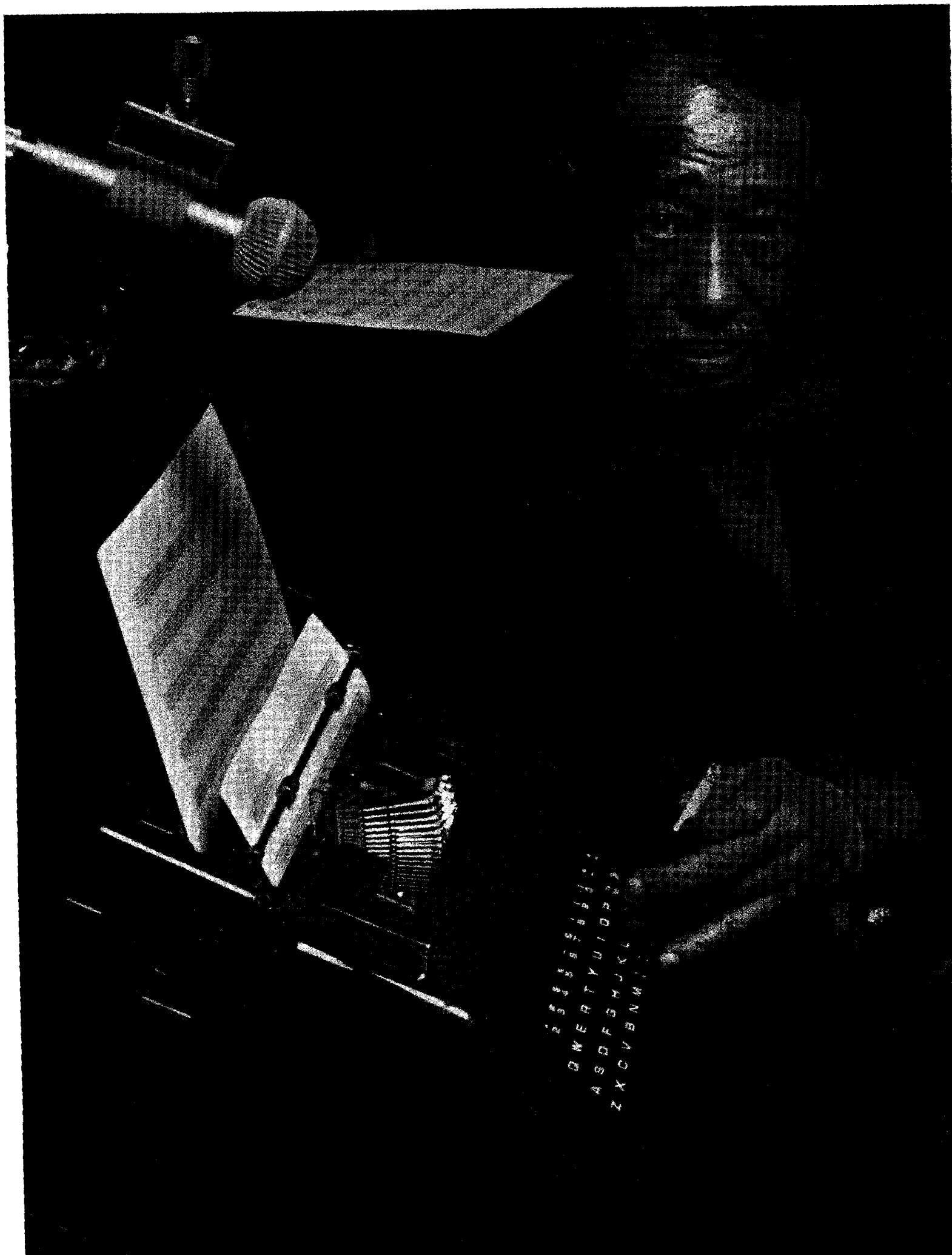


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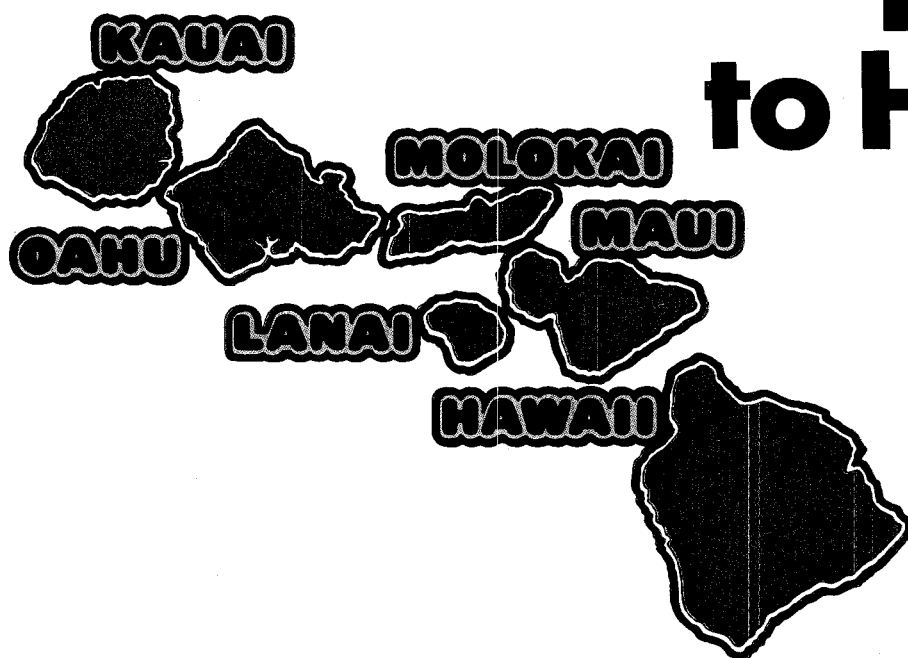
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Eriksson's asked him about Mao. Eriksson was fond of his uncle, Mrs. Eriksson said, but, reluctantly, he answered, "I'm afraid I don't want to talk about her."

When Eriksson's leave was over, he finished out his two-year hitch at Fort Carson, Colorado, where many of the men were either completing their service, like him, or departing for war. Eriksson continued as an M.P., his duties generally less onerous than they had been in Vietnam, and his existence certainly more relaxed, since, as he observed to me, he was waking up every morning not only in his own country but in the presence of the Rockies. Besides, Eriksson said, none of the M.P.s at Fort Carson asked him about Mao—very likely, he assumed, because they didn't connect him with her. He made one particular friend at Fort Carson, a Marine captain who had seen eighteen months of combat in Vietnam and was also about to become a civilian. Perhaps as an earnest of his friendship, Eriksson told the Marine about Mao one afternoon, and the captain was shocked to hear what had happened to her. "His reaction interested me," Eriksson said. "There had been times when I'd thought that if I had been in Vietnam longer than just a month when the incident took place I might have felt differently about it—had the same attitude, that is, as most of the fellows. But here was this Marine, who had put in much more combat service than Meserve or Clark or anyone else I'd met, and he felt exactly as I did about the crime."

Eriksson now fell into one of his silences, and I imagined he was contemplating the mystery of human character. When he spoke, however, it was about his friendship with the Marine. He told me that their bond was religion and that the interest each of them took in it had been heightened by their experiences in the war. No doubt, Eriksson said, the close brushes that he and his friend had been through had something to do with this, but in his own case he had been deeply impressed while he was overseas by what he called an upside-down mentality, which he believed explained the general unconcern there about incidents like the one he had taken part in. He said, "We all figured we might be dead in the next minute, so what difference did it make what we did? But the longer I was over there, the more I became convinced that it was the other way around that counted—that *because* we might not be around much longer, we had to take extra care how we be-

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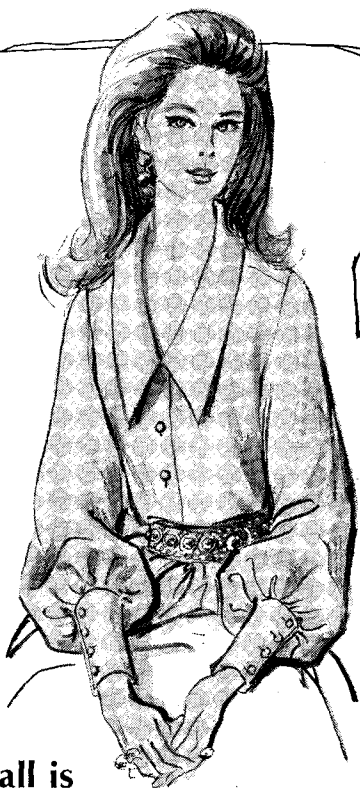
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haved. Anyway, that's what made me believe I was interested in religion. Another man might have called it something else, but the idea was simply that we had to answer for what we did. We had to answer to something, to someone—maybe just to ourselves."

Before Eriksson saw the last of Fort Carson, he again acted as a witness for the government. That occurred in February, 1968, when Manuel was granted a retrial on the ground that although his C.I.D. interrogators had apprised him of various rights he had, among them the right to remain silent and to have a lawyer, the interrogators had neglected to mention that he was entitled to have an "appointed" lawyer, meaning one whose services would be free of charge. In fact, it would have been difficult to find any other kind in Vietnam, since the Army was dispensing such benefits all over the place. And, in practice, neither Manuel nor any of the other defendants (nor Eriksson, for that matter) paid a cent for legal services. However, a board of review in Washington, made up of three senior officers, had noticed the C.I.D.'s oversight, and it had resulted in a second chance for Manuel. ("He got a break. Another board might have found differently," a colonel in the Judge Advocate General's office told me.) As a result, Eriksson left Colorado for Fort Leavenworth, where Manuel, serving his time in the Disciplinary Barracks, was to be retried. Eriksson told me that he felt weary at the mere prospect of reappearing as a witness a year after the Radcliff trials. He felt even wearier on arriving in Kansas, when he learned that there was little point to his presence. Because of the C.I.D.'s slipup, it appeared, practically all the pretrial information obtained by the investigators could be successfully challenged in court by the defense—which meant that Manuel's confession of guilt would be inadmissible as evidence, and without that the government's case was as good as emasculated. Even the prosecutor predicted defeat, Eriksson told me, and during a short break Eriksson heard the judge remark to the court reporter that the trial was a waste of the taxpayers' money. Eriksson himself helped Manuel's case by testifying briefly as a defense witness, corroborating the fact that Manuel had refused to obey Meserve's order to kill Mao. (Eriksson had done the same for Rafe at his trial in Vietnam.) The *pro-forma* proceedings at Leavenworth took two days, at the conclusion of which the jury came



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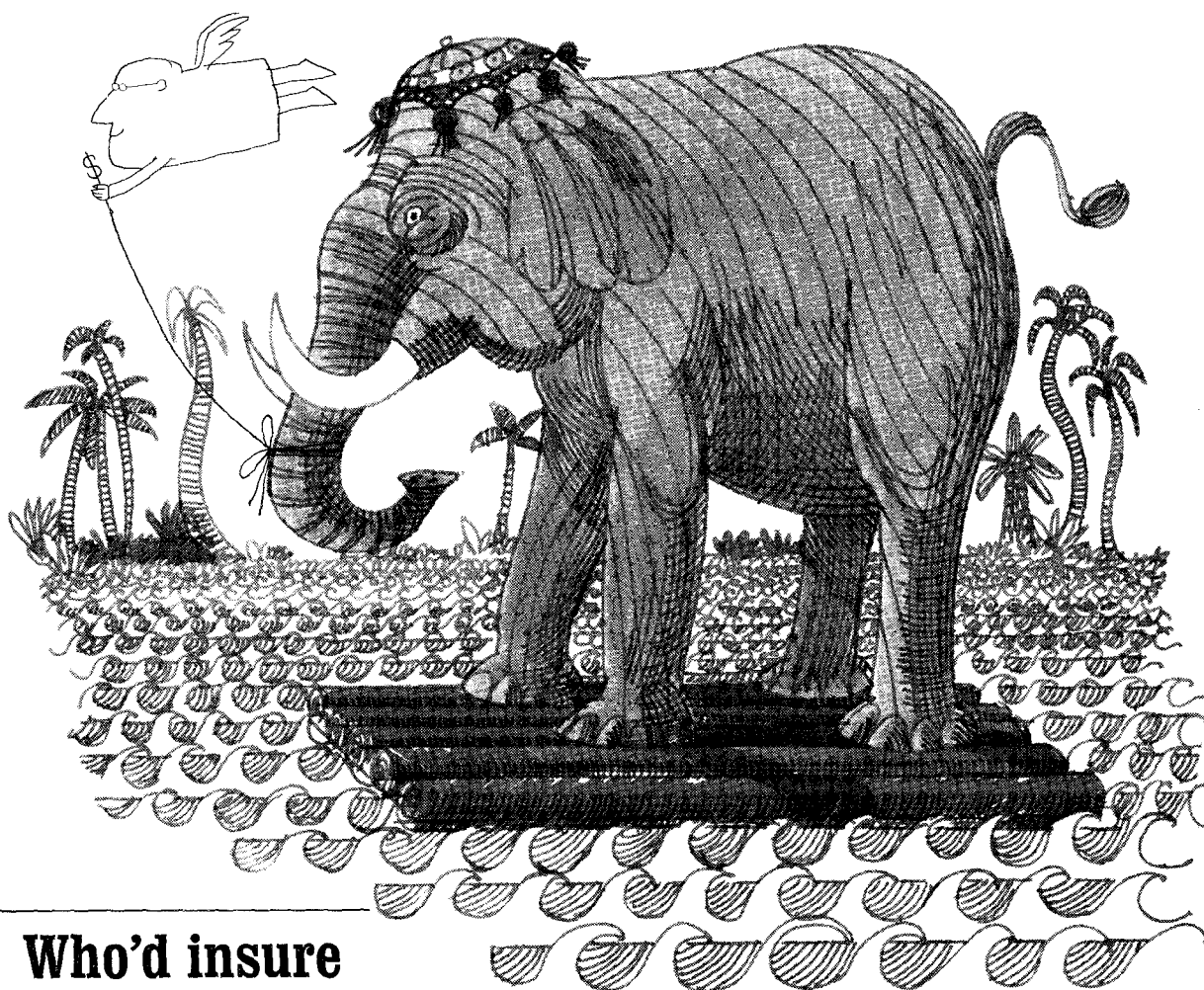
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in with a verdict of acquittal. Grinning, Manuel approached Eriksson, stuck out his hand, and said, "No hard feelings." Before Eriksson could say anything, Manuel turned and left the courtroom, a free man. "I couldn't tell who was supposed to have the hard feelings—Manuel or myself," Eriksson told me. "Flying back to Carson, I thought to myself, So Manuel's out. That leaves three to go."

In April, Eriksson received his honorable discharge from the Army, and in April, too, he heard of further judicial developments. In Vietnam, the jurors' petition urging clemency for Clark had been acted upon, with the result that the G.I.'s life sentence had been commuted to a sentence of twenty years. Now, six months later, Clark's case, forwarded from Vietnam, had been gone over in the United States by a board of review, which had reduced his term to eight years. At about the same time, other boards of review had dealt with Rafe's and Meserve's convictions. Rafe's sentence of eight years had been cut to four, and Meserve's ten years had been trimmed to eight. These varying decisions, it seemed, were attributable to a variety of factors, among them considerations of the defendants' character and background. Thus, it assumed pertinence that Meserve came from an impoverished home and that his father had deserted his mother, and the members of his board of review learned, further, through material furnished them by the commanding general at Fort Leavenworth, that the former sergeant had gone through the ninth grade, had no police record, was a lapsed Roman Catholic, had worked in a cannery in upstate New York, and had saved five thousand dollars while he was in the Army, and that he was confident that "even though war was a brutal business... he could control his aggressions in the future, like a professional prizefighter." In Clark's case, the commanding general, who was responsible for deciding whether the evidence supported Clark's conviction and whether Clark's sentence should be lowered, was informed by a staff lawyer who had interviewed Clark that the soldier in the Disciplinary Barracks was "articulate and above average in intelligence," and that, if given a chance to reënter society, he hoped to earn a college degree in either English or philosophy. It was also noted that, like Meserve, Clark was the product of an impoverished and broken home.

"As if Sven had it so easy!" Mrs. Eriksson said to me when she heard of

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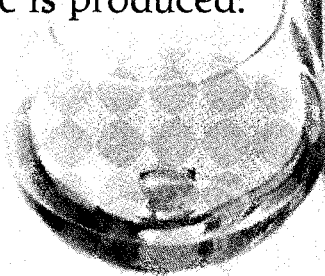
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these findings. "As if his family had any money! He was all of seven when he was driving a tractor on the farm. He was ten when his father suddenly died. Or maybe it's our winters that make Sven so different from those other men—our Januaries, when it's fifty below and the snowdrifts are so high you can't get from the house to the barn without pulling on a rope."

SINCE returning to civilian life, a year and a half ago, Eriksson has been concerned primarily with what his wife calls "sorting things out." Once he had been separated from the service at Fort Carson, he came back to Minneapolis determined to find employment at something other than carpentry. Much as he loved it, he told me, it was what he had been working at before he was drafted, and, as is often true of new war veterans, he felt restless and in need of a change. The idea that came most easily to his mind was to continue in police work, in which he had been engaged since his days at Camp Radcliff, but on applying to the State Highway Patrol for a post as motorcycle cop he discovered that this was impracticable. "My height," Eriksson said. "I was an inch too short." Somewhat gratefully, he went back to his prewar, and well-paid, job of cabinetmaking at the small department store. For a number of months, though, he found it less than exhilarating to pick up where he had left off. Everything around him, he said, impressed him as pointless and arid—his fellow-workers, the monotony of clock punching, and even, at times, his beloved carpentry. His discontent abated when he managed to remind himself of the plan he had made during his leave to reach out beyond his jobs, whatever they might be. Acting on this, he enrolled in a non-credit course at the University of Minnesota designed to teach adults with an inadequate education how to study.

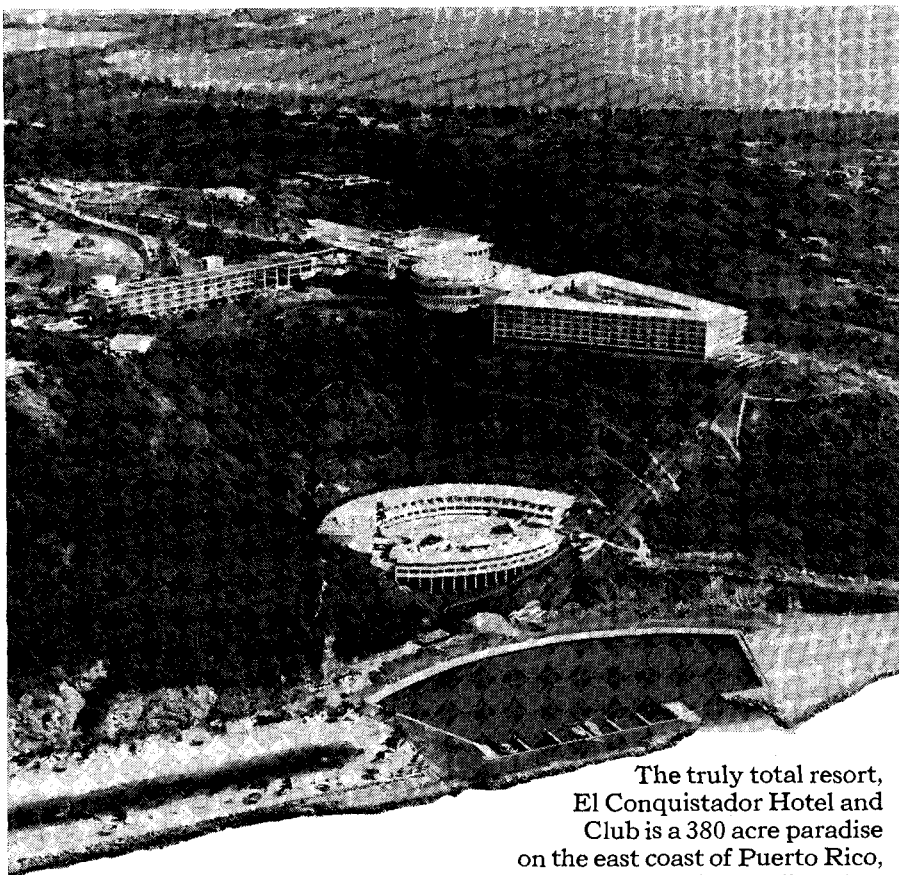
Speaking matter-of-factly, Mrs. Eriksson said, "Out in the boonies, where we come from, you get an A if you don't throw erasers."

His interest in religion still strong, Eriksson took part in church activities, he told me; he had recently supervised a group of high-school-age boys and girls making a two-week retreat on an island in a lake between Minnesota and Canada.

"Sven wasn't raised churchy," Mrs. Eriksson remarked. "His parents stayed home plenty of Sundays."

Eriksson expects that such steps as he has taken will be succeeded in time by

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others, though he has no idea at the moment what these may be. He hopes to open a small carpentry shop of his own in several years, but, ideally, he would like to be a farmer—a career that he doubts he will ever be able to afford. He has yet to come to terms with the incident on Hill 192, Eriksson told me. He still has a tendency to fight off its memory, he said, and he thinks the reason for this is that although the experience he had may have revealed certain strengths in himself, he is far more concerned with the limitations it exposed. The thought of them, he said, makes him feel discouraged at times about his future, which, he pointed out, could be a long one. "I'm still young," he said, and it took me a moment's effort to recall the fact of his youth, and the youth of Meserve and the rest of the patrol. Eriksson was confident, though, he told me, that the older he grew, the more accepting he would be of his memory. "Things will get sorted out," he said.

Rafe's case, I learned, had taken a fresh turn in recent weeks. Last winter, members of the Military Appeals Court—the military's highest appellate body—had decided that the admissions Rafe made in Vietnam were "tainted;" that is, like Manuel, he had made a confession without being fully informed of his rights. The judges had ordered that the incarcerated Rafe be given a new trial, which, like Manuel's, was held at Fort Leavenworth. Eriksson was not called upon to testify this time, and this was a vast relief, he told me, not only because he was eager to get on with his civilian life but because it looked to him as though Rafe's rehearing would be a duplication of Manuel's second trial; that is, with Rafe's "tainted" admissions thrown out, the government's arguments would be undermined and a verdict of acquittal brought in. To Eriksson's surprise, the trial, which occurred in June, 1969, resulted in Rafe's second conviction, an inevitable finding, in view of the fact that Rafe pleaded guilty to the charge of unpremeditated murder. Rafe received a punishment of four years' imprisonment, plus a monthly forfeiture of fifty dollars in pay. It was the same sentence he had been serving, but now, having been transformed into a new verdict, it was subject to another review, the effects of which soon worked to Rafe's advantage, for in August, 1969, the commanding general at Fort Leavenworth shortened his term to twenty-two months. The G.I. already had more prison time than that to his credit, so the force of the gen-



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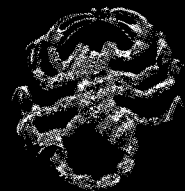
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eral's ruling was to bring about Rafe's immediate release from confinement. He is now on duty as a soldier in the United States while awaiting further word on his case, which since September has been in the hands of a board of review. Inasmuch as the board may only affirm or reduce Rafe's sentence, any changes that it makes will necessarily fall under the heading of good news for him; for example, the board may decide that Rafe served too long a sentence by five or six months, in which event it will be incumbent upon the Army to restore back pay for that period; it is also within the board's power to reverse Rafe's dishonorable discharge.

Eriksson told me he has no qualms about Rafe's being at large, because Rafe's remorse over the criminal episode had been evident to everybody in the Radcliff courtroom. Eriksson conceded, however, that the prospect of Meserve's and Clark's freedom did disturb him. As far as he knew, he said, no legal developments were brewing in their behalf—not that it made much difference, he added, since he had learned just a few weeks earlier that Meserve and Clark stood to be declared eligible for parole before they had served even half their time at Fort Leavenworth. "They may be out in a few months," he said. "It will even be possible for them to join the Army again."

"Sven had to do what he did," Mrs. Eriksson said. "If he'd kept quiet, he would have been impossible to live with."

Regardless of when Meserve and Clark get out, Eriksson thinks, the atmosphere of civilian life may exert a moderating influence on their outlook. He has no idea to what extent that may operate, however; nor is he prepared, he said, to bank on anything so abstract. "Kirsten and I have talked about the day of their release," he told me, "and our realistic hope is that Meserve and Clark have been able to see for themselves what they've done."

"What else can we hope?" Mrs. Eriksson asked. "We would be fools to think those men couldn't do again what they did before."

He would never cease to condemn the members of the patrol personally for their crime, Eriksson said, but that didn't mean they were beyond pity. Other soldiers, he said, might just as easily have betrayed the weakness that the four men had betrayed on Hill 192, but it had fallen to Meserve and Clark and Rafe and Manuel in particular

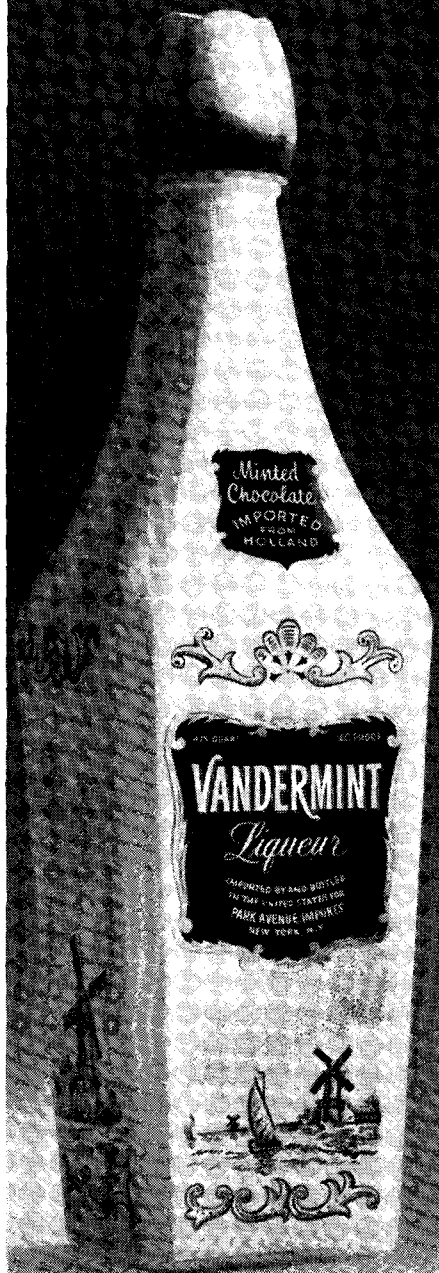
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to act as they had. Speaking evenly, Eriksson said, "They were among the ones—among the few—who did what everyone around them wanted to do." Nor was he himself free of blame, he went on, without pausing—once again referring to the limitations within himself that he had glimpsed in Asia. He had yet to exonerate himself from the self-imposed charge of having failed to save Mao's life. He had no idea how long this feeling would continue, but for the present, he knew, he lived with the charge daily, often wondering how Mao might have fared in a time of peace. Six months ago, he said, he had taken a Minneapolis bus home from work and, being very tired, had dozed off. When he opened his eyes, a new passenger was sitting directly opposite him—a young Oriental woman. Still in the process of waking, and not yet thinking clearly, he said, he had transformed her into a peasant woman on her way to do a day's farming, such as he had seen many times in Vietnam; he had envisioned the passenger in a broad, peaked straw hat and black pajamas, carrying the traditional stick across her shoulders, with baskets at either end for holding crops. "Those baskets could get awfully heavy," Eriksson recalled. "Sometimes I didn't see what kept the stick from snapping. They were hard workers, those Vietnamese women, picking little bananas, shinnying up palm trees for coconuts. But on the bus the peasant woman across from me was going to work in paddy fields that were near Mao's hamlet, from which it was a nice walk downhill to a stream that flooded the rice fields. That's where the woman was going in the early morning, but it was peacetime and it wasn't necessary either for her or for the peasant women she was with to smell the bodies that were always rotting for miles around, no one knew where, when I was in the Central Highlands. The only thing these women had to do on their way to the stream was breathe pure mountain air."

—DANIEL LANG

Mrs. Red-Legged Grasshopper lays her white eggs neatly in the ground. Each one that hatches looks like a small, comic strip copy of Mamma. He has a chunky, full-sized head, a short stubby body, and over-sized pair of red jumping legs, but no wings. This little insect nymph will molt four times, each time getting bigger. After the fifth molt he will come forth as a grownup cricket with full-sized wings.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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ENTER THE CO-AUTHOR

THE last of the trio of plays that the American Conservatory Theatre of San Francisco has chosen to put on display at the ANTA Theatre is Chekhov's "Three Sisters." Having disliked the way William Ball hoked up Albee's "Tiny Alice," and having disliked still more Gower Champion's Lizzie Borden-like assault upon Feydeau's "A Flea in Her Ear," I have to report that Mr. Ball's direction of the Chekhov amounts to the gravest offense of all. The ACT production of "Three Sisters" is a scandal on several counts, but one may as well begin with the text, which does the least excusable injustice to the author. It has been so shockingly tampered with that I cannot help wondering who on earth Mr. Ball thinks he is, to commit these wanton impertinences upon the great dead. If it has proved insufficiently satisfying to him to direct the handiwork of a Chekhov, surely it is not wise to seek consolation in the role of co-author? The ghost of Chekhov may be amused by the preposterousness of a "Three Sisters" that deserves to be billed as "amended, distended, and disimproved by William Ball," but I am not a ghost and I am not amused.

In the theatre program, no mention is made of a translator, but the version being acted is said to be based on one written by Stark Young. Having no Russian myself, I have looked over half a dozen standard translations of the play, and I think I have a pretty clear notion of the degree to which, in the present production, Chekhov has been coarsened, knocked about, and even, on occasion, turned into a writer of dreary gags. This isn't a matter of the perennial debate between a more or less literal translation and a free, colloquial one; it is a matter of intentional violations that are all the more grotesque for being unintentionally ill-executed. For example, Chekhov has Baron Tusenbach describe Colonel Vershinin, before his arrival, as a man who constantly refers to the fact that he has a wife, two daughters, and a mother-in-law. Vershinin enters,

quietly gives his last name, and says how happy he is to be in the Prozorovs' house again; it is only later that he makes the waited-for reference to his family. But in Chekhov-rewritten-by-Ball, Vershinin enters, noisily clicks his boot heels together, barks his full name and rank, and then instantly blurts out that he has a wife, two daughters, and a mother-in-law. Moreover, he makes the statement again and again, compulsively, and at one point prevents himself from making it only by dint of wildly clapping his hand over his mouth. Witty? No, and not Chekhov. A fire breaks out in the town, and an old man mentions that in 1812 Moscow had also burned, to the surprise of the French—thus far Chekhov. In the Ball version, the old man adds that Napoleon had been unable to speak for four days, and I am sorry to say that on opening night this pitiful snapper drew a couple of laughs from the audience. When Tusenbach and Vershinin exchange ideas about what life promises to be like after they are dead, Mr. Ball does not hesitate to insert a reference to people flying to the moon from Moscow. Once one starts tinkering with a

text, there is, after all, no reason one should ever stop, especially if the tinkering leads to scenes that, though not in the original, are what the author would surely have thought of if only he had been bright enough. In the original, the fire being over, Tusenbach says a cheerful goodbye to his adored Irina,

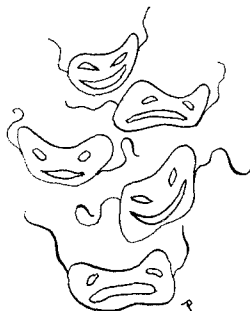
taking care not to utter the word "love." A few moments later, Kulygin tells his wife he loves her, and she replies irritably, "*Amo, amas, amat; amamus, amatis, amanti.*" Clumsy Chekhov! Mr. Ball thinks he knows how to manage these things better: he has Tusenbach fumbling at Irina and babbling of love on one side of the stage while Kulygin fumbles at his wife and babbles of love on the other.

In the light of the grossly mutilated text, it is hard to pass a sound judgment on the actors; I found them disappointing as a company. Most of the women speak with flat, middle-class

American accents and pronounce Moscow "Mos-coe," while the male actors pronounce it "Mos-cow." Paul Shenar is affecting as Tusenbach, in spite of a stage-German accent entirely inappropriate to him. (Chekhov has Tusenbach say that he doesn't know a word of German; Mr. Ball has him spouting German at a moment of crisis. The Strangelove syndrome.) The sets were designed by Paul Staheli, and the costumes by Ann Roth. Why, in the last scene, Mr. Staheli caused the Prozorov garden to consist mostly of hanging ropes I don't know; I stared at them sullenly, without surprise, and if they were trying to tell me something, I didn't hear it.

HAVING been a bearer of evil tidings so often this fall, I am especially glad to be able to praise Arthur Kopit's rousing "Indians," at the Brooks Atkinson. It is a play as simple as its title, and what it may be found on close examination to lack in content it makes up for in the bravado of its gaudy, noisy Wild West Show form. The message back of Mr. Kopit's pistol shots and galloping toy horses can be summed up in a single sentence: From the moment of his arrival on this continent the white man has stolen from the Indian everything that is of value to him (the land itself being almost the least of his losses), up to and finally including his life; the white man's crimes are continuing today, not merely out West but in every state—Pennsylvania, New York—where some remnant of an Indian nation has managed to survive; and we whites are all so many unmarked, conscienceless Cains, befriending the Indian for profit and content to assume that he is well employed in stitching beaded moccasins and selling colored postcards of sunsets on the reservation.

Now, the energy to utter such a grand and indiscriminating *j'accuse* springs from an indignation that it is often hard to discover a suitable dramatic container for—a container strong enough to keep indignation from spilling over into blather. Mr. Kopit has cleverly contrived to have his message carried by no less a person than that superlatively synthetic nineteenth-century hero Buffalo Bill. All evening long, we are simultaneously in and out of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, in and out of what was true about him and what was false, in and out of time present and time past. Mr. Kopit is an evangelist preaching hellfire in raucous parables; he joyously thumbs his nose at niceties of historic fact and



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at our conventional expectations in regard to plot and characters. The impassioned, pell-mell, and totally unreflecting journey he hurls us on is reminiscent of a similar journey in "The Great White Hope," and it is unlikely to be a coincidence that both of these extravaganzas should have had their first showings at the Arena Stage, in Washington, D.C.

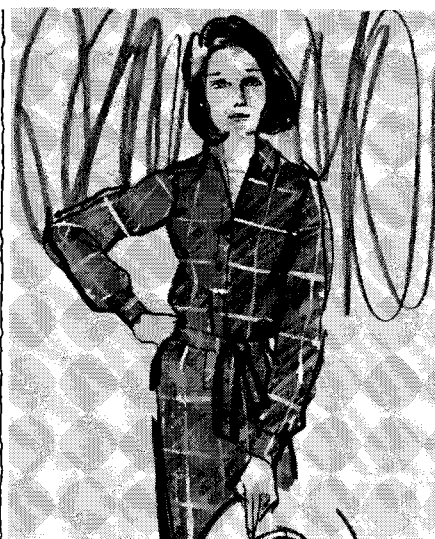
"Indians" has a very large cast, dominated by Stacy Keach as Buffalo Bill. It is a long and pleasing part, and Mr. Keach has a fine time roaring and romping about in it, preparing the way for an extraordinarily gentle and touching few minutes at the very end, as a silly, maundering, vicious old man. The ingenious setting is by Oliver Smith, the costumes are by Marjorie Slaiman, and the lighting is by Thomas Skelton. The director is Gene Frankel, and the choreographer is Julie Arenal.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Boys from County Mayo

THE best news about Thomas Murphy's "A Whistle in the Dark," at the Mercury, is that, with all its faults, it is a play that can be acted, and that the cast, under the direction of Arvin Brown, of the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, takes full advantage of it; most of the actors, in fact, are Long Wharf alumni. "A Whistle in the Dark" is about a tyrannical, drunken lout of an Irish father and the five sons he has ruined, turning four of them into irresponsible brawlers, like himself, and the fifth and oldest, Michael, into a guilt-ridden, panicky sidestepper, like himself. The setting is a house in Coventry, where Michael, a middle-aged man trying for peace and respectability, lives with his young English wife, and also with three of his brawling, bruising brothers, who never stop abusing him or the girl. At the opening, they are preparing to meet the father and the youngest of the boys, who are coming from Ireland in order to join them in a family fight with another local clan. The preparations for the fight and its results are what move the plot, but the ties that hold the play together are domestic ties—fraternal or filial envy and resentment and hatred and pride, plus a loyalty that seems to bypass affection. The special tangle of feelings that forms a barrier between Irish fathers and sons is a familiar literary subject by now, but the author (with the aid of Mr. Brown & Co.) manages to endow his characters with quite a lot



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of new life. Mr. Murphy's strength as a dramatist lies in his people and their scenes with one another, but he has a deplorable weakness for set pieces and routines, serious or comic, which make the play unnecessarily lumpy. Songs are sung, and a poem is read aloud, and the plot of a Hopalong Cassidy film is synopsisized—all this being designed for laughs, and receiving them, but at a price. "Get it off your chest," says one brother to another in Act III, and my heart sank in mine at the thought of the monologue that lay in wait.

As I said, the actors do well. The brothers are played by Charles Cioffi, as the most corrupt and menacing of them; Michael McGuire, as poor, beset Michael; Tom Atkins, as the young greenhorn; and Anthony Palmer and Don Plumley, as the two other hooligans. (Mr. Plumley and Mr. Atkins are especially good.) The character of the sneaky, treacherous father is almost gutted by the author's scorn for him, but Stephen Elliott, as if unaware of that, is chipper as can be. Dermot McNamara is amusing as a gadfly sidekick—an O'Casey standby once removed.

THE events of "A Whistle in the Dark" are depressing, but they are not nearly as depressing as the whole concept of "Calling In Crazy," at the Fortune, which does a little, but not much, to redeem its awful title. That little comes at the beginning, in a refreshing, impudent prologue set on a crowded bus. Boy straphanger meets girl straphanger, recognizes her as a colleague at the office, immediately starts to undress her, and then takes her home. After that, everything falls into chaos, in which Rick Lenz and Jill Clayburgh, as the hapless couple, keep breaking themselves up over their own didoes. If they had done less laughing, the audience might have done more. Miss Clayburgh and Mr. Lenz are an appealing pair, though, who might do better under more disciplined circumstances. That title is meant to be taken literally, by the way; the boy and girl keep calling in to the office to report symptoms of certifiable lunacy as an excuse for their absenteeism. Henry Bloomstein, whose first effort this is, describes it as an "optimistic comedy," which it is not. It is not a comedy at all, or even a play. What it is is "material"—the kind of night-club or television material that is written for a comic by one of his hired jokesters. Nevertheless, I am optimistic about Mr. Bloomstein—he did write that prologue.

—EDITH OLIVER

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FOOTBALL

Downfall



THE entire ecology of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is out of sorts. Frank Champi, Harvard's leading quarterback, resigned from office after Boston University had com-

pletely overrun him week before last, and four important Harvard linemen have now had to be withdrawn for repairs; the coaching staff of Holy Cross came down with hepatitis, and the football squad loyally followed suit almost to a man. Then, last Saturday, Boston University, unbeaten this fall, dropped its match with a large but not well regarded University of Massachusetts team, 14-9; the Patriots, who represent (if that is the word) Boston in professional matters, lost another match, this time to the Buffalo Bills, who, required to operate without the famous O. J. Simpson, who has been having dizzy spells, beat them, 23-16; Middlesex, coached by Vic Gatto, who for the past three years had been the particular pet of the Harvard varsity, lost its big game with Groton, 36-0; and an impolite word appeared in the *Atlantic*. It was a bad day at Plymouth Rock, all right. At Holy Cross, as at so many other institutions, especially the ones that deal heavily in athletic scholarships, football pays the way for itself and for all the lesser sports—tennis, wrestling, Monopoly. There will be no more Holy Cross football this year, and perhaps none ever again. Harvard, let it be said, bounced back from its poor afternoon against Boston University, and last Saturday—after its band, working out of a formation that spelled "Oct. 15" (the biggest hand of the afternoon), had done its stint—the field, and Columbia, were taken over by a standard Yovicsin-coached Harvard team (hardly perfect on the forward pass but absolutely great on the warping and woofing of the ball as it shuttles around the back-field before starting on its rapid down-field journey). Four quarterbacks filled in, and well, for the missing Champi, and the linemen who filled in for the four missing ones could hardly be distinguished from the originals. The net result—Harvard 51, Columbia 0—points up, as if pointing up were needed, the terrible imbalance of trade

in the Ivy League. After Brown, Columbia's principal runner, was damaged, his team, lacking any running game at all, fell back entirely on the pass—and fell back indeed, for Columbia's thrown ball was as partial to foe as it was to friend. Harvard's neat little core of running backs—the old-timers Ballantyne, Hornblower, and Crim—has, on the other hand, now been augmented by some highly likely sophomores.

Columbia's situation in the Ivy League—no wins, and 108 points run up against it this fall—parallels the position of Army (Notre Dame 45, Army 0 last Saturday) and Navy (Pittsburgh 46, Navy 19 the same afternoon) in the Outer World. Army, outweighed twenty to twenty-five pounds a man in the line, got two first downs in the first half against Notre Dame's eighteen. Running off only sixty-two plays the whole afternoon (and ten of those had to be punts), Army gathered in a mild hundred and sixty yards; Notre Dame's first-stringers, who worked intact for just the first half of the match, gathered in three hundred and fifty.... Lehigh 17, Rutgers 7? What, what, what? A refugee from this downfall suggests that from now on everyone copy Lehigh's defense against Policastro's throwing. Dartmouth 41, Pennsylvania 0? Lehigh's defense against Policastro should have been employed against Dartmouth's Koenig and Chasey. Yale 27, Brown 13? Well, you just can't beat coach Carmen Cozza's skill at making duck soup out of last year's leftovers. Princeton 24, Cornell 17? You can lead good football players to far above Cayuga's waters but you can't make enough of them jell.

—J. W. L.

Bride-to-be Miss Ronnie Sue Penner, now Mrs. whats-her-face (take this story to Morris and tell him I want him to contact the Morton Penners and write a complete social coverage of this wedding as we carried nothing of it. This couple has already married at, (THE "at" on the above line is for abner tritt not the preposition of the proposition. over and out!!!!

—New Orleans Jewish Civic Press.

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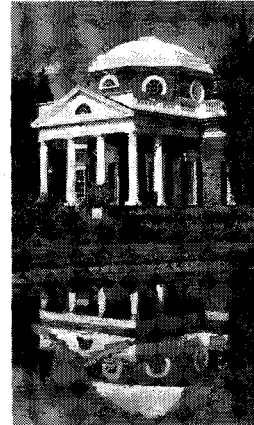
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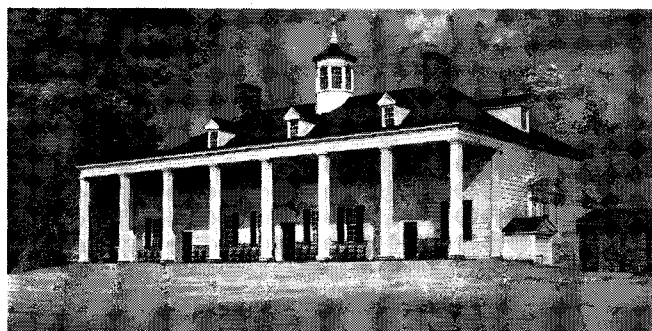
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Answer: 1-F, 2-D, 3-C, 4-A, 5-E, 6-B. Photographs by A. Aubrey Bodine, from his book, "The Face of Virginia".

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



an assortment of these, you may make that basic dress you spent so much money on subject to any number of changes, if that is as far as your ambition goes, but the possibilities of switching the separates around are really limitless.

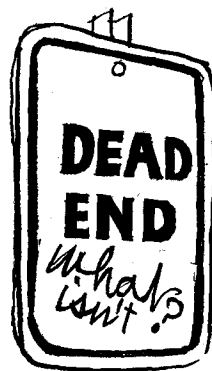
This is hardly news anymore; what is new is the fact that women are now to have, along with their hard-won individuality, a fundamentally Long, Lean Look, and I feel that I should remark that Length and Leanness can often lead to being Limp and Lorn. One outstanding method by which this change, welcome or not, is to be accomplished is the application of superlong scarves or stoles. The new scarves, some of them nine feet long (more Isadora Duncan than ascots, these), can be menaces, for they are dangles, too—trailing below all but the full-length hemlines, and ready to throttle you if you step on them during your descent from a cab. Even if they are not menaces, they can make you look like a scatterdemon unless, as I have hinted before now, you learn from a Frenchwoman how to drape and tie them. (Mr. John may, though, have solved this problem with his Lasso knot, through which the ends of his beautiful scarves around your beautiful neck are pulled to float becomingly, one in front and one in back.) Many of the new long skirts are nearly floor-length, but our designers are evasive about settling on one length or another. Currently, every customer has a choice of mini, knee-length, midi, maxi, and lengths in between, all of which are offered by our ranking designers. Myself, I like midi for many tall women—how many such wearers of the minis have ever looked at the backs of their knees in a rear-

view mirror? And how much shorter can they get? The midi, particularly if it is cut circular, can swirl to put the knees on a now-you-see-them-now-you-don't basis, and that can make you More Provocative. To this end, Vincent-Harmik has turned out a handsome skirt that is all wide gores composed entirely of feather pads, some of the pads in neutral colors and some in brilliant reds, yellows, and such. The result is as fascinating as Saint-Laurent's recent patchwork fantasies along the same lines. One more note: Adolfo and Mr. John have for some time been doing, to order, excellent coachmen's coats in ankle or floor length, and the big shops have nervously followed suit this season, but one must handle the bulk with care in the process of getting in and out of cars, and one must remember that on rainy days our taxi-drivers don't mind how they splash the pedestrians; such coats might live most of the time at the cleaner's, unless the wearer wants to look like a new Retreat from Moscow. These hazards do not bother our citizenry, though, particularly the young members, and the gingerly buyers for the stores are wishing they had plunged on these coats; there aren't enough to meet the requests.

UP top, everyone rather agrees, the mood is for the snug-fitting bathing-cap or helmet kind of hat, allowing almost no hair to show, thus making

for a small, neat head. If those elaborate hairdos are essential to your well-being at night, all right, but you will have to get yourself hairpieces, because the daytime hair must now, the dictators of such things inform me, be straight, and permitted to dangle, or else pulled up into a minute chignon near the crown. The Big Tease (i.e., that bouffant, taffy-pull way of doing the hair) is just about out. Mr. John has always been Mr. Wonderful with his examples of the head-hugging caps or turbans, and he still is. And Bergdorf has done a luxurious baby bonnet of black Russian broadtail, gathered deep on the nape and releasing there a ruffle half a foot long to descend farther. (If you're being proletarian at the moment, you can have this in jersey or some other practical fabric, too.) On a larger scale are the medium-brimmed fedoras around town, curled up at one side or at both sides, and many of them worn by both sexes, as in Texas. This is just one more instance of the dress-alike habits of boys and girls (bluejeans and wild shirts in their informal moments, and are there any other moments anymore?). Suitable even on the dance floor, sometimes, in a few of the discothèques that still survive. Vincent-Harmik does custom fedoras in its salon at 14 East 52nd Street, and De Noyer, a haberdasher, at 219 East 60th Street, has the same V.-H. things, ready-to-wear, that *les girls* are buying. Some

are of beige felt, their crowns sharply creased front to back, the brims rolling up on both sides; others, entitled Chicago, are of white felt with a black band, and are rolled up on just one side. Not all the new hats are small; there are real big babies, such as Garbo slouch hats with deeply wavy brims, and fur jobs, for anyone in great need of a status symbol. Bergdorf has plenty of sables, including a dome number and a colossal toque, the largest I have ever seen, with sable tails spurting from the back—twelve of them. Which proves that tails are again in full favor. Further proof is offered by the swoosh of tails emanating from the rear flight deck of Emme's golden-sable beret—a neat change from the



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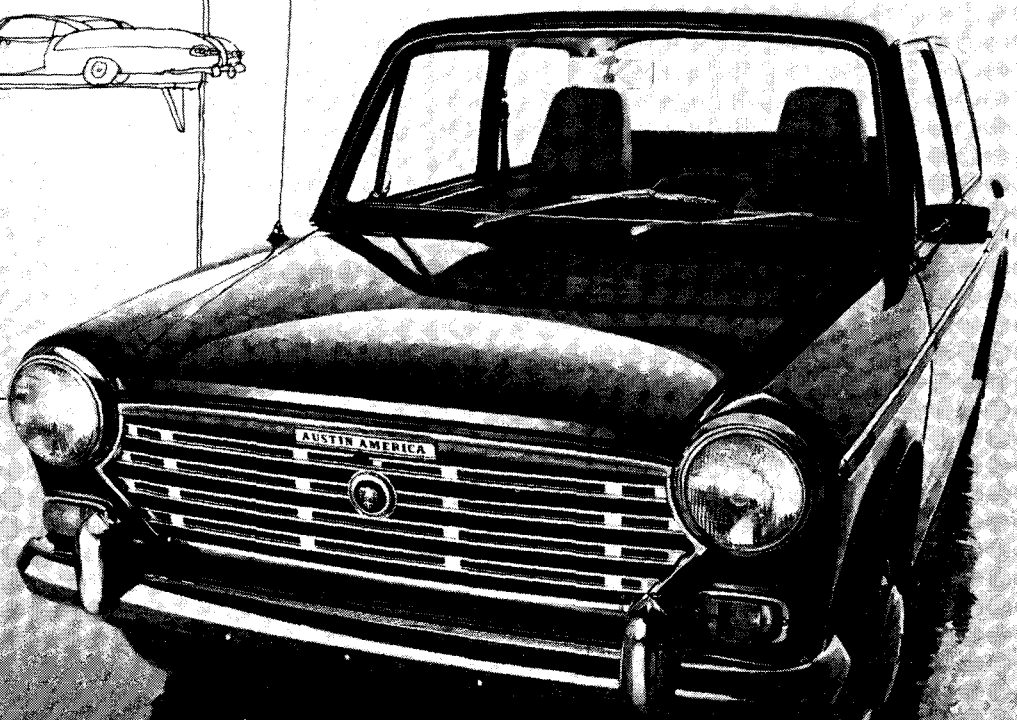
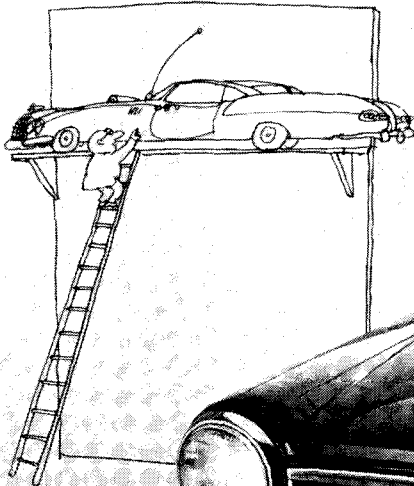
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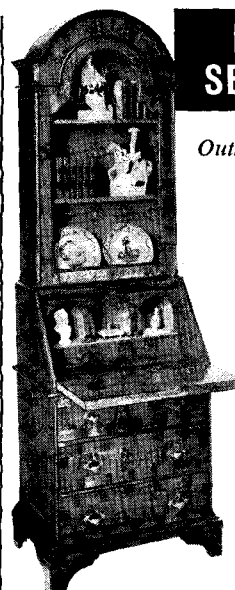
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perpetual button. The Absolute End of this tale of tails occurs at Vincent-Harmik—sixty sable ends affixed to a triangular kerchief that goes over the head, flops around the eyes, and turns you into a madcap witch doctor.

TIME was when milliners were just milliners, but some of the custom ones I have been talking about, and a couple of others, have been branching forth of late years into corollary industry—not merely scarves and handbags and like that but the complete makings of costumes. Vincent-Harmik, to begin with it, is using Indian watersnake skin, unbelievably lightweight and tough, for all sorts of skirt-and-jacket combinations as well as for deep helmets with a buckled strap that can be fastened under the chin or snapped across the nape. Several of these *numéros* are composed of inch-wide interlaced strips in a variety of colors (beige, dark green, and soft red, say), but I prefer the natural taupe-to-white shadings, which appear on a fitted, hip-length, collarless jacket and a gored skirt, of whatever length you like. (Bonwit Teller has a lot of the V.-H. ready-to-wear watersnake things in stock.) The watersnake is also used for lacquered-looking evening separates, the tops all wide horizontal gold and black bands, the skirts all black; with them go gold skullcaps that have a slight coolie peak. The floppy Jackie Coogan newsboy cap with a slanting visor is enjoying another revival, in beige or black Persian this time; one other headpiece of male derivation, perhaps too much for even our most dashing young leaders of today, is a brimmed Cavalier deal of black velours—the real thing, with a pair of ostrich plumes across the front and curling down the side back. The boys-and-girls-together group should admire the Vincent-Harmik twosome of Spanish lamb, sort of like a sheepdog—a shaggy, collarless, hip-length (and hip, too) jacket and a huge Cossack hat. Much more grandiose is the neck belt (speaking of being hip) of Somali leopard with a big, tailored gold buckle. It goes around the waist just as well as it goes around the neck.

Emme has moved to 16 East 53rd Street, and has moved a new designer, Don Kline, into the premises along with herself. Together, they have managed a real wow of a raw material—suede and ribbed knit dyed to match in what is either pale celery or cloudy absinthe. Accessories in this essentially neutral hue look just great over simple dresses of an olive wool with a low-



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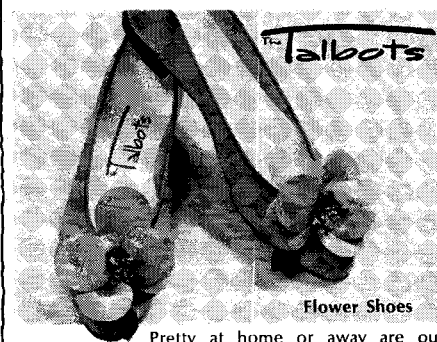
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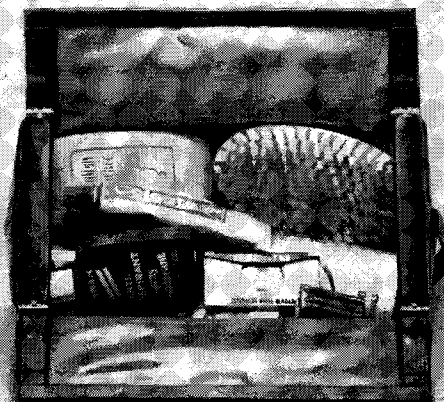
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hanging swagged chain belt. The suède is also used for deep caps whose rolled-backed brims or down-slanting visors are of the knit, and Jackie Coogan comes on again in a tousled cap of the knit with a visor of the suède. (Might as well get in the news that Emme still does make hats.) Dresses of the knit wear sandwich-board tunics of the suède; long-sleeved sweaters of the knit that have outsize turtlenecks are *au pair* with suède skirts and with suède vests so long that only six inches of the skirts show below. Wool challis in Emme's own Paisley pattern (brilliant red, green, and yellow) produces interminable oblong scarves with fringed ostrich ends, and there are hats to match. (These outfits are at Bonwit's, too.) Emme has also arranged for a cloak-and-dagger after-dark entrance with a floor-length swirling cape of cranberry vinyl that has a ciré look; an enormous rippling hat of the same fabric is the perfect *femme-fatale* addition. But, whatever her preoccupation with new materials, Emme does not overlook fur. Such as Kohinoor mink (oyster white with black tips) for a fedora and a narrow matching scarf, or ranch mink in a triumphant tall halo with a nine-foot skinny scarf that ends in fur tails.

Mr. John is today a great deal more than just a Mad Hatter, doing beautiful things with French ribbon (notably white taffeta with a fine black vertical stripe, combined with ribbon of royal-purple grosgrain) in the way of easy-going dresses accompanied by a sash belt that can double as a scarf. He does tunic overblouses and turbans of the same goods, and he has velvet pants to accompany them. For suits and for coats, he favors a collar that is narrow as it departs from the V neck in front and goes up and back before it flares widely, Edwardian style; a narrow scarf of whatever the fabric is or a scarf of the French ribbon is often offhandedly knotted beneath the collar. Fantasy has its place, as always, with Mr. John, especially among some magnificent belts studded with stones or medallions or whatnot, sometimes mounted on metallic lace, for goodness' sake. And there is a shoulder cape that is merely a big circle of royal-purple wool jersey, doubled over and fringed all the way around. Yes, hats. Over-size Cavalier fedoras, perhaps of soleil, are curled up here and there, and so relaxed that they look as if you had sat on them. Mr. John's head-huggers are just as famous; he was making them long before anyone else "discovered" the idea. Witness a deep,



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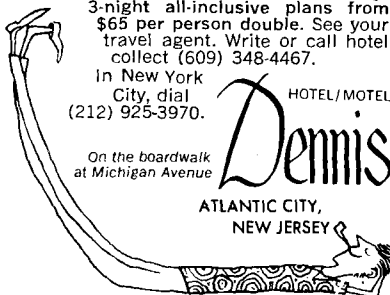
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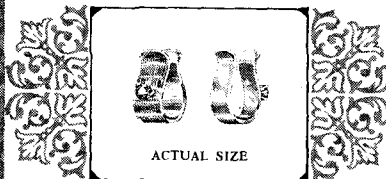
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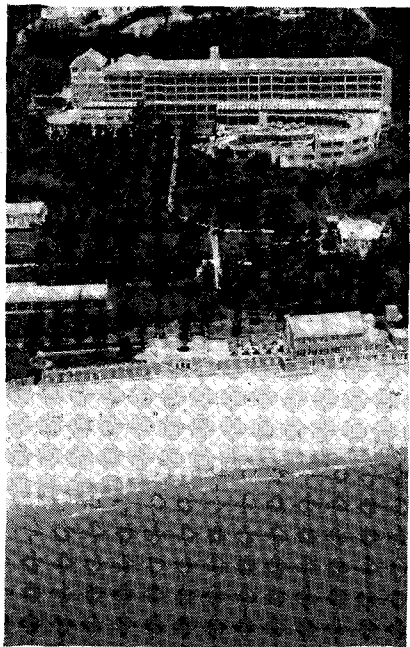
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draped cap of royal-purple jersey with a matching flat Kiss-Me bow (Mr. John's nomenclature) behind one ear as the sole ornament, and another cap with a scarf that can be draped over the cap or (there's a hole somewhere) dropped over the head to serve as a gilet. And something like genius is rampant in an assortment of oversize berets of handknit that can be partners with crew-neck sweaters.

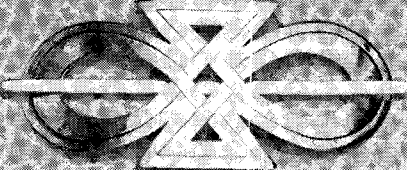
Adolfo, who is custom by appointment at 22 East 56th Street and ready-to-wear at Saks Fifth Avenue, was an important boutiquier when other custom milliners ventured no farther hors d'œuvre than an occasional scarf or handbag. For those intimate dinners At Home (yours or someone else's), his new brain wave is a vast floor-length gathered skirt with geometric patchwork appliques (felt on calico, velvet on silk, and such). The entourage involves a blouse of a ribbed white silk-and-wool blend, with a long flounce below each wrist-length sleeve, and a laced velvet Elizabethan-peasant bodice. It's up to you whether you can derive any benefit from what Adolfo does with fringe, dangling it from jewelled boleros down to the hips or even the floor—these to be worn over jersey jump suits or hip trousers. As for the scarf-and-hat trick, Adolfo is having a ball with angora jersey that bears odd multicolored geometric felt appliques. One result: a tiny-brimmed deep cloche, turned up at one side, with a six-foot matching scarf that is eighteen inches wide. Another combination, this of jersey challis in a terribly bland Argyle plaid, is a deep, draped cap-turban on a wide headband, plus a scarf that is plaid on one side and a solid-color silk on the other. Adolfo has long been known for his planters' hats and sailors, and this year he is adding what he calls Golfers—a wide brim dipped in front, and a squared-off crown, sort of like a pork pie. There are little air vents near the top, which is O.K. for realism, but I know no golfers who wear a pheasant feather shooting back from one side of their hats. In public, anyway. Adolfo's Snappers, also sportively brimmed, are of felt and have a sharp dip at the center front. For evening, he does piratical deep, draped bandanna things whose ends dangle below one ear—of black satin with a rhinestone ornament on the knot, *par exemple*. Furs as well, outstandingly employed in a deep cloche of gray Persian with a facing of gray mink and a narrow scarf (Persian, too, with mink tails) for wrapping around the neck. Patchwork de-



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signs show up in a cloche mingling four shades of mink so worked that they look like a heavy tweed. And glorious is the fluffiness of his silver-fox boa that, even after it has been looped over, goes below the knees on both sides. A two-skin beret, sixteen inches across, is added to enhance the wearer's already sumptuous presence.

Bergdorf admires custom hats that are cowboy. The one I liked best, with a mildly conical crown and a tilt up one side, would be better in felt than in the stitched satin it actually is, but then I suppose there are women who would think stitched satin is just right for a rodeo. The most noticeable big-brimmed hat here really *is* of felt—black felt—turned up flat on the left side and then going into a downward ripple. Furs again, real as well as assembly-line, such as hats of a fuzzy, furry felt called mousse, one of them a cap spotted like leopard, the visor sawed off sharply at each side, and another, in dark brown, that is kind of tiara. But you *can* have Russian sable, if you say so. Utterly feminine, though, are the Bergdorf scarves that are shaped, rather triangularly, to go over the head, and done in any fabric you can name. And both for members of the wedding party and for women who will not go to church without something on their heads, there are completely winning swirls of malines, shaped like Danish pastry, that go flat across the back of the pate and arch in a layer or two over the front of the hairdo, the forehead, and the eyes.

Now all you need to be Something Special in appearance is a lot of taste and ingenuity—and wouldn't it be a good idea to make them, plus a sense of Adventure, part of the standard curriculum?

—Lois LONG

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Feat of Clay

THERE is an exhibit of early American pottery at the IBM Gallery, 16 East 57th Street, that everyone who has an interest in pottery ought to make an effort to see before it closes, on October 25th. The ninety-seven objects on display, all of red earthenware, belong to Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon, who acquired them over a period of more than two decades and have never before shown their collection. When I visited the exhibition, I noticed a bearded man standing in front of one of the cases, rapturously gazing at a yellow plate with a flower design, and he turned out to be John Gordon himself, who had come to see



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how his pottery, which he keeps lying around the house, looked in exhibition cases. He thought it looked a lot better. "I always knew this stuff was great, but now I can see that it is. It's been washed. The lighting is good. It's arranged just the way I would have done it," he said. The exhibit was designed by Paul Rand, who hung long, narrow horizontal cases at eye level along the stark black and white walls of the gallery, and arranged the pieces in a really beautiful way. Mr. Gordon pointed out a particularly felicitous arrangement of bowls and plates and pitchers, and exclaimed, "How simple and wonderful and varied the shapes are! What warmth and variety in the glazes! I almost get sick thinking of the pieces I've sold." Mr. Gordon is in the disconcerting position of being a collector and a historian of American folk art who turned antique dealer a few years ago (he has a shop at 313 West 57th Street), and he has yet to resolve the conflict between his passion for folk art and his fitful interest in making money.

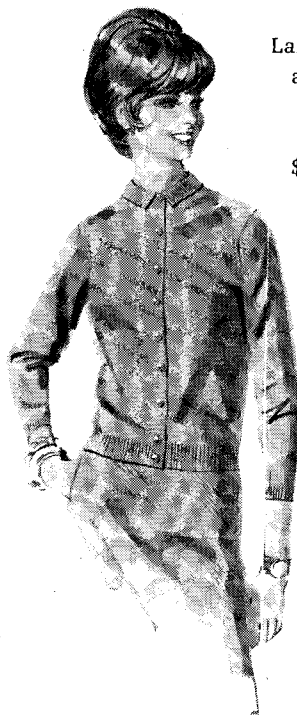
The pottery, sometimes called redware, is made of native brick clay, and it was the only kind of pottery produced in America until around 1725, when stoneware began to supplant it, because of stoneware's greater strength and the fact that it didn't require a lead glaze. The lead glaze used to seal the porous redware could poison the potter if he got it on his skin, and poison a family if acid food was kept in a glazed pot too long. Though little of the redware made by the Colonists was decorated, most of the things in the Gordon collection are in some way embellished, usually either with slip decoration or with sgraffito. Slip is white clay diluted with water to the consistency of cream and sometimes tinted with color; the Colonial potters dribbled designs from small pitchers called slip cups onto the shaped clay after it had hardened but while it was still damp. Sgraffito pieces are covered with slip, and, before firing, designs are scratched through it to reveal the red clay beneath. This technique isn't easy. It requires a steady hand and courage, for once a scratch is made it's there for good.

One of the most remarkable pieces in the exhibit is a sgraffito plate made in 1823 by a Pennsylvania potter named John Monday. It depicts a green plant with two blossoms on a yellow background, drawn with a fast, free, almost sketchy line, and colored with a pale-green glaze that is like a watercolor wash. The lovely airiness of

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the piece puts one in mind of Dufy watercolors. Next to it, in contrast, hangs a brick-red plate made in 1810 by David Spinner, also of Pennsylvania, on which pale-yellow slip has been applied in a rich marbled pattern, with accents here and there of deep-green glaze. There is a kind of Oriental opulence here—fabriclike, wonderful. Another Pennsylvania plate, a rather small one, dated 1820 and attributed to a potter named Bixler, is decorated with a dark-green flower that is placed, very effectively, off center. The flower is as blunt and simple as a child's drawing, though it is obvious that a child could not have made this magnificent piece of pottery. Time has dealt kindly with the plate. A craze has formed on one side of the flower only, as a kind of adumbration and accentuation. I asked Mr. Gordon whether he had a favorite piece, and he said no, how could he—the way parents do if you ask them whether they have a favorite child. A few minutes later, he said, "Well, you know, if I *had* a favorite, this would probably be it," and he pointed to a small buff-colored pitcher, decorated with brown leaves and green tulip flowers, made by Peter Bell, of Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1810. I was glad that Mr. Gordon had called attention to the pitcher, because I might have passed it by. It isn't obvious. Its shape is so simple and effortless and inevitable that one can miss taking in the great accomplishment that it is; the tulips and leaves are suggested, rather than spelled out, in a vague, dreamy, very quiet, very beautiful way. It is a masterpiece. I liked very much a slip-decorated brick-red plate showing a bird with a long tail on a bough, done with sinuous, unlabored strokes, and, below the bird, the word "Snipe" in flowing calligraphy that repeats the curvatures of bird and bough. This plate is handsomely reproduced in black and white on the cover of the brochure, which is unreadable ("These have the same sort of poignancy as the potter translated the realistic elements into globs of clay that somehow capture the vitality of the original without using a single realistic detail") but free.

MR. GORDON's collection represents the heights rather than the general level of early American pottery-making. Real folk art is as rare as real high art; most of the pottery made had nothing to do with art, and much of it wasn't even competent. Because only the good things are preserved, one's picture of the past comes to be formed by them, and it is easy to fall



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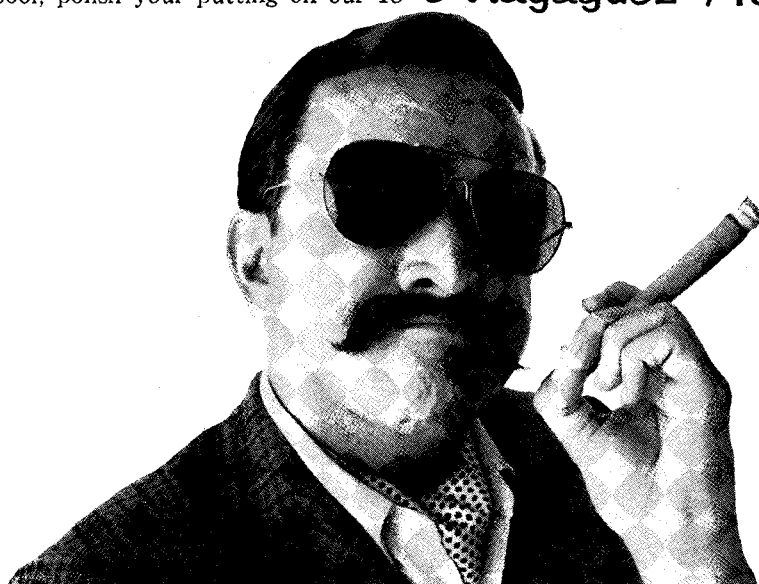
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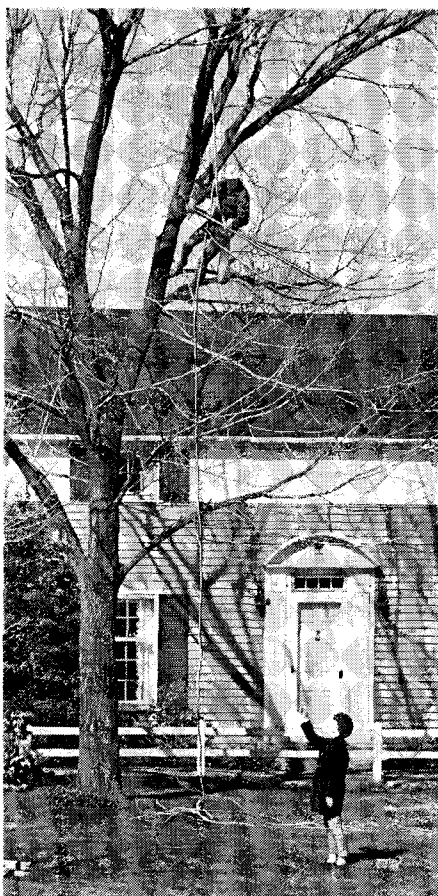
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into the error of comparing the unwinnowed production of the present with the choice relics of the past and to conclude that standards have declined because of the industrial revolution. I was reflecting on this subject recently while regarding with distaste some quilts that had been made under the direction of one of the projects formed in the last few years by idealistic people who go into depressed areas and prod the unemployed into doing handicrafts, which are then sold on consignment in the cities. The quilts, like most of the things that come out of these projects, were very badly made. They seemed, with their uneven, large stitches and loose threads and in-harmonious colors, a mockery of the quiltmaking art, and I was distressed by the condescension implicit in the notion that inferior work is all very well for poor people to produce and that buying the stuff is a noble thing for well-off people to do. But in point of fact the work doesn't *have* to be inferior. The machine has freed people from the necessity of doing things by hand, but it hasn't withered their fingers, and there is no reason that needlework—or pottery or woodworking or painting on velvet—can't be well done today. And there is evidence that it can. I have just seen some quilts made by poor Indian women in Montana that are as impeccable as the quilts made by some of our ancestresses (others undoubtedly made quilts that were as sloppy as the ones made in the poverty project), and they are for sale, at reasonable prices, at the American Indian Arts Center, 1051 Third Avenue (62nd). The women belong to the Sioux and Assiniboin tribes, and the quilts are based on traditional Early American patterns, such as Lone Star, Broken Star, Field of Stars, and Tulip, but they have undergone a cultural change and look unmistakably Indian. The colors are more vibrant than the colors used in the Early American quilts, and the patterns are larger and bolder. Most of the quilts have white backgrounds with the pattern in the middle and a lot of white space left unfilled, and they have a concision and purity that are matched by the meticulous way they have been sewn. I was told by someone at the Center that quiltmaking was introduced to the Montana Indians about fifty years ago by missionary wives, and that it became a custom to give quilts to guests at parties and celebrations, so they became known as "give-away quilts." This year, for the first time, the Indian women were persuaded to sell their quilts (they need

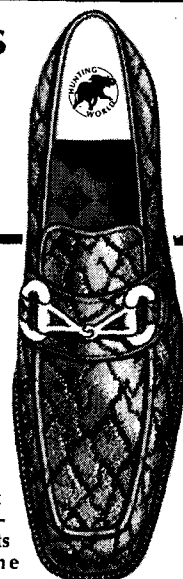
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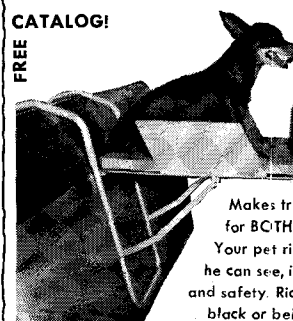
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money badly), and the prices range from \$35, for a three-by-three-foot baby quilt, to \$100, for a six-by-seven-and-a-half-foot quilt.

I DON'T know if folk art is the right term for a reproduction of van Gogh's "Sunflowers" done in teeny, tiny stitches on a piece of organdie. Whatever the work is, it is a remarkably faithful version, which has captured, as no photographic reproduction can, the thick texture of the brushstrokes, and looks uncannily like a painting. The copyist, who usually works from postcard reproductions, is a Czech woman named Irma Kubin, who came to this country twenty years ago, and who, with her needle and colored threads, has also done van Gogh's irises, paintings by Grandma Moses and by the Czech painter Mikoláš Aleš, and pictures of her own composition. She has developed a stitch that is like no other stitch under the sun, and must be seen to be believed. She sketches the picture on her organdie, and then "paints" with her needle and thread. I was astonished to learn that Mrs. Kubin, who is eighty-seven years old, started doing these pictures less than ten years ago—they look like something it would take a lifetime to learn to do—and she does them *after work*. She goes out to work every day at a dress manufacturer's workshop, where she does some sort of wool crocheting. She has a light, darting step and an eager, no-nonsense way of talking. Some of her pictures are for sale at the Elder Craftsmen Showcase, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), which Mrs. Kubin refers to as "the old woman's store." The van Gogh irises are there, priced at \$185, and an original composition, a lovely Impressionist still-life of a basket of apples on a fringed shawl, is \$100. The sunflowers hang in a dark hallway in Mrs. Kubin's apartment, and she says she could do them again, if she were commissioned to, in about six months. As I regarded the blazing yellow flowers, I realized, with something of a shock, what a glorious work of art van Gogh's painting is. I am grateful to Mrs. Kubin and her peculiar stitch for enabling me to *see* the painting that popularity has all but obliterated. —J. M.

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Bon Appétit.

LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 8

THIS year is the bicentenary of the birth of the Corsican Napoleone Buonaparte, who, until he set fire to Moscow, held Europe conquered in his hand. Now a new historicity has been given both to him and to the French Revolution by Jean Chatelain, Directeur des Musées de France, in his brilliant preface to the catalogue for the extraordinary Napoleonic exhibition that opened in June at the Grand Palais and will close in December. There he states that



"the French Revolution was not the extinction of a bloodless, exhausted society but the bursting of a dam in France, at that time the most populous, richest, most cultivated nation in the Occidental world," letting loose a flood of exceptional men, ideas, and forces—and fresh theatres of death on the guillotine and battlefields. All of this Napoleon (by adding together what remained of old France, what he revived, and what he created anew) "synthesized by his genius into a coherent and at first fragile ensemble on which he founded modern France," with his touch still discernible "once the tears were dried and the dead forgotten"—for with his enormous armies he was the first man in modern times to turn Europe into a graveyard. He organized the administrative structures of France, all still standing—the Conseil d'État, the *départements*, the prefects, the Cour des Comptes for its finances, and all the fundamental rules for its social and family life as contained in the Code Civil. Perhaps this last was his greatest creation. He also unified the French university system, established the Banque de France, reestablished the Comédie-Française, and regenerated France's museums.

The rich, often intimate Napoleonic exhibition at the Grand Palais owes much of its *éclat* to the rarely shown treasures lent by His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, present head of the family, who is descended from Jérôme, the inadequate brother whom Napoleon rashly made King of Westphalia. Also shown in the exhibition are belongings of the descendants of the countryside stalwarts whom Napoleon enrolled and ennobled, such as the innkeeper's son Murat, represented today by the Murat princes. There are also objects lent by the Queen of England, by Prince Rainier of Monaco, by the

present Duke of Wellington, and by Hermès, the Paris shop famed for its historic collection of leather artifacts, and also historic jewels from Van Cleef & Arpels. At the threshold of the Grand Palais stands an astonishing introductory thirty-panel panorama of nineteenth-century printed wallpaper depicting the Battle of Austerlitz, one

of Napoleon's greatest victories, fought between the French, Austrian, and Russian emperors and armies, the panorama being accompanied by life-size standing figures dressed in miraculously pre-

served uniforms of the French grenadiers on that great bloody day.

The garments worn by Napoleon for his coronation at Notre-Dame, where he not only crowned himself with his own hands (though he had summoned the Pope from Rome to do it) but also crowned his wife—"the incomparable Josephine," as he always called her—have attracted the greatest curiosity of all the regalia shown at the Grand Palais. Displayed in a glass case is his long coronation robe of white satin, with palm leaves and oak branches embroidered lavishly in real gold thread on its sleeves, and with real gold fringe at the bottom. His white silk shoes are of antique classical design, embroidered with gold paillettes, with a palm leaf embroidered just above the heel, and with cork soles. He must have had large feet, because the shoes look lengthily for so short a military man. His coronation ring is of gold, with golden eagle talons holding its twenty-carat emerald, cut in intaglio with his imperial arms, which contain, almost as an irony, an olive branch held in the beak of an eagle. He also wore a gold collar of the Légion d'Honneur, also displayed. Actually, no official text was issued during the Empire to explain the significance of this decoration, which he had invented, and he was the only one to wear it at the coronation—or probably even to possess it. Later, he gave the Legion of Honor to his brothers, and also to Talleyrand (but it was not popular, and was a commonplace until the late nineteenth century). Josephine's coronation ring was a large ruby, and she also wore the famous diamond diadem that Napoleon had given her, and that he utilized at Notre-Dame for her crowning. This tremendous headpiece was set with a thousand and forty diamonds of various



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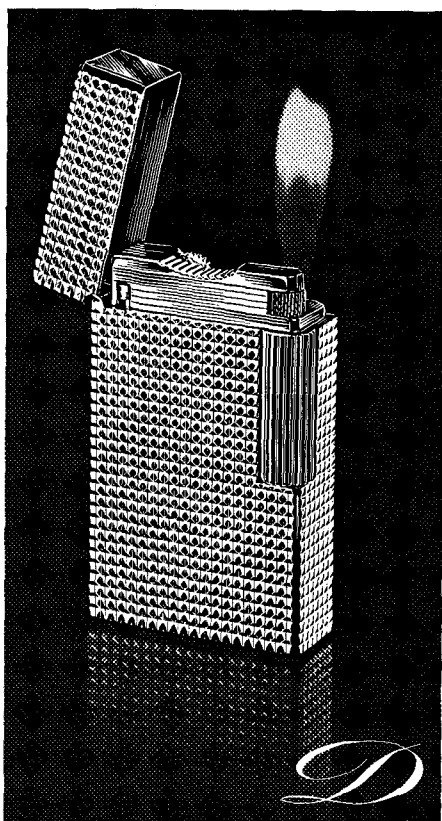
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sizes and shapes, in all weighing two hundred and sixty carats, arranged in an ornate design that jewellers call *fleurons et rosaces découpées*. Josephine willed it to her daughter Hortense, later Queen of Holland, through whom it came down to Napoleon III. After the disastrous war of 1870, when he and his ex-Empress Eugénie were in exile in England, she sold it. The diadem, which still glitters sumptuously, was eventually bought by Van Cleef & Arpels, to whom this unique relic still belongs.

Of the famous portraits depicting Napoleon, the most popular (as it has always been) is David's "The Emperor in His Study in the Tuileries," which now belongs to Prince Napoleon. (After the Second World War, he was permitted—by special indulgence, since he is, in theory, a pretender to Napoleon's throne—to live obscurely in France.) One great reason the David likeness is so popular is that it shows Napoleon standing in white breeches with his right hand tucked into his white vest—a pose invented by some German artist and repeated by David. David himself liked this portrait so much that he kept it in his studio until he died. It is a fine psychological portrayal, showing the imperial oval face thoughtful and handsome. The other popular portrait is by Gros—far less fine as a painter—showing Napoleon at the Battle of Arcole, his long youthful hair flying, his features acute with the stress of conflict. Gros was himself a witness of this battle, in which he took part as a soldier, and his is one of the few battle pictures that show carnage, tension, and realism. All in all, however, the picture that is the most pleasing to the public is the portrait by Géricault of Tamerlan, Napoleon's famous white battle stallion—a magnificent equine action painting, with the saddle empty and the great creature rearing idly in the air. The exhibition naturally contains a couple of Napoleon's famed eccentric black felt hats, one of them probably being the hat that he wore through the terrible Russian campaign of 1812.

There are a few more than six hundred Napoleonic items that the curators considered worthy of inclusion in this exhibition—china, silver, gold trinket boxes, gold tableware, gold snuffboxes bearing his likeness, and so on. To honor his bicentenary, French collectors, and even the state itself, took advantage of what may be their last chance for centuries to show off this treasured iconography. There is a first edition of the Code Civil, but in so



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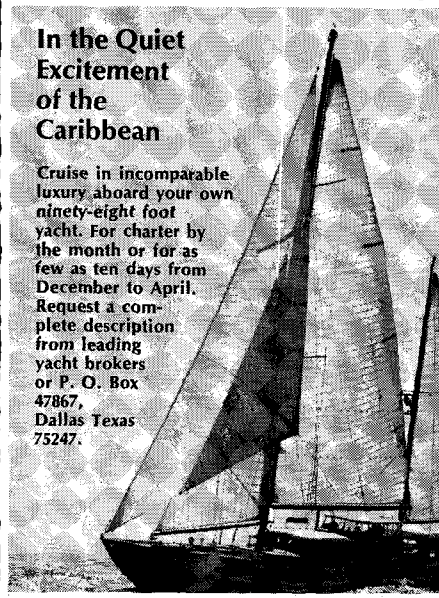
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superb and overworked a binding—rather like a box—that one sees nothing of its printed text. There is no lovable portrait of Josephine, but there is a touching, sweet one, probably by Greuze, of Madame Mère, and an affluent one of the imperial second wife, the Austrian Marie-Louise, and several of their male infant, the tragic small blond King of Rome.

The Napoleonic exhibition at the Bibliothèque Nationale, which is devoted to "La Légende Napoléonienne," bares the fact that his legend was not created only by *les images d'Épinal*, those cheap, popular color prints, but was controlled and assiduously furthered by Napoleon himself. He created his own legends because he was a great *metteur en scène* and orchestrator of all events concerning him. He controlled the French political press, of which the official paper, *Le Moniteur Universel*, set the tone and dealt out the national themes. Books and plays were censored. He had a representative in the Beaux-Arts, because, as far as his taste went, he enjoyed the arts. From 1800 to 1812, more than eighty portraits of him were hung in the annual Paris Salon. He disliked journalists but recognized their new power, which he said nothing could resist. One newspaper versifier, hard pressed but meaning no harm, conveniently rhymed "Napoleon" with "chameleon" and was put in prison at Charenton. In the rush of his many labors, including his presence in battle astride Tamerlan, he was so hurried that his signature on official papers shrank. It had started as "Bonaparte," then became an almost illegible "Ier Consul Bonaparte." By 1807, it had become a flourishing underlined "Napoléon." Then, as time pressed heavier, his signature became, in succession, "BP," "Napol," "Nap," and merely "N." He took to dictating his letters. On St. Helena, with a prodigious effort, he wrote his entire last will and testament by hand, though he was already weak from the cancer that was consuming him in the equatorial island heat. He penned it because he wanted his own handwriting to give his will "ultimate authentic proof of its validity to posterity." Part of the accumulating publicity that built Napoleon's cult came from the great European men of letters who wrote of him in their novels and poems, among them Balzac, Victor Hugo (an ardent admirer), Heine, and Tolstoy. "If my material power was great, my power over opinion was greater," he himself stated with candor. "It went as far as magic." But to some petty person whose exces-

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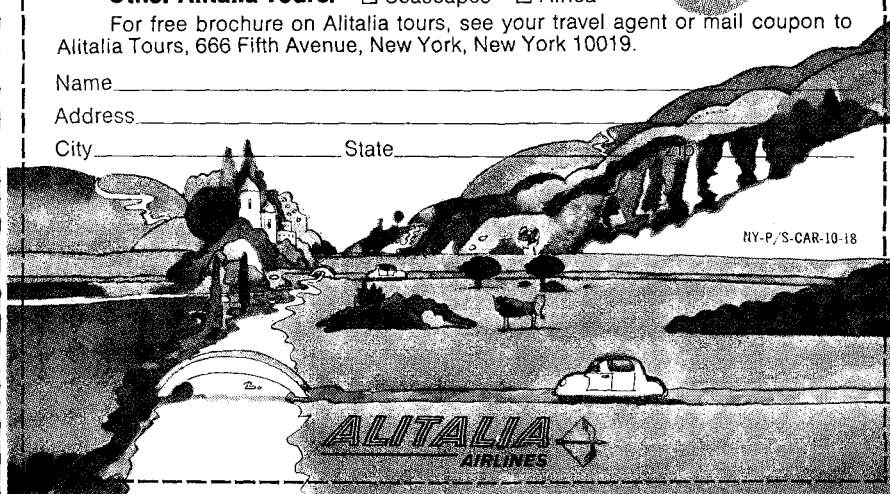
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sive flattery offended him he said, as late as 1808, "*Je vous dispense de me comparer à Dieu.*" In Dresden in 1812, standing beneath a representation of the sun bearing the inscription "It Is Less Great and Less Beauteous than He," he said angrily, "These people here must think me very stupid."

As a finale to the Grand Palais exhibition, there are placed in a section apart, as if withdrawn into their own isolation, Napoleon's two small travelling campaign beds, which always accompanied him, and which he demanded go with him on his last journey, to St. Helena. The larger bed could be folded only lengthwise and probably had to be carried in one of the carriages in which he often travelled from battle to battle. It is displayed complete with its original feather mattress and its pillowcase and sheets of fine batiste, bearing his embroidered imperial crown. Its faded green silk travelling case is pulled up to shelter it, like a tent top. The smaller camp bed, capable of being folded both lengthwise and crosswise, was carried on muleback; it is also shown fully made up with its monogrammed sheets, and is traditionally supposed to be the pallet on which he drew his last breath. The two small beds, both tented over by their faded greenish silk travelling cases, look like fragile, funereal monuments.—GENET

Somerset Area golf team won its first match of the season by beating Windber 12-7 on the Ramblers home course Monday.

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THECOWJUMPED	Miller	2 1/2
THECOWJUMPED	Blair	0
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THECOWJUMPED	Wojacki	1 1/2
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MEDOLIST: LIVELY, 82.....

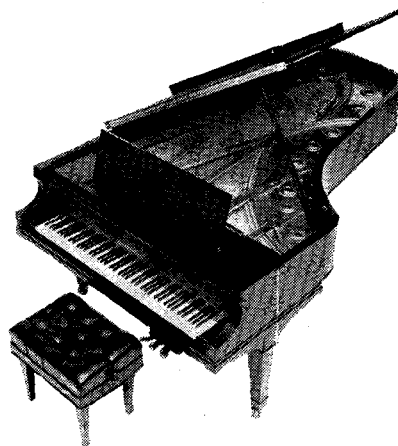
—Somerset (Pa.) American.

Lively is right.

Carol Henry, another female member of the Black Panther party, explained that women have been victims of mental and physical exploitation "by the color of their skin and the shape of their breasts."

She added that "there cannot be a successful struggle against Fascism unless there is a broad front and women are drawn into it."—*The Times*.

She's sort of hiped on the subject.



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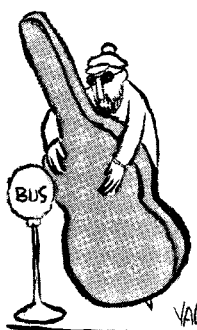
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Prima Lucia



DONIZETTI'S "Lucia di Lammermoor" is an antique that can be given new life only by a spectacular prima donna. The melodies are well turned in the early-nineteenth-century manner, but they are, after all, a bit bland for a subject that is so filled with gloomy drama. We have had many kinds of Lucias in recent years, all of them more or less brilliant in one way or another. Some have sung the "mad scene" like absent-minded canaries; some have tried to introduce a real dramatic element into the proceedings while preserving the coloratura virtuosity that often seems to conflict with such drama. Only once before have I encountered even an approach to the sort of performance that Beverly Sills presented with the New York City Opera in the State Theatre last Thursday night. That was when Maria Callas did the role at the Metropolitan, and on the night I heard her Mme. Callas was simply unable to cope with the high notes of the role, even though it was transposed a half step downward in order to accommodate the limitations of her voice at that period. Miss Sills has no such problems. She sang the work in the original key the other night, took the high notes with ease, and turned in a magnificent example of coloratura singing. But that was by no means all that she brought to her interpretation. Miss Sills' Lucia is not a canary, or a heavy-duty factory for the manufacture of *bel canto*. Her Lucia, like the one Mme. Callas sang, is a personality, and it is a more tender and feminine personality than the one Mme. Callas presented, besides being more agreeable to listen to. Miss Sills has always been a singer of remarkable intelligence and imagination. Her interpretation was a revelation of all the emotional and psychological factors that can color Lucia's character. One heard and saw all the changes of mood—from innocence to despair and madness—that can be extracted from the role. As has happened before, Miss Sills brought her audience to the verge of tears, this time with Lucia's mad scene, which was done with such warmth and personal involvement that one could al-



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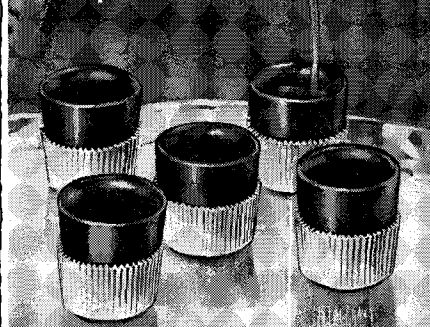
most forget the athletic aspects of her coloratura technique. And yet the technique was there in brilliant quantity, and every high E-flat was hit squarely and without apparent effort. Once or twice during this scene I detected signs of fatigue. The final high note was cut a bit short, and there were a couple of chromatic scales in which Miss Sills slid instead of articulating each note clearly. Next day, I learned that she had been singing with a hundred-and-three-degree temperature, having caught a bug of some sort. Nevertheless, hers is the most satisfactory Lucia I have ever heard. Again, she was setting a new standard—throwing off the *floritura* not as if it were an athletic stunt but as if it were an integral ingredient in a very human character. Being a good trouper with an opening-night benefit audience to contend with, she sang, without any excuses being made, up to the end of her role in the mad scene; and even appeared in the last scene lying on a bier, while Edgardo wept over her body. A ten-minute standing ovation greeted the end of the mad scene, and though the diva made her curtain calls looking a bit pallid and worn, she appeared again and again in response to the audience's cheers. This was one of the big events of the season; it will be even bigger when Miss Sills' temperature returns to normal.

The production, devised by Tito Capobianco, with sets by Marsha Louis Eck and costumes by José Varona, is interesting. A scene that is usually cut—that of the Wolfscrag tower, in which Enrico challenges Edgardo to a duel—was restored, and an episode of considerable length, involving Lucia and her tutor, Raimondo, at the end of Act II, Scene 1, also usually cut, was also restored. Neither of these restorations, to my mind, added much in the way of important music, but the latter one did add considerable dramatic motivation for Lucia's behavior in submitting to her brother's wishes by marrying Lord Bucklaw. It also provided an added opportunity to hear more of Robert Hale as Raimondo. I had heard this first-rate bass before, but never in a role in which he could demonstrate the scope and power of his fine voice at any length. Mr. Hale deserves further exposure; he is one of the company's best singers.

Generally, the scenery was tasteful, the interiors having the proper Gothic atmosphere, and the garden and graveyard scenes being full of spooky late-seventeenth-century Scottish mystery

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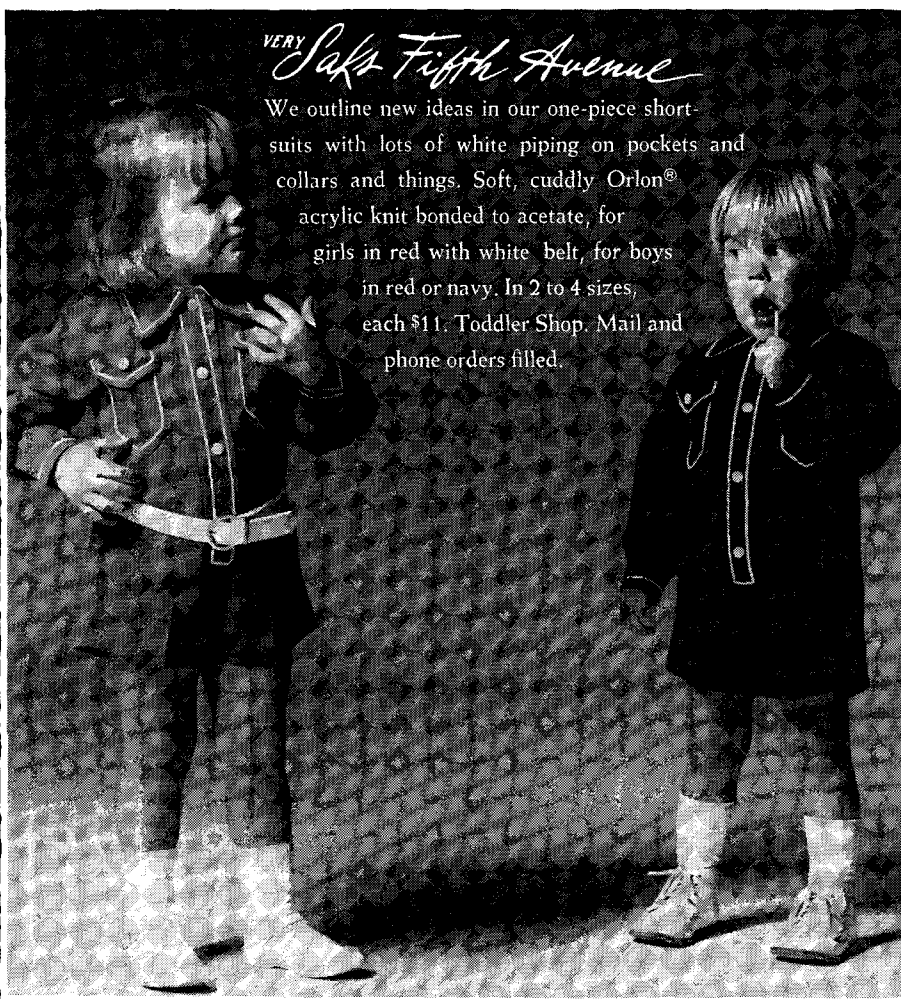
and fog. I found only the first scene disappointing. It looked more like a basement garage than the castle courtyard it should represent. Mr. Varona's costumes were universally apt for the period and beautiful to look at. Mr. Capobianco added a few unusual touches—a group of three hooded figures, who seemed to be witches, in the first scene, and again near the tomb in the last one. A few of these touches I didn't like, notably Lucia crossing the stage on an upper gallery just before the mad scene—a bit of business that took the edge off her grand entrance at the head of the stairs. But there were other touches that were particularly effective—for example, the intimate tragic encounter between Lucia and Edgardo after her marriage to Lord Bucklaw. (Usually, Edgardo is practically spitting with anger, while Lucia cringes.)

The Edgardo, Michele Molese, whose voice has been growing in power, though not quite as much as he thinks it has, sang forcefully—sometimes straining a trifle—during most of the opera, but became more subdued and lyric in the last scene. Dominic Cossa was an excellent Lord Enrico Ashton, Beverly Evans sang beautifully as Alisa, and Joaquin Romaguera and David Clements were pleasing in lesser roles. Charles Wilson, once a chorus master with this company, conducted efficiently but without the propulsive power that a stunning “Lucia” demands from its maestro.

LAST Monday night, the American Symphony Orchestra opened its season in Carnegie Hall under the baton of Leopold Stokowski. As usual, Mr. Stokowski had put together a program of some interest, the most fascinating part of which was the first New York performance of Louis Moreau Gottschalk's “Montevideo” Symphony, subtitled “Deuxième Symphonie Romantique.” Where Mr. Stokowski got the score I have no idea, and I doubt whether the orchestration is by Gottschalk himself. This work can hardly be called a symphony; it is more like an old-fashioned overture. But, as is true of all Gottschalk's work, it has enormous charm and a light-hearted spirit and melodiousness that easily capture an audience. Among the other items on this program was a suite of scenes from what was described as the “original” “Boris Godunov,” with Jerome Hines singing the role of the unhappy Czar. This turned out to be a curious patchwork. In the program

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notes, Mr. Stokowski termed the second item in this suite "a fantastic scherzo . . . a masterpiece of orchestration, especially that variation which describes how Ivan the Terrible lit the fires and exploded the mines under the walls of the Tartar fortress." Well, it may be that Moussorgsky, whose work was left pretty much in fragmentary form, did use some of this music for a piece about the siege of Kazan and Ivan the Terrible's incendiarism. But if he did, he used, note for note, the music in the scene involving the two drunken monks in "Boris Godunov," plus some of the idiot's song from the scene that comes near the end of the so-called original version. Is there really an original version of "Boris"? I'd like to find out.

IT may seem inhospitable to say so, but the orchestra of the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, of Rome, which appeared in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday night of last week, under the baton of Fernando Previtali, is not a first-rate one by our standards. Its string tone is muddy because of careless intonation, its articulation is often slow, and its attacks are frequently ragged. Mr. Previtali's baton technique is rather perfunctory. He presented a Vivaldi Concerto Grosso with a full complement of strings, completely drowning out a poor little harpsichord that was being played in the middle of the orchestra. His interpretation of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony was highly mannered—especially in the horn passages in the coda of the last movement. The new work on the program was Goffredo Petrassi's suite from the ballet "La Follia d'Orlando," which turned out to be an uninteresting mish-mash derived from Stravinsky and Respighi. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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Holiness depressed her,
Headgear starched to heaven
That bends on buses,
That lifts her up in a high wind.
Her flesh made old by older stones
Shortened her stature
Until the habit wore away the place
Where knees ruin in the dust.
Between her and God
A silent treason grows,
Large and reasonable,
While she endures with incredible ease
Far more casual than death,
Becoming vulnerable.

—NORMAN JACKSON

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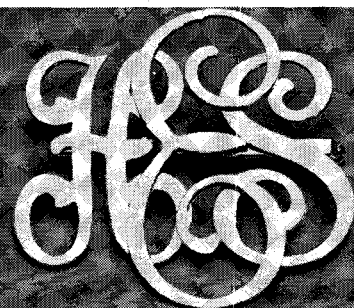


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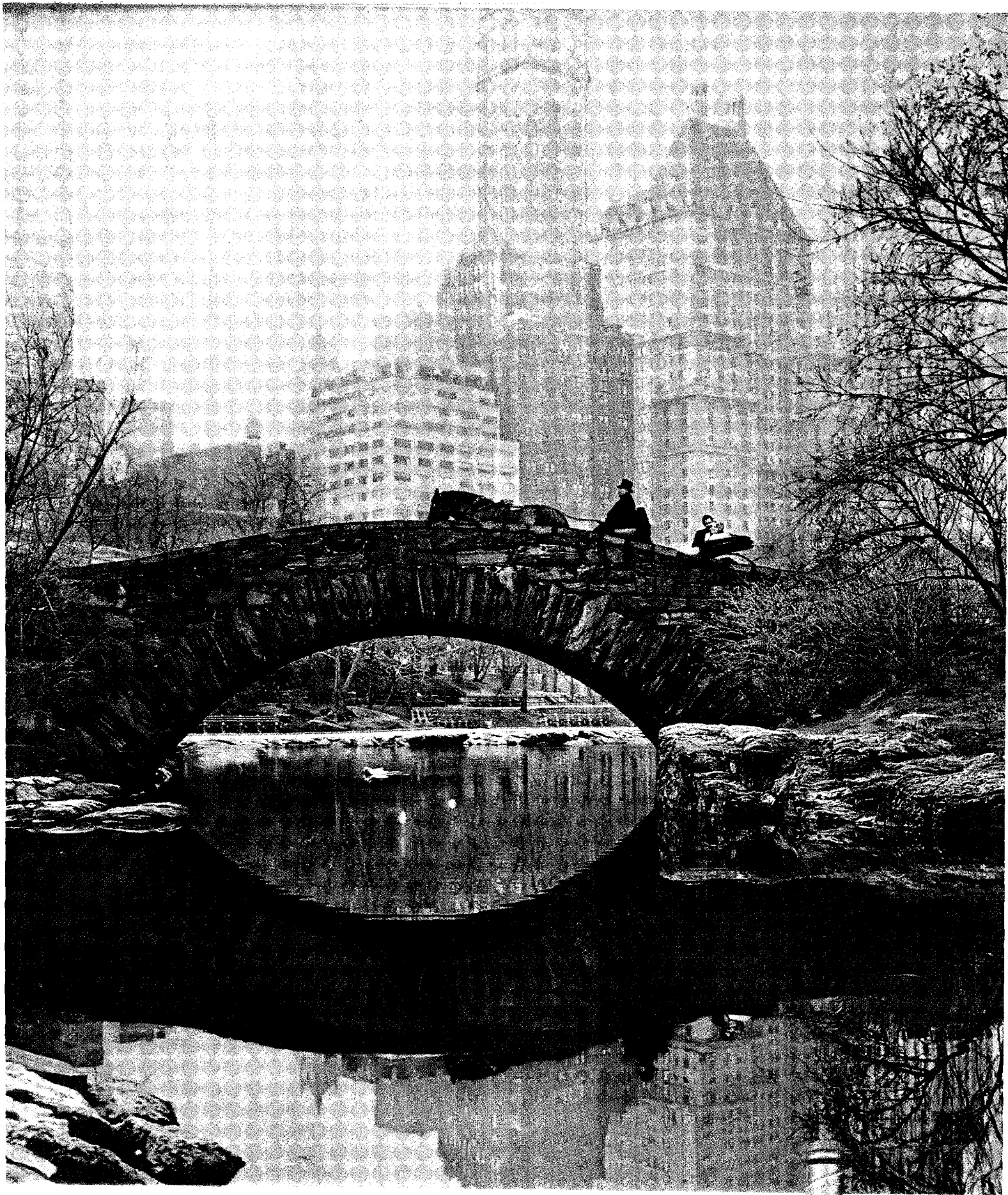
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I ARRIVE in Denver on a Thursday afternoon to attend the preliminaries of Richard Gibson's seventh annual subscription jazz party, which begins on Friday at five-thirty, in Aspen, and ends on Sunday at six. All the news about the party that has filtered East in recent years has been good. A highly considered musician who has played it four times has told me that the music "ranges from the excellent to the exceptional." Moreover, in the process of hiring his musicians, Gibson has brought out of near-oblivion Joe Venuti, the astonishing seventy-year-old violinist, raconteur, and wit; Maxine Sullivan, the gentle, precise singer; Ernie Caceres, a fine and long-under-rated baritone saxophonist; and Cliff Leeman, a former big-band drummer with an effortless, metronomic beat. Most important, Gibson persuaded Red Norvo to appear at the party in 1968, when Norvo, deeply troubled by hearing problems, had decided to quit music. Norvo and the rest of Gibson's reclamations have been working ever since.

Gibson meets me at the airport. A well-to-do former investment banker, he is a big, fast-moving, fast-talking enveloping man of forty-three, who is given to superlatives and laughter, and who favors sneakers and open-neck shirts. We take a cab to his house in Denver, and he talks about the party: "I gave my first jazz party in 1963. My wife, Maddie, and I were sitting around our living room one night having a drink, and she asked me if I missed New York, where we lived until eight or so years ago. I said all I missed were the ocean and jazz. I couldn't do a damned thing about the ocean, but maybe I could do something about jazz, and so the idea of the party sprang full-panoplied that night. We wrote letters to everybody we knew in Colorado, and at first the response was poor, but I brought in ten musicians from New York and we held the first party, with about two hundred guests, over a September weekend in the old Hotel Jerome, in Aspen. We charged fifty dollars a couple. The next year, we had eighteen musicians and two hundred and seventy-five guests, and we charged eighty-five a couple, but the party didn't really catch on until the following year, when we had twenty-three musicians and over three hundred guests. It was awesome how bereft Colorado was of jazz. Most

Coloradians had never heard, let alone seen, a jazz musician. We kept the party in Aspen four years, and when the Jerome was shut down for legal reasons we moved to Vail, a new ski resort about a hundred miles away. Now the place we played in in Vail is padlocked and we're going back to the Jerome. Even though I charge a hundred dollars a couple now, I lose several thousand a year on the party, but that's my privilege. It's meant to be strictly a *players'* party, and the audience is there only as a necessity, as a kind of warming mirror for the musicians. Aspen is a perfect place, and I'm hung up on it. It's away from everything, and it has wit, beauty, imagination. The people who live there are very individualistic. It provides the ambience for what I want, which is an isolated experience—an experience that is intense and extraordinary and that when it is over takes on a did-it-really-happen dream quality for all the participants. The musicians—I simply

choose the ones I know and like—react accordingly. Nobody loafs, because they sense that it is something special, that it's their party. Yet they have *time* to have a hangover or a bellyache or to waste a set. I decide who plays with whom in each set, and generally the musicians don't know who will be on the stand until they get up there. Marvellous surprises result. And the audience reacts in turn. Few people leave the room during the music, they are quiet, almost nobody gets drunk, and when the party ends, on Sunday, they scream for more. This year, we'll have about five hundred people, including paying guests, guests of the party, and thirty-three musicians. Roughly half the guests are coming from Colorado and the rest from Sweden and Rome and Mexico and Toronto and from a good twenty or thirty states, including Hawaii, and I'm bringing Phil Woods, the alto player, from Paris."

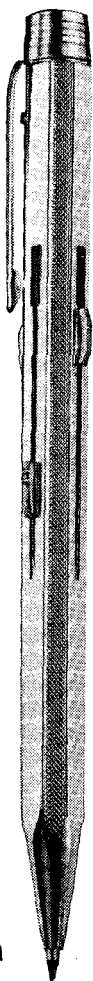
Gibson lives in an old section of Denver, on the sort of mean but opulent street that turn-of-the-century *nouveau-riche* Americans exulted in. The street is narrow and heavily guarded by tall Chinese elms, and both sides are



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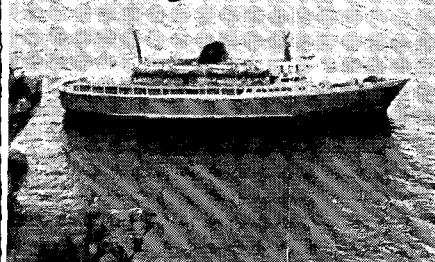
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lined by mud-colored brick-and-stone mansions, set shoulder to shoulder, and decked out with massive eaves and high stoops. The inside of Gibson's house, with its dark, hand-carved panelling, parquet floors, distant ceilings, and stone solarium, is equally formidable. But every room is filled with musicians when we get there, and they have a cheering, softening effect. Teddy Wilson, sitting at the kitchen table and drinking a beer, talks about the late Coleman Hawkins' love for the unexpected, the unplanned. Bob Wilber, in tennis clothes, trots through the foyer, which is piled with musical instruments. Phil Woods is in the living room, telling Joe Venuti, who is just back from a round of golf, that a cop, mistaking him for a hippie because of his long hair and Mod dress, grabbed him backstage at this year's Newport Jazz Festival, and that Dick Gibson, standing nearby, grabbed the cop and in turn was grabbed by another cop. Al Cohn and Zoot Sims are upstairs playing a tumultuous game of pool. Maddie Gibson, slender and brown-haired and attractive, moves from room to room, and the four Gibson children, ranging in age from fourteen to six, are underfoot everywhere. There is a pot of beef stew on the stove, and liquor bottles forest a small pantry. Maddie Gibson announces that everyone has been invited to the Flanagans', at the opposite end of the block, for cocktails and a buffet supper, and around six-thirty the migration begins. Musicians pour out of the Gibsons' house and out of half a dozen other houses, where the Gibsons' neighbors are putting them up. Zoot Sims, whose flowing hair and gap-toothed smile and bowsprit features give him a kindly Rasputin look, runs down the front steps, grabs a child's bicycle from against a tree, and pedals furiously up and down the sidewalk, his knees up to his ears, his hair standing out behind. An onlooker snaps a picture of him from across the street, and waves to the Gibsons. The Flanagan mansion, a forty-two-room behemoth, is already filled with tailored, glacéed Denverites. Seven or eight musicians, among them Toots Thielemans, Dave McKenna, Larry Ridley, Gus Johnson, and Woods, are playing at one end of an enormous living room. The party is loose-jointed. After supper, Mrs. John Love, the Governor's wife, takes a chair in front of the band, and is immediately surrounded by acolytes. People stretch out on the floor, digging the music, and once in a while a child shoots down the bannister of the main stairs, sails into the living room,

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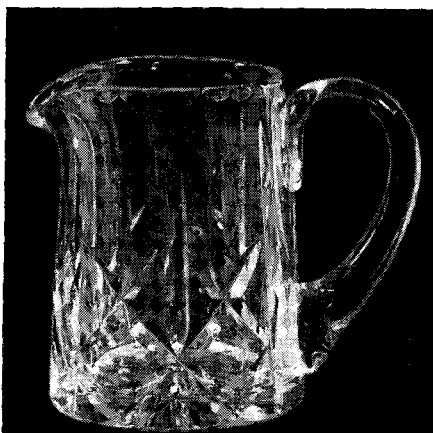
\$12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have *no* income at all.

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and collapses on the floor. Musicians wander in, play, and are replaced, but there aren't many sparks, and around eleven the music peters out. Gibson spreads the word that the bus for Aspen will leave from in front of his house at ten sharp the next morning.

THE bus trip takes six hours, including a lunch stopover in Vail, and it is hair-raising. It begins with a grammar-school-outing air. We have gone only a few blocks when Gus Johnson shouts, "Stop the bus! Stop the bus! I forgot my toothbrush!" which provokes loud hilarity. And just before we board, Joe Venuti, round and implacable and cement-voiced, poses straight-faced for photographs in a derby jammed so far down on his head it splay out his ears and pushes his glasses halfway down his nose. Laughing musicians are all over the sidewalk. Around eleven o'clock, we begin the long climb to Loveland Pass, which is just under twelve thousand feet. We move at twenty miles an hour, because of our load, and once we are above the timberline we wind endlessly along a narrow two-lane road, the mountains rearing up on our left and bottomless chasms falling away on our right.

"They don't put any guardrails on this road because of the snowplows," Teddy Wilson says offhandedly. "This way, they just push the snow off the edge." Gus Johnson moans, "Oh, man, why did I have to sit on this side?" and someone else shouts, "Don't look up! Don't look up!" Gibson, sitting near the front and verbally spurring the driver on, laughs and says, "Funny things happen on these weekends. Billy Butterfield, the trumpeter, can get very excited, and when he does he's apt to bite. He bit Zoot Sims one night in my living room in Denver, and Zoot said to me later, 'You know, Dick, I can't figure it out. When he bit me, it hurt like hell, but he didn't leave any marks. Do you think his teeth are made of rubber?' And once when we were flying back to Denver after the party with the musicians on Sunday night and bumping the hell all over the place, I noticed Cliff Leeman sitting there in the dark and rubbing Noxzema all over his face. He didn't know anybody was watching him. Then he took out a big alarm clock and set it and put it in front of him, and the moment the wheels touched ground it went off, and he said, 'Right on time,' wiped his face, and got up. There have been spooky times, too. A couple of years back, we took the bus home on Sunday, and when we got to Loveland

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Pass, which is just ahead, we were hit by a flash snowstorm. There had been an accident moments before in the pass, and it was completely blocked. I was terrified, but I don't think any of the musicians knew what was happening. There we were, with very little air to breathe and a lot of aging musicians, and I thought, 'God, what if we're trapped up here five or six hours, how many of these great old men will keel over?' It was the worst moment of my life. Well, they cleared the wreck in half an hour, and, miraculously, we were on our way."

We grind through Loveland Pass, escorted by a mountain bluebird, and roar down toward Vail. We heel the wrong way into hairpin turns ("She won't tip over," the driver says, turning all the way around and smiling. "She just feels that way"), flush beautiful black-billed magpies, and yaw and bounce over straight bumpy stretches, like a jet landing too fast on a poor field. I keep my imaginary brake pedal pressed flat on the floor. But we make it to the hotel at five, and on the dot of five-thirty the party begins.

A BANDSTAND has been set up in a corner of the Jerome's dining room, which is small and high-ceilinged and already filled with guests. The room is homogenized Victorian (red wallpaper, globe chandeliers, transparent scalloped drapes) and the audience homogenized Nixonian (blazers, frosted hair, tweeds). Hard-core jazz fans tend to be an absorbed, nervous, rumpled lot, given to skinniness or fat, and I spot a sprinkling in the room. Gibson greets his guests briefly over a microphone and pulls the first set out of his hat—Bob Wilber, Lou McGarity, Yank Lawson, Bud Freeman, Dave McKenna, Bob Haggart, and Sol Gubin—and we are back at Nick's again. Teddy Wilson, accompanied by Jack Lesberg and Cliff Leeman, who gives a fascinating exhibition of faking on the fast tempos, pedals easily through the next set (all the sets, it turns out, are about half an hour long), and he is followed by a group made up of Clark Terry, Woods, Kai Winding, Sims, McKenna, Ridley, and Johnson. A neo-bebop head of steam is built up, and during the second number, a funny, swaying "Donkey Serenade," Sims plays the first of what is to be, during the weekend, an astonishing number of driving, beautiful solos. His style, which is supported by a fullback tone and a flawless technique, is intensely rhythmic, and his emotional power, revealed mainly in bent notes and heavy cries, is

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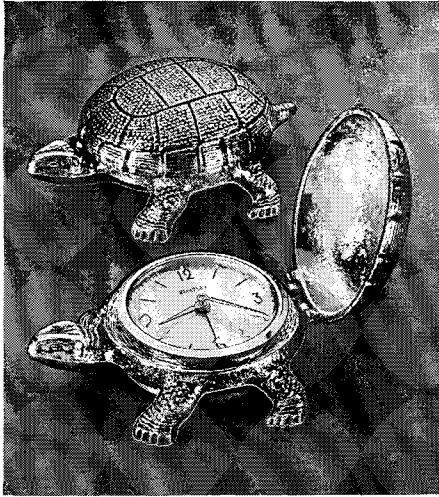
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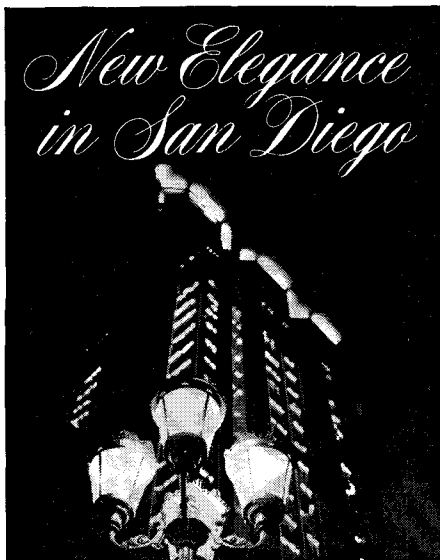
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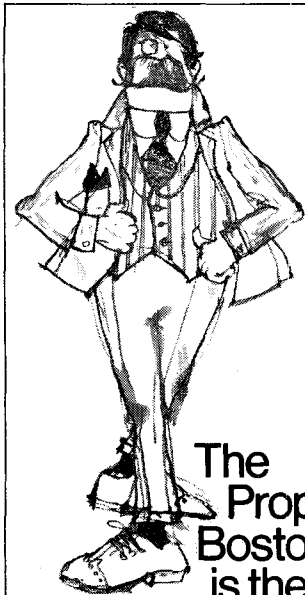
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sprung by sheer accumulated swing. He begins his statement in "Donkey Serenade" gently, like a good tutor beginning the morning's lessons, and works his way into an ascending five-note phrase, breaks it off, repeats the phrase, breaks it off again, repeats it, and then effortlessly finishes it with half a dozen perfect ascending notes, which fall off into a fast, turning run. Ben Webster growls and flutter notes creep in, and Sims closes with a drawn-out wail. McKenna, a huge, lowering man, who often constructs crashing, two-handed solos down in the dark lower registers, flies off Sims' catapult, and the set ends with a fast "Perdido," driven by Sims, Woods, and McKenna. Gibson spins his lottery wheel, and out come Bobby Hackett, Peanuts Hucko, Al Cohn, Carl Fontana, Ralph Sutton, Milt Hinton, and Morey Feld. The set is lighted largely by a silver Hackett solo, in "In a Mellow Tone," and the first concert is rounded out by a group consisting of Billy Butterfield, Matty Matlock, Caceres, Vic Dickenson, Lou Stein, Lesberg, and Johnson. Butterfield is irresistible in his solo and in the closing ensemble of "Swing That Music," and Caceres ambles easily around in a medium-tempo "Rose Room." It is eight o'clock, and dinner is a ravenous prospect.

The proceedings resume at ten o'clock in the Red Onion, a dark, rambling, low-ceilinged night club and restaurant three blocks from the Jerome. There are seven sets in all, starting with a Lawson-McGarity-Wilber - Freeman - Buck Pizzarelli - Haggart-Sutton-Leeman group and ending with a Butterfield-Winding-Wilber - Caceres - Cohn - Thielemans - Hinton-Stein-Gubin group. After a time, I feel I'm watching a long freight slock slowly by, and it is a relief when originality and invention break through. This happens in "Lazy River," when Wilber, a consummate soprano saxophonist, plays two majestic choruses, and it happens again in "Now's the Time," when Thielemans, on amplified harmonica, lets loose chorus after swirling chorus, each full of good, odd notes and neo-Charlie Parker phrases. His exuberance strains his instrument to the point at which it loses identifiable tone, and the music, freed of instrumental limitations, suddenly seems absolutely pure. Sims, working with a Fontana-Cohn-Terry-Woods phalanx, gets off a champion solo in "Lester Leaps In," and Venuti, in company with Hucko and Norvo, plays a stamping "Sweet Georgia Brown." (By this time, something awful has



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happened to the sound system, and Norvo's vibraharp becomes inextricably entwined with Stein's piano, producing a new, ear-shattering instrument, the vibrapiano.) Caceres, playing a lolling solo in "In a Mellow Tone," provides the evening's final stimulation. We have been treated today to six and a half hours of music, and almost ten hours are scheduled for tomorrow. But Gibson, hustling around and scribbling personnels on a thick sheaf of papers, appears tireless, and so does Maddie Gibson, who, ceaselessly nodding her head all evening, never drops a beat.

THE music starts Saturday at quarter to one, back at the Jerome, and I walk around town before it begins. Gibson is right; Aspen has it. The air is thin and sweet and clear, and everything is unbelievably peaceful. We are in the lacuna between Aspen's summer cultural bustle and the skiing season. There are no traffic lights, and the wide, empty streets line away and disappear at the foot of the mountains. The buildings, low and well spaced, look as if they have sprouted from the ground, and they range from weird, almost geometric sandstone or brick structures, put up in the eighties and nineties, to new no-nonsense condominiums. (Aspen, a native informs me this morning, has successively been a gold-mining town, a ghost town, a silver-mining town, a ghost town, a cattle town, a ghost town, and a ski resort. It will, he says, never be destitute again, for its skiing is now widely regarded as the best in the country.) Mountains ring the town, which is eight thousand feet up, and they lean back, letting in a non-stop Wagnerian show of mint-white clouds, black thunderheads, and topless blue skies. There are hippies around, and a few ten-gallons, but dogs seem to run the place. They're of every size and description, and they lounge on the corners, crisscross the streets, block doorways, snooze on the floors of bars, and wait in heaps in their owners' parked jeeps. Like most politicians, they ignore each other but bark a lot.

Going back into the hotel for the first set is like being called in from the ball field for a violin lesson. The dining room is jammed, so I find a seat at the back of a bleacherlike platform set up in the lobby. The acoustics are surrealistic. Most of the music that squeezes out of the dining-room door is lost in the lobby, which is almost as high as the main concourse of Grand Central and is full of jabbering musicians. Butterfield, Matlock, Sims,

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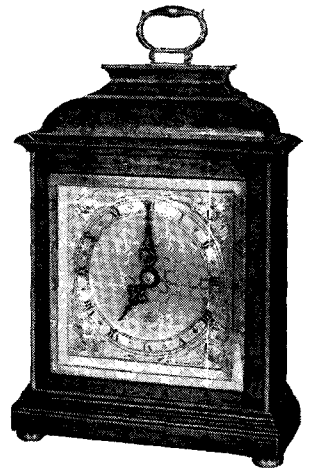
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Fontana, Dick Hyman, Ridley, and Leeman take the stand, and Butterfield and Sims are faultless, in a down, searching way, in "Willow Weep for Me." In the next set, Gibson's mix-'em-up tactics pay off. He puts Wilber and Caceres together with a rhythm section. The tonal similarities and differences of the two horns are stunning, and the two men, clearly digging one another, play fascinating duet ensembles ("Poor Butterfly," "Rosetta"), rubbing along contrapuntally, letting an octave or two of air in between them, harmonizing briefly, and throwing off dissonances that wouldn't jar a cat. Their solos form an unbroken flow of ideas and seem the work of one man, and they close with a slow, affecting "New Orleans." A Lawson-McGarity-Freeman-Hucko Nicksieland set jounces by, and Teddy Wilson, backed by Hinton and Bert Dahlander, a longtime associate of Wilson who now lives hereabouts, slides through half a dozen Gershwin tunes. I lose most of it in the hubbub, but manage to catch a medium-slow wire-brush solo by Dahlander that is full of easy staccato patterns and humming cymbals. Cohn joins Wilson for a couple of numbers, and there is a pleasant set by Hackett, Matlock, and Dickenson, who is funny on a fast "Sweet Georgia Brown" and sinuous and moody on an unfamiliar ballad. (Most unfamiliar ballads have opened titles like "Here We Are Now" or "Tomorrow Will Be" or "If You Only Could.") I look at the clock in the lobby and it is four, so I get a sandwich in the bar. I also have a Coors, which is the best beer in America. Two dogs are asleep under the bar rail, and another is stretched across the door to the street. I get back for the ninth set, which has Sims and Fontana and rhythm. (Zoot is fond of Fontana, who is a brilliant trombonist. Yesterday, after lunch in Vail, Sims was wandering back to the bus ten or so feet behind Fontana, and, passing a parked jeep without a cap on its gas tank, he leaned over and called into the pipe, "Hello, Carl.") The set equals the Wilber-Caceres duet. There is a fast "Man I Love," with good solos by all, Fontana picks his way delicately through "The Shadow of Your Smile," and Sims plays an aching "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You?" The so-called World's Greatest Jazz-band (Lawson, Butterfield, Wilber, Freeman, McGarity, Fontana, Sutton, Haggart, Johnson), which was put together a year or so ago by Gibson and Lawson and Haggart, closes the after-

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noon, and Butterfield and Lawson play a fine, growling-and-moaning duet in "St. James Infirmary." The festivities are to resume at nine-thirty, at the Onion, and I step outside to catch the last of the afterglow.

Gibson's whim tonight is black tie, and I think everybody looks like a swell, Aspen being basically a gum-boot-and-lumberjacket town. Five sets step by, and I wonder why Gibson keeps them so short. The party, he says, belongs to the musicians, but when musicians hit a groove they like to stretch out—an indulgence generally forbidden in night clubs and at festivals and in recording studios. The five sets are notable only for two Wilber choruses on "Crazy Rhythm," for Sutton's solo rendition of a rare Bix Beiderbecke piano piece, "In the Dark," and for Fontana's playing with Winding and rhythm. Fontana is gentle, meticulous, lyrical, and subtle on all three numbers, and Winding, a shallow, bravura performer, must feel superfluous. Then the remarkable Venuti, accompanied by Hinton, Stein, and Feld, comes on. He is a first-class violinist who carries off his technique with humor and imagination (one celebrated device: he unhooks the frog on his bow, puts the bow stick beneath the violin and the bow hairs across the strings, and rehooks the frog, which enables him to play all four strings at once). His ideas never cease, and he swings unbelievably hard for a musician who came up in the twenties and early thirties, when jazz was still finding its rhythmic legs. He warms up with a fast "I Want to Be Happy," and in a blues he uses his four-strings technique, producing all sorts of dark, marvellous chords. Then Sims unexpectedly appears from backstage, and a miracle takes place. Venuti roars into "I Found a New Baby," carrying the melody while Sims plays close counterpoint. Each man solos, with exhilarating fervor, and the two go into a long series of four-bar exchanges, in which Sims plays astonishingly hot and funny parodic figures. The final ensemble, jammed as hard as any collective improvised passage I have ever heard, is unique, for the two instruments are so close tonally and melodically and rhythmically that they sound like one instrument split in half and at war with itself. The number ends, Ira Gitler, an editor of *Down Beat*, appropriately shouts "Jazz ecstasy!" and the audience shoots to its feet—the only time in the weekend. Sims retires, Venuti and McGarity play a polite violin duet, and

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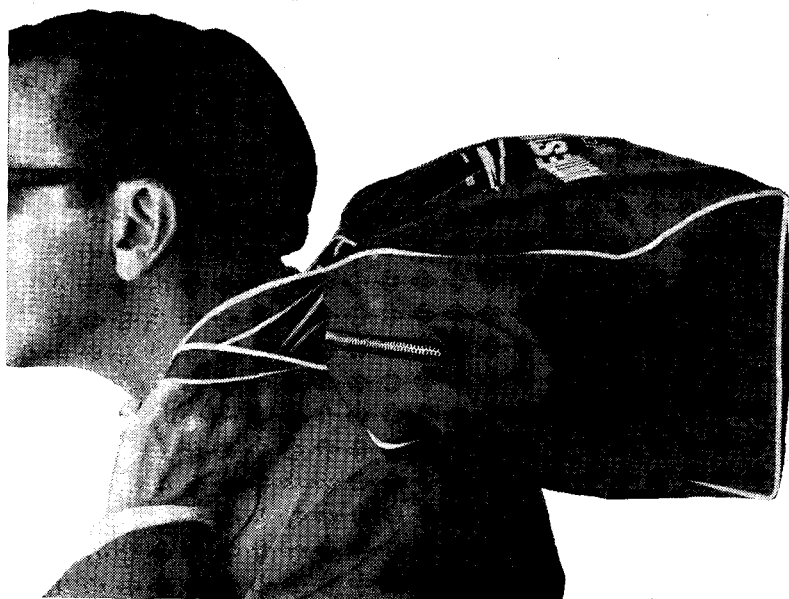
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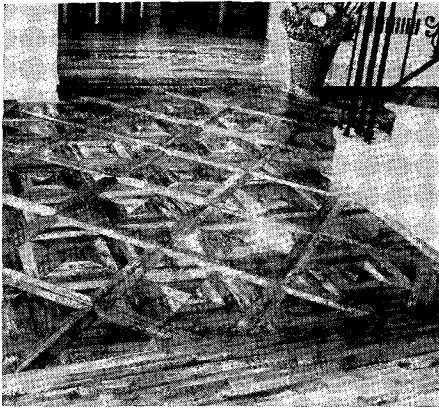
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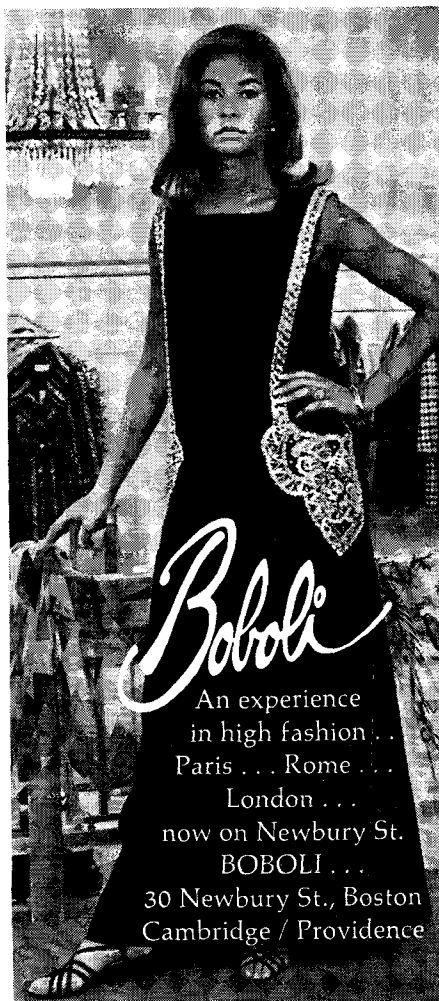
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Venuti, just before unpacking "I Got Rhythm," calls out, "Where's Zootie? Where's my Zootie?" Sims reappears, and the two just about match their first performance. We cool off for the rest of the evening with the World's Greatest Jazzband; a Norvo-Hucko set, which is drowned by Morey Feld's flashy, unsteady drumming ("His girl friend was in the audience," a musician explains the next day); and a good, funny version of Dizzy Gillespie's "Owl," by Terry, Woods, Wilber, and Caceres. The Venuti-Sims explosion neatly imposes form on the weekend: two days to reach the peak, and one to get back down.

I have seen something yesterday and today that I have never seen before. At the end of nearly every set, the musicians smile and shake hands with each other.

I GO for a swim in the Jerome pool after breakfast on Sunday and watch an eagle casing Red Mountain, and then I run into Gibson in the lobby. He is wearing the guest badges for all seven jazz parties on the left side of his shirt, and he looks like a five-star general. We sit down, and I ask him to tell me about himself. He demurs, saying it is the musicians' party, and so on, but then the autobiographical gates open: "Well, I was born in Mobile, Alabama, and I was an only child. My father, a strange, witty, secret man, left when I was three to work in a brokerage house in New York, and my mother left not long after to be one of the early supervisors of hostesses for what was to become American Airlines. So I was raised largely by my maternal grandparents. At seventeen, I joined the Marines, was wounded, and was out in a year. Public Law 16 enabled me to go right through the University of Alabama, where I got a degree in psychology and played left end on the football team. Then I hung around, taught a little creative writing, coached football, and ran the university's white-rat lab. One day, I looked in the mirror—I guess I was twenty-four—and asked myself what the hell I was doing, and a week later I was in New York, beating the streets for a job. I ended up a space salesman for *Town & Country*, and went on to the *Herald Tribune*, where I became the financial manager. That led to a vice-presidency with the Lehman Corporation. The last couple of years there got to be meaningless; I made a lot of money but spent every cent, and the commuting was an endless nettle. One two-degrees-below-zero morning, I



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was waiting for the eight-two or whatever it was, at the Larchmont station, and a railroad man came ambling down the tracks and said, 'It ain't coming today.' Well, it had run off the tracks in Stamford or somewhere. I thought, 'Somebody is trying to tell me something.' I went home and called my office and said I wasn't coming in, and the next day I quit. I searched the country, looking for both the best investment-banking firm and the best place to live, and Boettcher & Company and Denver won, both of which led to my involvement with the Water Pik. A Denver friend told me about this contraption a man had invented and was manufacturing in the basement of a bungalow in Fort Collins, which is sixty miles north of Denver, and that he was looking for financial backing. I knew enough about investment banking to know that you never loan money to inventors, but I drove up for a look. Four people were turning out several hundred of these strange boxes a year, and the place looked like Santa Claus's workshop gone wild. They gave me one, and I put it on a closet shelf and forgot about it. Well, it turned out that my gums were in bad shape and I was in grave danger of losing my front teeth. I came across the Water Pik one Saturday afternoon and started using it twice a day. When I went to my dentist five or six weeks later, he was astounded. My gums were perfect and my teeth saved. I found a president, Al Kuske, who is probably the finest businessman in the country, for the company, raised some money, and eventually quit Boettcher and became an executive vice-president of Water Pik. Everything went so well that the whole works was sold two years ago to a conglomerate for twenty-three million dollars. Now, at last, I'm doing exactly what I want to do, and I'm consumed with it. My life is devoted to getting the World's Greatest Jazzband on its financial feet, and to related, even more important matters, and there's nothing surprising about this, because the single, constant, gathering thread in my life has been my love for jazz. In fact, my addiction, predilection, immersion in jazz precedes my memory. There was a colored settlement around the corner from where I was raised, and I can't recall the first time I went over there. Maybe it was 1930. The houses didn't have electricity, and I can still remember the smell of the candles."

Maddie Gibson appears, and her party badges are pinned across the front of her waist. I thank Gibson, and she

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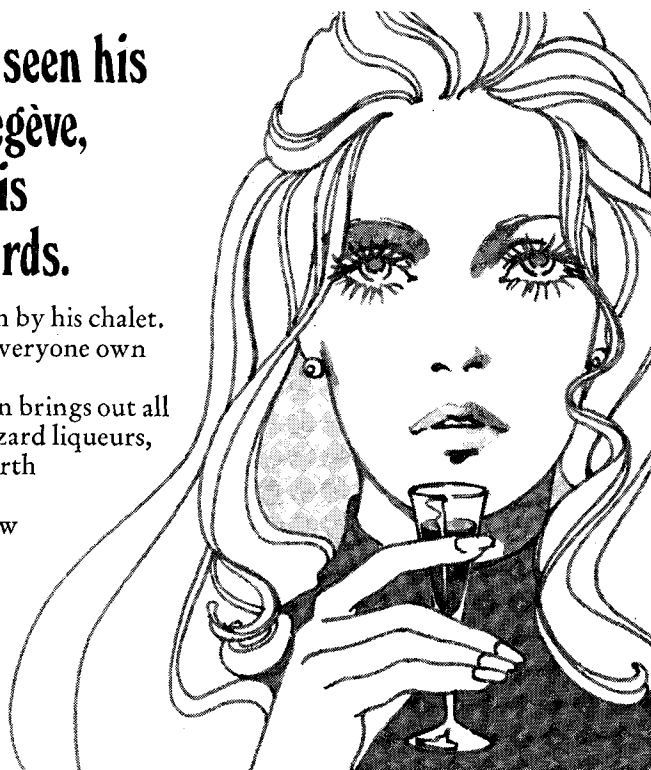
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takes him away on urgent business. I wander over to the Red Onion, where the final session is to start at quarter to one. A musician says to me outside the Onion door, "Man, I don't know if I'll make this next year. It's *too* much music. After the first half hour, the audience starts listening with its eyes, and even the musicians go off to the bar or take a walk when they're not up there." There are ten sets, but the shadows of Venuti and Sims are everywhere, and the few bright spots are provided by Wilber in "Beale Street Blues," by a handsome Hackett-Dickenson set and a driving Sims-Cohn set, and by a lucid, calm Woods in "Here's That Rainy Day." Norvo, badgered by one thing and another all weekend, finally comes into his own with an exquisite, ad-lib, staccato version of "The Girl from Ipanema." The fifteen musicians still on the premises climb up on the stand for the last number and boom their way through "The Saints Go Marching In." The crowd screams for more, and the party is done.

THE musicians' bus, half empty now, leaves the Jerome on Monday around ten-thirty, but I fly back to Denver over the Rockies in a little two-engine Cessna. We spend most of the flight in a snowstorm, stirred from below by peaks, and we get up to seventeen thousand feet. The oxygen mask feels good. Then we slide out of the soup and down over brown, sunny plains and into Denver, back from Shangri-La. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

Mayoral candidate Roman Gribbs issued Friday a 19-point program which included a proposal to sell Detroit.

—Clark Hoyt in the *Detroit Free Press*.

So far so good. What are the eighteen other points?

Then Agee stole second and was awarded third when Gary Sutherland interfered with him. Months later, Agee scored on a passed ball by catcher Bateman.—*Schenectady Gazette*.

The trees had dropped their red-and-gold leaves, and it was winter.

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Lexington (Ky.) Sunday Herald-Leader*]

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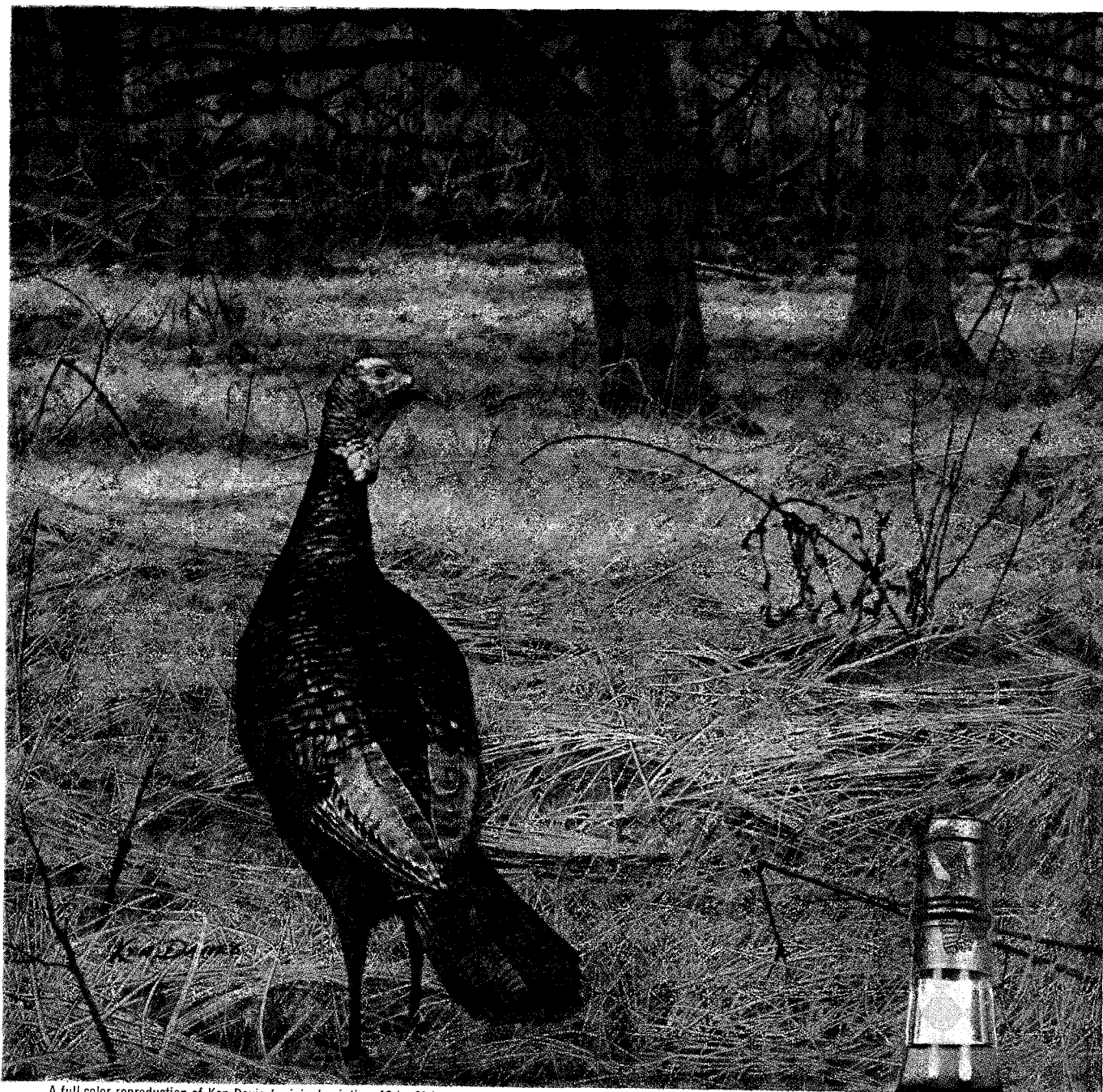
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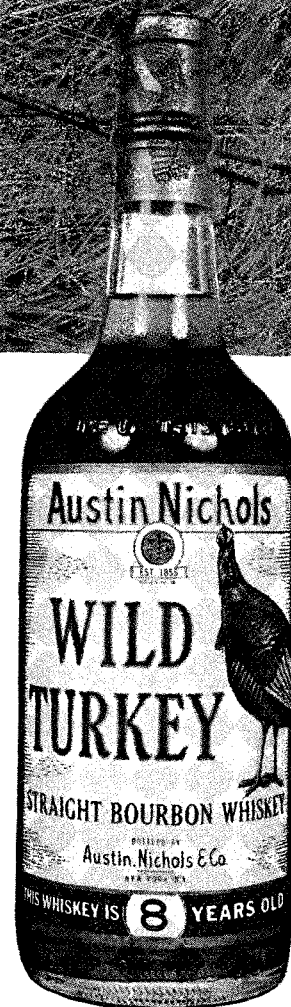
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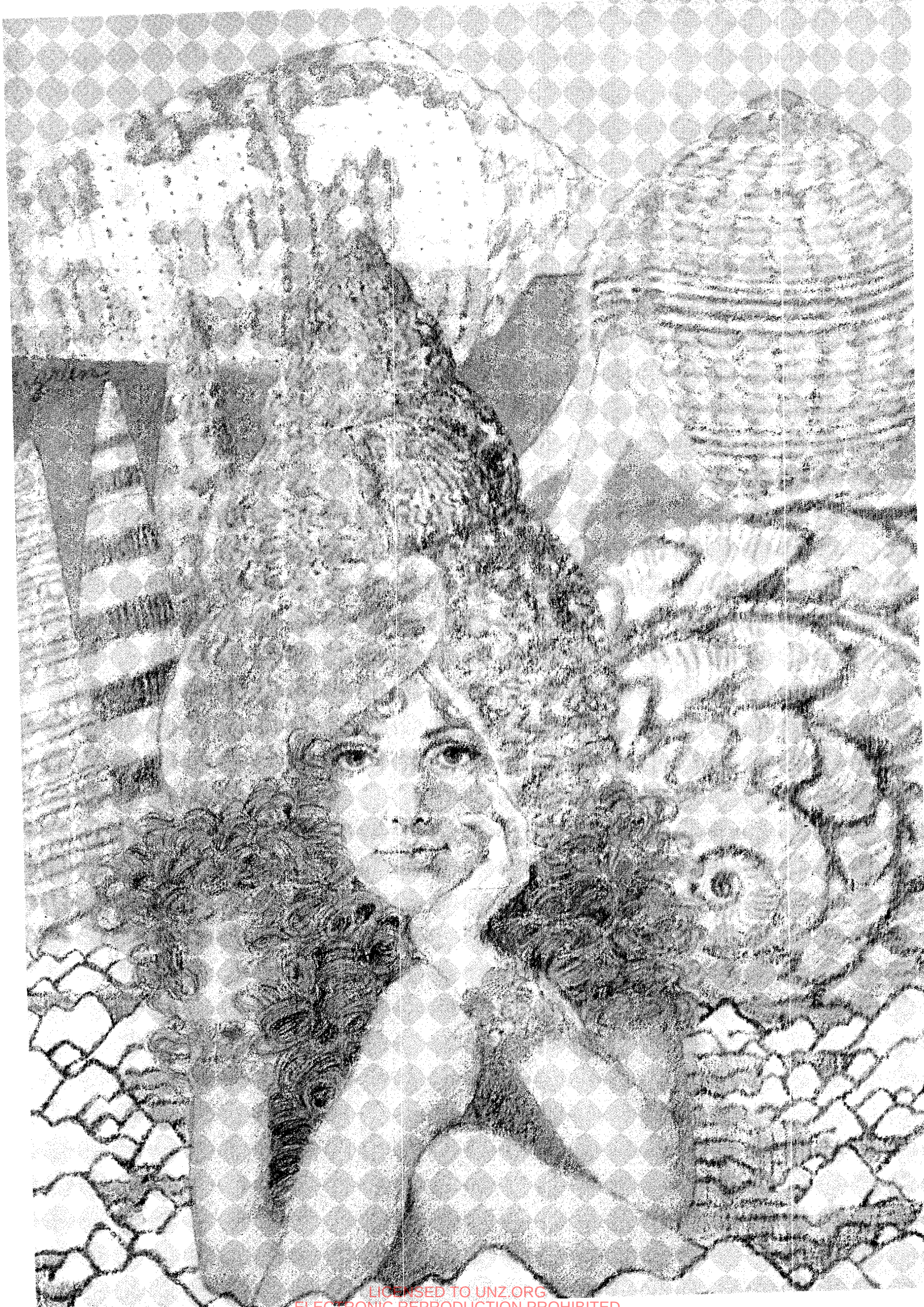
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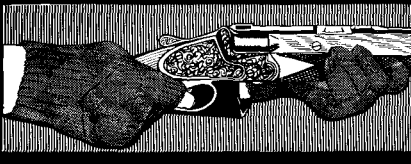


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THE way Silent Screen won the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon proved beyond question—and for the second time in less than a fortnight—that he is the best of this season's two-year-olds. Impressive as he'd been in the Cowdin, his performance in the Champagne was even less forgettable. He broke well from the outside post position and, ridden with confidence by Rotz, stayed just off the pace until, with three furlongs to go, he was asked for the final effort. The little red horse, as some people call him, responded immediately, sweeping around the leaders as they swung into the stretch. In twenty strides, he was in front, and although he was under pressure when Brave Emperor challenged, he passed the post a length to the good. Toasted was third, another length away. Behind them trailed eight rather leg-weary runners, several of them winners of important events for juveniles. It was Silent Screen's fourth successive victory, and his third successive stakes race. As he walked around in the paddock, I thought he was lighter in flesh than he had been before the Cowdin, but, as ever, he was the pick of the lot. Insubordination also looked good, and he led for about three-quarters of the mile run but tired and finished sixth. I liked the courage and tenacity of Brave Emperor, a colt by Ribot from the Wheatley Stable. Ed Nely must fancy him, too, for he was ridden by Baeza, the establishment's top jockey, while Belmonte had the mount on a stablemate—Irish Castle, winner of the Hopeful, who was never in the picture. It cost Sonny Werblin, who owns Silent Screen, \$10,000 to put him in the Champagne, because he was a supplemental entry. Werblin got back \$128,150, and the colt increased his earnings to \$388,906. Now Werblin and Bowes Bond, his trainer, are pondering another \$10,000 supplementary nomination—to the Garden State Stakes in Jersey next month.

SO many trainers gave their hopefuls a prep for this weekend's Man o' War Stakes in the Long Island Handicap early last week that it was



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run off in two sections. The University, who seems to be finding his racing legs, won the first by a nose from Vent du Nord, and Red Reality won the second by two lengths from Rhineland II. The favorite in the latter was Lostalo, ridden by Shoemaker—his first ride here in two years. Lostalo finished sixth, and Shoemaker took the next plane back to California.

Put Harem Lady down as a top mudder; on Wednesday she beat Chomphon and Open Road, both good in the going, by lengths in the Manhattan Handicap, at a mile and a half, over a track that was ankle-deep.

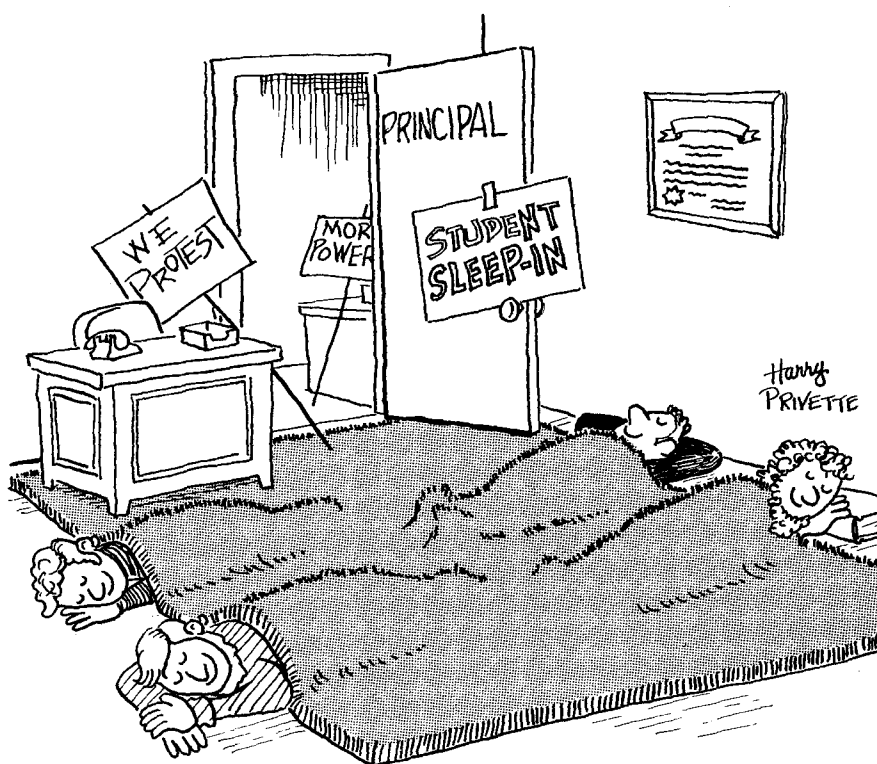
FOR the record: Levmoos, an Irish four-year-old, won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's richest race (\$358,700), at Longchamp in Paris a couple of Sundays ago. Park Top, the best race mare in England, was second. Grandier, a French-bred, was third. The favorite, Prince Regent, winner of the Irish Sweeps Derby, finished fifth. There were twenty-four starters, most of whom had run in the blue-ribbon races abroad, and returning travellers say it was as thrilling as anything they could remember. I'd like to have seen it. Although Levmoos had won the Ascot Gold Cup, which is England's classic for older horses, in June, he was 50-1 in the betting. Owned and trained by Seamus McGrath, one of the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes McGraths, Levmoos is by Le Levanstell out of Fee-moss (her sire was Ballymoss), who won the 1958 Arc and a month later was third in the Washington, D.C., International.

WHEN I was at Santa Anita last winter, I spent a weekend at Hastings Harcourt's Flag Is Up Farms, the newest and the best-equipped setup for breeding and training race horses that I've seen anywhere. Now there's a movie of the place—a sort of grand tour. It's awfully well done; watching it is almost as much fun as making the tour in person. It may get on TV, and if it does, don't miss it.

—AUDAX MINOR

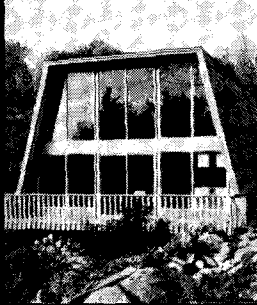
The three-day conference was sponsored by the Commission On Engineering Education of Washington, D.C. Attendance was by invitation of the Commission and conferees included chairmen of the departments of electrical engineering at choo

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Madness

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN" could turn into a classic of the hooting variety. Christopher Plummer, hissing and prancing, is a wickedly funny Inca king, and Robert Shaw, who, as Pizarro, has been running the show for the first half hour, is hilariously upstaged. Shaw has a strong screen presence, and he's fine as long as his Pizarro is a bastard, but when the script turns Pizarro into a sweetie-pie, Shaw's performance disintegrates along with the script. This adaptation of Peter Shaffer's play treats it like Shakespeare: people stand

on rocks and make speeches. The script, officially blamed on Philip Yordan, has lines that a first-year screenwriting student should know enough to cross out, like "Let me understand you," preceding a recapitulation of an argument. The reason we need so many recaps is that the central situation doesn't make movie sense. Shaffer trumped up reasons for Pizarro and the Inca king to be trapped together, but this theatrical convention stops the movie cold. It's as obvious and silly as Leonard Whiting playing the boy-put-there-to-be-disillusioned. (One can practically hear Brandon deWilde at the back of the theatre crying, "Look! He's playing me!") Irving Lerner's direction is erratic, but I don't know that anybody was wildly looking forward to another "distinguished" playwright's exercise in the heroic style of historical confrontation, and sometimes when things go terribly wrong in a movie it's more fun than if they'd gone right. The cinematography is very poor, and the editing is often of the kind that gives us the shot an instant before anything happens in it; as a result, we keep expecting Tony Curtis to ride in, stop, and speak, or Maria Montez to come into frame and walk across the sand. But Turhan Bey was never like Christopher Plummer—he wouldn't have dared. And as this may be the most outrageous, outlandish, and absurd performance that any major actor has given since John Barrymore swung on a trapeze with Mary Beth Hughes, it almost makes the movie worth seeing.

THERE'S no madness in "The Madwoman of Chaillot." Edward Anhalt's script is leaden-hearted; Jean Giraudoux's fragile play is doubt-

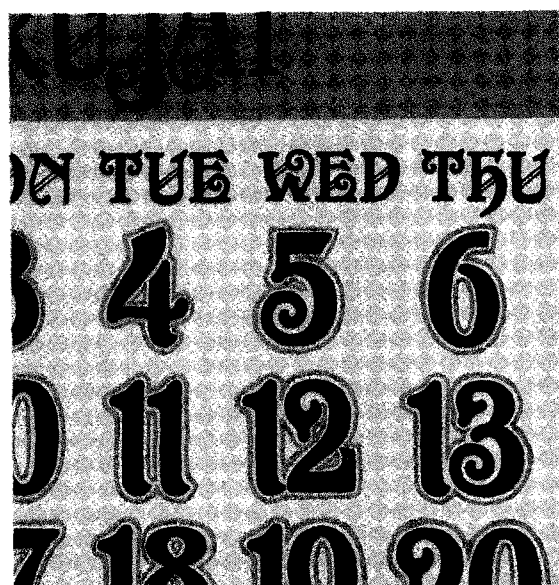
ful screen material at best, and Anhalt's updating and message-mongering destroyed at the outset whatever chance it might have had. Although the movie isn't actually painful, nothing in it feels right. Bryan Forbes, a literal-minded director, hasn't the temperament or the artistic means to make a



movie that must be all conceit, enchantment, and lunatic poetry. Katharine Hepburn is charming and lyrical when she's on the loose in the streets of Paris, but her essential sanity shines forth. Her sanity is rare among actresses; it is her gift, and it is

perhaps the true poetry and eccentricity of her own character. Her "madwoman" is just Hepburn acting more charming than usual—*too* charming for the role. In the smaller role of Constance, Margaret Leighton has much more of the dottiness necessary for the fantasy conception, and she might have been relatively successful in the lead, but "The Madwoman of Chaillot" misses being anything by so much that it hardly seems apropos to discuss what it might have been. It may be a comfort to Edith Evans and Giulietta Masina that, having now given the worst performances in their careers, they can hardly go anywhere but up. Danny Kaye, on the other hand, has been even worse (though I will be kind and not recall the occasions), so some may mistake his performance for a good one. Whenever possible, Claude Renoir, shooting the outdoor scenes, tries to give the movie a magical radiance, and the editor has been dexterous at keeping things in motion, but there are indoor set pieces that are textbook examples of incompetence: the trial sequence, the execution, and that scene that reverberates through screen history and has always been a vomiter—when the dear old lady mistakes the young hero for her lover of long ago. Isn't there some way to toss it up for good? This movie keeps telling us that it's about the battle of evil and computerization against individualism and romance, but the movie itself is computerized. The cast, selected for appeal in many countries, includes Charles Boyer, Claude Dauphin, John Gavin, Yul Brynner, Donald Pleasence, Paul Henreid, Fernand Gravey, Gordon Heath, Richard Chamberlain, and Nanette Newman; there's a great big

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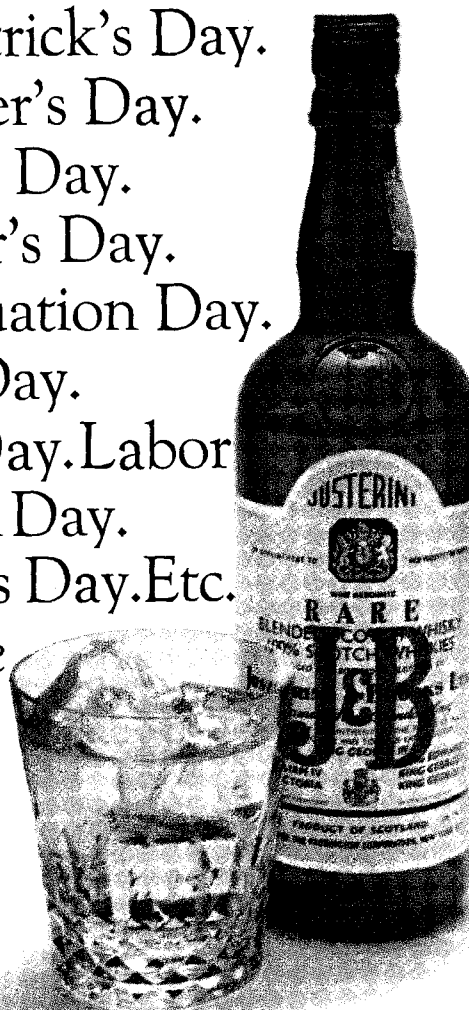


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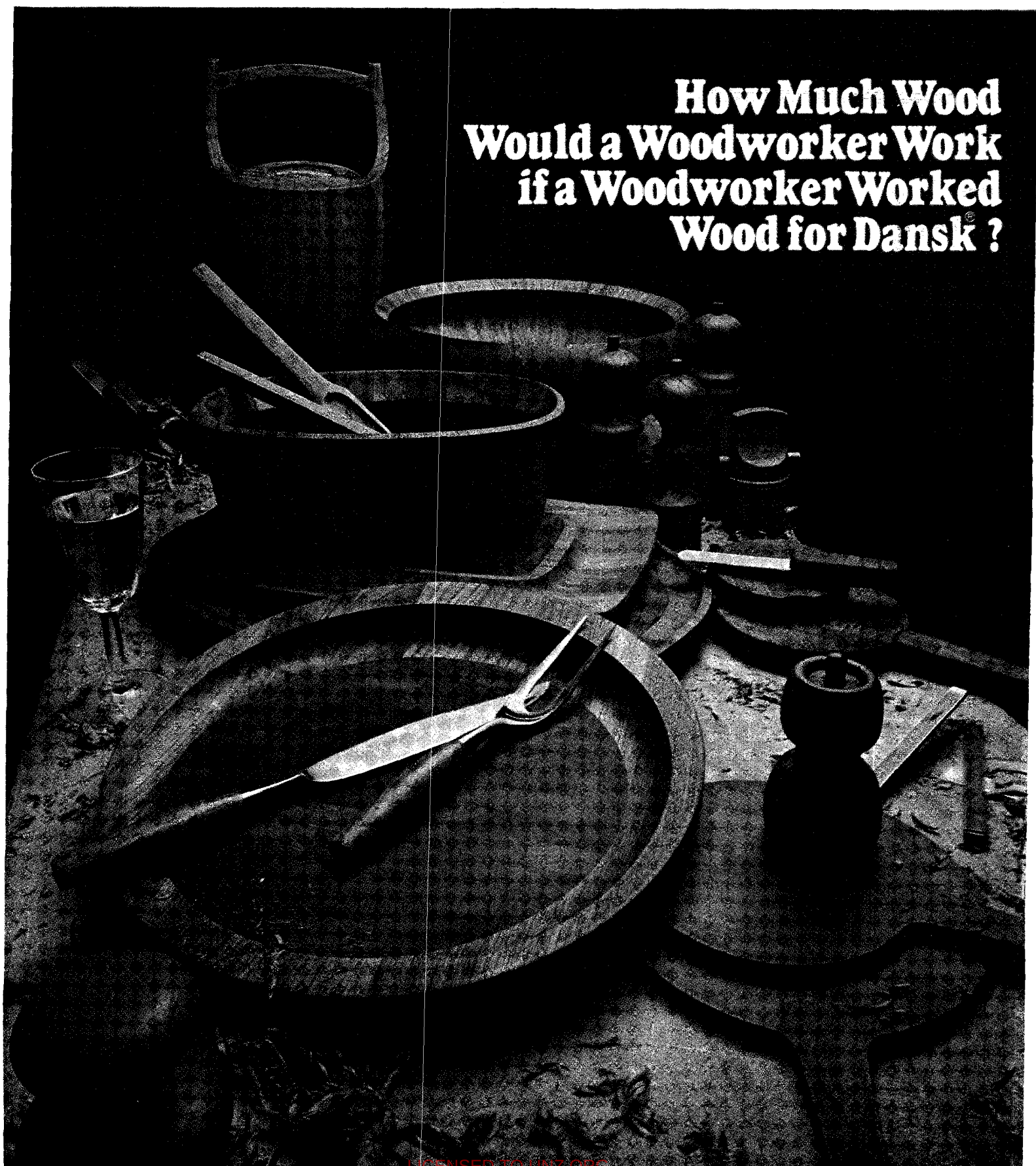
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noisy score to promote, so that if the movie flops the records can still "generate" revenue; and the material has been rewritten in the forlorn hope of giving it an anti-Establishment appeal to "youth." The whole movie is a sham. The madness is behind the cameras.

MOVIES sometimes connect with our memories in surprising ways. My vocabulary loosened up during my freshman year at Berkeley, and I was quite pleased when my mother remarked that the more educated I got the more I sounded like a truck driver. When I was a sophomore, a group of us went on a trip to Los Angeles, and our car broke down in Oxnard; we were huddled there in the garage at night when two garage mechanics got into an argument and started swearing at each other. As the rhythm of their fury and venom built up, those words that I had been so free with sounded hideous. I hadn't understood their function as swearwords—hadn't understood that they were meant to *insult* the person receiving them, that they were a way of *degrading* another person. That night at Oxnard came back when I saw Frederick Wiseman's "Law and Order" on N.E.T.: the police were cursed constantly by thieves and drunks. I had assumed that the police, coming from stricter and more religious backgrounds, didn't understand that college kids use the words in that liberated way that empties them of degradation or any real power; I hadn't considered that they hear that kind of talk so much they probably just can't stand it anymore. They're drowning in obscenity. College students are sometimes contemptuous of the cops for fearing *words*, but in the film those words really *are* weapons—often the *only* weapons of angry, frustrated people—and they're directed against the police all the time. "Law and Order" was the most powerful hour and a half of television that I've seen all year, and, since it won an Emmy, one might suppose that it would stir up interest in Wiseman's other films, but the New York Film Festival, which featured so many mindless forms of "artistic" moviemaking in the main auditorium, tossed some of the best new American pictures into the two-hundred-seat hall, and among them was Wiseman's "High School," in its first New York showing.

There's a good deal to be said for finding your way to moviemaking—as most of the early directors did—after living for some years in the world and



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gaining some knowledge of life outside show business. We are beginning to spawn teen-age filmmakers who at twenty-five may have a brilliant technique but are as empty-headed as a Hollywood hack, and they will become the next generation of hacks, because they don't know anything except moviemaking. Wiseman is a law professor and urban planner turned filmmaker, a muckraking investigative journalist who looks into American institutions with a camera and a tape recorder, and because he doesn't go in with naïve and limiting concepts, what he finds ties in with one's own experience.

Many of us grow to hate documentaries in school, because the use of movies to teach us something seems a cheat—a pill disguised as candy—and documentaries always seem to be about something we're not interested in. But Wiseman's documentaries show what is left out of both fictional movies and standard documentaries that simplify for a purpose, and his films deal with the primary institutions of our lives: "Titicut Follies" (Bridgewater, an institution in which we lock away the criminally insane), "High School" (a high school in a large Eastern city), and "Law and Order" (the Kansas City police force). Television has been accustoming us to a horrible false kind of "involvement;" sometimes it seems that the only thing the news shows can think of is to get close to emotion. They shove a camera and a microphone in front of people in moments of stress and disaster and grief, and ram their equipment into any pores and cavities they can reach. Wiseman made comparable mistakes in "Titicut Follies," but he learned better fast.

"High School" is so familiar and so extraordinarily evocative that a feeling of empathy with the students floods over us. How did we live through it? How did we keep any spirit? When you see a kid trying to make a phone call and being interrupted with "Do you have a pass to use the phone?" it all floods back—the low ceilings and pale-green walls of the basement where the lockers were, the constant defensiveness, that sense of always being in danger of breaking some pointless, petty rule. When since that time has one ever needed a pass to make a phone call? This movie takes one back to where, one discovers, time has stood still. Here is the girl humiliated for having worn a short dress to the Senior Prom, being told it was "offensive" to the whole class. Here it is all over again—the insistence that you be "respectful," and the teachers' incredible

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instinct for "disrespect," their antennae always extended for that little bit of reservation or irony in your tone, the tiny spark that you desperately need to preserve your *self-respect*. One can barely hear it in the way a boy says "Yes, sir" to the dean, but the dean, ever on the alert, snaps, "Don't give me that 'Yes, sir' business! . . . There's no sincerity behind it." Here, all over again, is the dullness of high-school education:

TEACHER: What on the horizon or what existed that forced labor to turn to collective bargaining? What was there a lack of?

GIRL: Communications?

TEACHER: Security, yes, communications, lack of security, concern for the job. The important thing is this, let's get to the beginning. First of all, there was the lack of security; second of all, there was a lack of communication. . . .

The same old pseudo-knowledge is used to support what the schools think is moral. The visiting gynecologist in a sex-education class lectures the boys:

The more a fellow gets into bed with more different girls, the more insecure he is, and this shows up actually later in all the divorce statistics in America. . . . You can graph right on a graph, the more girls fellows got into bed with or vice-versa the higher the divorce rate, the greater the sexual inadequacy. . . .

And there's the beautiful military doubletalk when it's a question of a teacher's incompetence or unfairness. A boy protests a disciplinary action against him by a teacher, and after he has explained his innocence, the dean talks him into accepting the punishment "to establish that you can be a man and that you can take orders." The teachers are masters here; they're in a superior position for the only time in their lives, probably, and most of the petty tyrannies—like laying on the homework—aren't fully conscious. They justify each other's actions as a matter of course, and put the students in the wrong in the same indifferent way. They put a student down with "It's nice to be individualistic, but there are certain places to be individualistic," yet they never tell you where. How can one stand up against such bland authoritarianism? The teachers, crushing and processing, are the most insidious kind of enemy, the enemy with corrupt values who means well. The counsellor advising on college plans who says "You can have all your dream schools, but at the bottom you ought to have some college of last resort where you could be sure that you would go, if none of your dreams came through" certainly means to be realistic and help-

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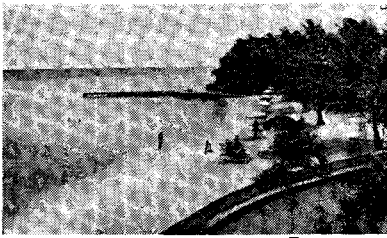
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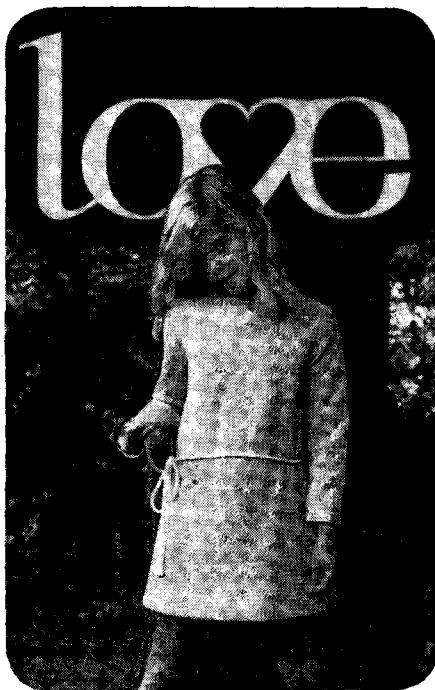
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ful. But one can imagine what it must feel like to be a kid trudging off to that bottom college of last resort. There's a jolly good Joe of a teacher staging a fashion show who tells the girls, "Your legs are all too heavy. . . . Don't wear it too short; it looks miserable." And she's not wrong. But, given the beauty norms set up in this society, what are they to do? Cut off their legs? Emigrate? They're defeated from the legs up. Mediocrity and defeat sit in the offices and classrooms, and in those oppressive monitored halls.

We went through it all in order to graduate and be rid of passes forever, and once it was over we put it out of our minds, and here are the students still serving time until graduation, still sitting in class staring out the windows or watching the crawling hands of those ugly school clocks. So much of this education is part of an obsolete system of authority that broke down long ago, yet the teachers and administrators are still out there, persevering, "building character." "High School" seems an obvious kind of film to make, but as far as I know no one before has gone into an ordinary, middle-class, "good" (most of the students go to college) high school with a camera and looked around to see what it's like. The students are even more apathetic than we were. Probably the conflicts over the restrictions come earlier now—in junior high—and by high school the kids either are trying to cool it and get through to college or are just beaten down and sitting it out. We may have had a few teachers who really got us interested in something—it was one of the disappointments of the movie "Up the Down Staircase" that, treating this theme, it failed to be convincing—and, remembering our good luck, we could always say that even if a school was rotten, there were bound to be a few great teachers in it. This movie shows competent teachers and teachers who are trying their best but not one teacher who really makes contact in the way that means a difference in your life. The students are as apathetic toward the young English teacher playing and analyzing a Simon & Garfunkel record as toward the English teacher reciting "Casey at the Bat," and, even granted that as poetry there might not be much to choose between them—and perhaps Casey has the edge—still, one might think the students would, just as a *courtesy*, respond to the young teacher's attempt, the way one always gave the ingénue in the stock company a special round of applause. But it's very likely that high schools no longer are

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saved by live teachers, if hostility and cynicism and apathy set in right after children learn their basic skills. The students here sit on their hands even when a teacher tries. That's the only visible difference between this school and mine. I think we would have responded appreciatively to obvious effort, even if we thought the teacher was a jerk; these kids are beyond that. So the teachers are trapped, too. The teachers come off much worse than the police do in "Law and Order." "High School" is a revelation because now that we see school from the outside, the teachers seem to give themselves away every time they open their mouths—and to be *unaware* of it.

At the end, the principal—a fine-looking woman—holds up a letter from a former student, on stationery marked "U.S.S. Okinawa," and reads it to the faculty:

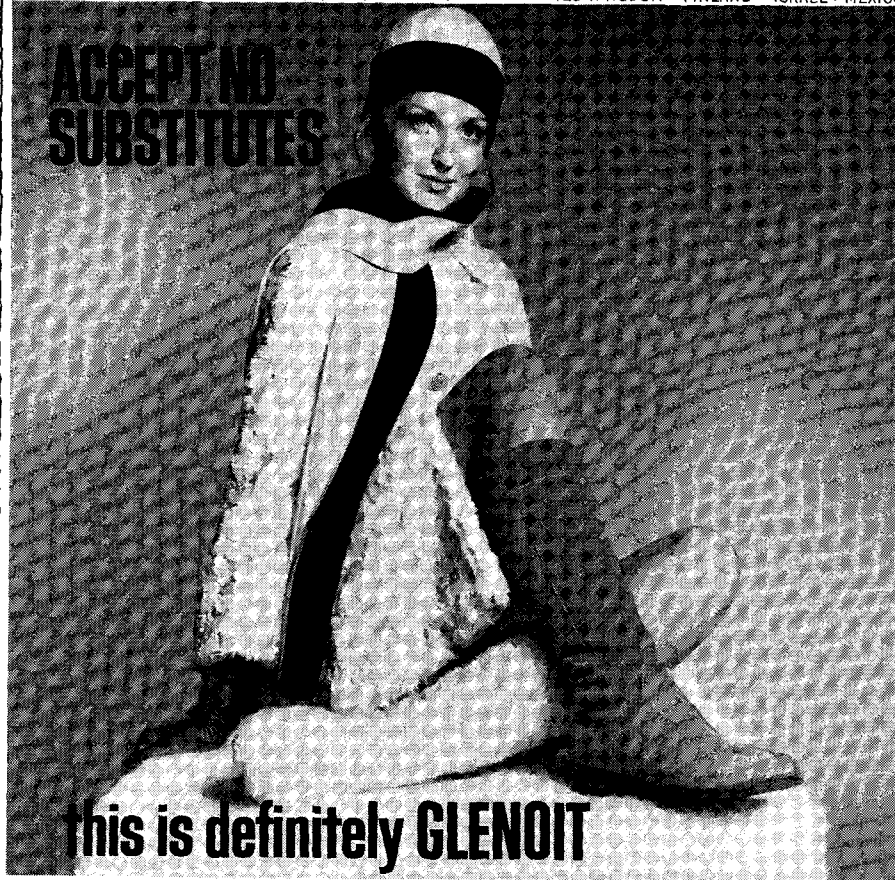
I have only a few hours before I go. Today I will take a plane trip from this ship. I pray that I'll make it back but it's all in God's hands now. You see, I am going with three other men. We are going to be dropped behind the D.M.Z. (the Demilitarized Zone). The reason for telling you this is that all my insurance money will be given for that scholarship I once started but never finished, if I don't make it back. I am only insured for \$10,000. Maybe it could help someone. I have been trying to become a Big Brother in Vietnam, but it is very hard to do. I have to write back and forth to San Diego, California, and that takes time. I only hope that I am good enough to become one. God only knows. My personal family usually doesn't understand me.... They say: "Don't you value life? Are you crazy?" My answer is: "Yes. But I value all the lives of South Vietnam and the free world so that they and all of us can live in peace." Am I wrong? If I do my best and believe in what I do, believe that what I do is right—that is all I can do.... Please don't say anything to Mrs. C. She would only worry over me. I am not worth it. I am only a body doing a job. In closing I thank everyone for what they all have done for me.

And the principal comments, "Now, when you get a letter like this, to me it means that we are very successful at [this] high school. I think you will agree with me."

It's a great scene—a consummation of the educational process we've been watching: They are successful at turning out bodies to do a job. Yet it's also painfully clear that the school must have given this soldier more kindness and affection than he'd ever had before. There must be other students who respond to the genuine benevolence behind the cant and who are grateful to those who labor to turn them into men. For those students, this

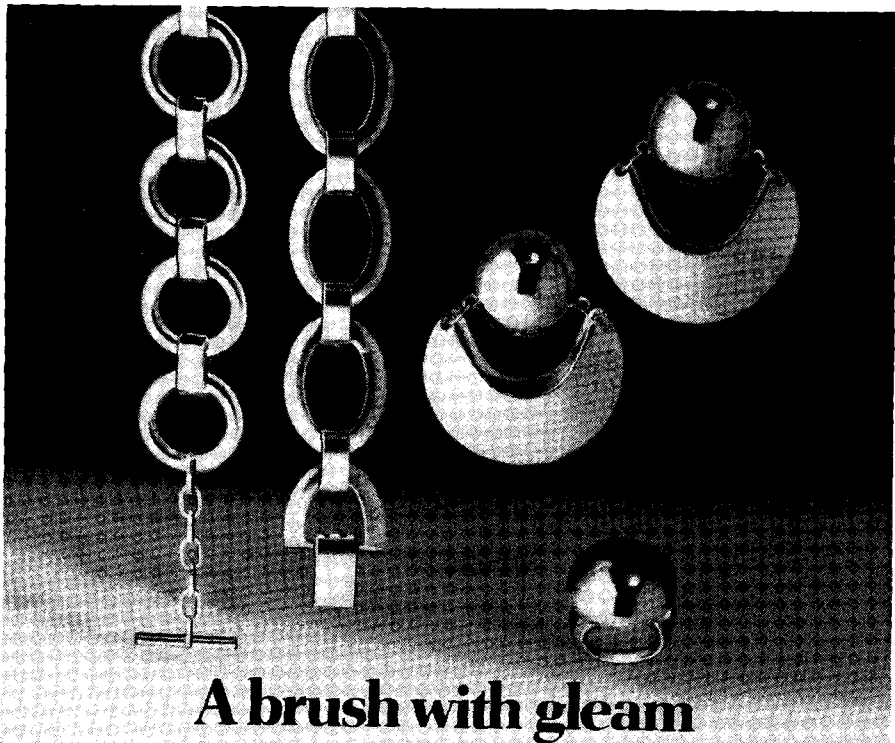
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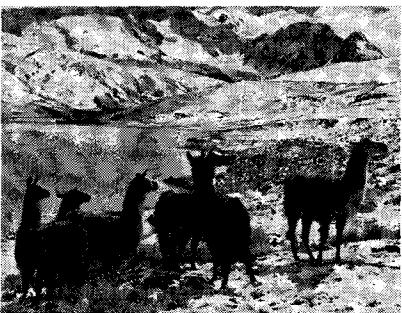
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Wiseman extends our understanding of our common life the way novelists used to—a way largely abandoned by the modern novel and left to the journalists but not often picked up by them. What he's doing is so simple and so basic that it's like a rediscovery of what we knew, or should know. We often want more information about the people and their predicaments than he gives, but this is perhaps less a criticism of Wiseman's method than it is a testimonial to his success in making us care about his subjects. With fictional movies using so little of our shared experience, and with the big TV news "specials" increasingly using that idiot "McLuhanite" fragmentation technique that scrambles all experience—as if the deliberate purpose were to make us indifferent to the life around us—it's a good sign when a movie sends us out wanting to know more and feeling that there is more to know. Wiseman is probably the most sophisticated intelligence to enter the documentary field in recent years.

—PAULINE KAEI

DEAR MEMBER:

For many years the annual meeting has been set in the week between Christmas and New Year's. It has been suggested in the past that the time of year for the meeting be changed, but this proposed change has always been defeated in Council. In view of bad weather in the winter and the increasing latitude on the part of universities in allowing staff to take time off to attend meetings during term, it has again been suggested that the time of the annual meeting be changed.

Due to the necessity to book hotels with adequate facilities for the meeting as much as six or seven years in advance, the Institute program for meetings after Christmas is fixed through 1979 when we shall return to Boston for our centennial. Any change in the time of year of the meetings will not then take effect until 1980 and as the question is controversial and the Council has in the past expressed a desire to continue with the old schedule, we think a poll of the membership is desirable.

Would you therefore give some thought to this question and indicate on the enclosed stamped, self-addressed postcard your preference.—Letter received by a member of the Archaeological Institute of America.

Give some thought, too, to the possibility that nobody may be alive in 1980. The carbon-oxygen balance is being upset, photosynthesis (on which all life depends) is jeopardized, and the earth's surface temperature is being raised by the exhaust of cars, planes, and factories. A hotel date for 1980, particularly along the seaboard, is a mighty chancy thing.

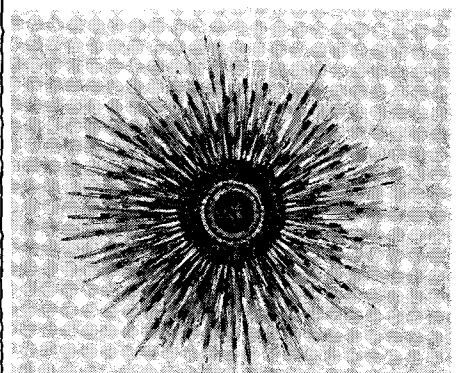


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The Manners, the Manners

UNTIL the nineteenth century, those who made it their business to observe the way people get along with one another had to rely in their reports upon the printed word, and the best of them—such as Arthur Young, the English author of “Travels in France,” a carefully detailed description of French society in the eighteenth century—were called “vivid writers;” that is, observers who evoked such clear and lifelike mental images that they made their readers practically see things. By the middle of the nineteenth century, “vivid” was not quite enough; when Frederick Law Olmsted’s first-hand accounts of the South were published, in the eighteen-fifties, James Russell Lowell and Edwin Lawrence Godkin applauded Olmsted’s writing not only for its “vividness of description” but for its “photographic minuteness.” The camera had already opened up new possibilities, and writers were beginning to worry: Could they demonstrate not only “minuteness” but the peculiar power of a photograph—of being at once thoroughly accurate and powerfully suggestive?

In this century, photographers have joined hands with writers, and to particularly good effect when the subject has been an urgent social problem. In the nineteen-thirties, Roy E. Stryker, Chief of the Historical Section of the Agriculture Department’s Farm Security Administration, inspired a remarkable group of photographers to wander over the bewildered, impoverished American land. He had in mind the work of Jacob Riis and Lewis Hine, who around 1900 moved a nation with photographs of slums and sweatshops, and he urged Walker Evans, Carl Mydans, Ben Shahn, Arthur Rothstein, and Dorothea Lange, among others, to spare the viewer nothing in their recording of a decade’s hurt and sadness and misery. Eventually,

Walker Evans collaborated with James Agee to produce “Let Us Now Praise Famous Men,” and in “An American Exodus” Dorothea Lange joined her pictures to a text by Paul S. Taylor. Both books document the fierce struggle of our small, independent farmers, our tenant farmers and migrant farmers, for work and a little money and bare survival; both try to summon words and pictures to a psychological analysis of man’s responses to social stress—stubborn defiance, disappointment, forbearance, and resignation; both writers appear hard-pressed, worried, even galled or desperate. How can James Agee’s four hundred pages of lyrical, Biblical prose possibly match the faces and shoes and chairs and tables and cabins Walker Evans manages to present so starkly? There are times when Agee seems in honest, unenvious awe of the power another kind of artist can command. With words he tries to make a picture, but it is hopeless: “This is why the camera seems to me, next to unassisted and weaponless consciousness, the central instrument of our time.” This is not to say that photographs without words are sufficient. Dorothea Lange knew that when she exhibited some of her most unforgettable pictures: “On the Great Plains, Near Winner, South Dakota,” “One Nation Indivisible, San Fran-

cisco,” “Funeral Cortege, End of an Era in a Small Valley Town, California.” When Robert Flaherty covered the same ground, he, too, found the camera—even a motion-picture one—not quite enough. “The Land” is considered by many his least successful documentary, and he himself labored hard over the script in an effort to give his always brilliant film footage coherence and plausibility.

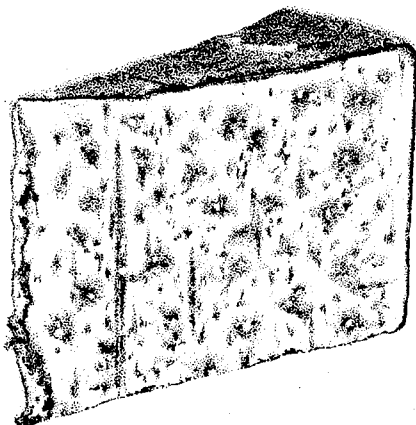
Wright Morris, writer and photographer, combines in his one person the spirit of artists like James Agee and Dorothea Lange and Robert Flaherty, who tried to make those who read see, and those who see well informed and humanely literate. “God’s Country and My People” (Harper & Row; ten dollars) is his third and, I believe, most effective attempt to walk back and forth between words and pictures in such a way that his readers will feel themselves on a voyage of their own—to the American past he tries to recapture, and in particular to our mid-continental Nebraska farm country. Wright Morris was born in Central City, Nebraska, in 1910, and though at the age of nine he started wandering the earth, the scenes of his first nine years appear and reappear in his novels and essays. In the mid-forties, he returned to those scenes, with not only his mind’s eye but his camera. In



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1946, the first of his three volumes of "photo-texts" appeared: "The Inhabitants," which contains fifty-two full-page photographs, each one facing a text—statements, poems, bits of dialogue, descriptions, exclamations, lamentations; it is hard to classify them all. The author wants to know, as others before him have wanted, as others do now, what it means to be an American, to inhabit this great big nation of regions, states, peoples, races. He has a highly developed sense of history, his own and his country's, and the two match: he left the family farm and the small town that caters to men who work the land, and in his lifetime hordes of Americans have also said goodbye to all that and sought the cities, where they have been redeemed at last or betrayed rather sooner but are still mindful of the old days—the past we neither forget completely nor remember accurately. The nation's pulse may be in its cities, but its soul is, or should be, elsewhere. Morris may not believe this, but he recognizes that it is a sentiment shared by millions of Americans whose ancestors not so long ago left farms here and abroad for tenement flats and factories and crowds of people who ignore and suspect and resent one another. The past is gone, the statistics say, but statistics don't quite tell the whole story. We yearn for other days and ways. We have reveries. We have heard tales that are perhaps merely the wistful stuff of nostalgia, yet they live on in us, ready to respond to a slogan, a candidate, a turn of events, as American history continues to demonstrate.

In 1948, Mr. Morris resumed his look backward and inward with "The Home Place." Again he offers photographs, but now they accompany fiction. Nebraskans who long ago moved East return "home" and are enchanted and made sad and brought up short and in the end left (by their experiences as well as the author) neither here nor there, unable to decide where they ought to or want to belong. The farm boy become city slicker glares at his aunt:

I looked right straight at Clara's good eye, which is blurred and a little faded—not so good, really, as the strain has worn it out. This is the kind of nerve, the kind of calm, the mean in heart have. You get it after ten or twelve years in the city—it's the kind of spunk that makes good alley rats, Golden Gloves champions, and successful used-car salesmen. It doesn't take much nerve to sell used cars, but I always like to bring in used-car salesmen, all of them, when I have reference to something pretty low. With this kind of nerve I stared at Aunt



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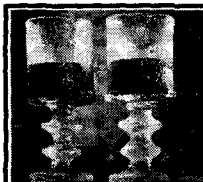
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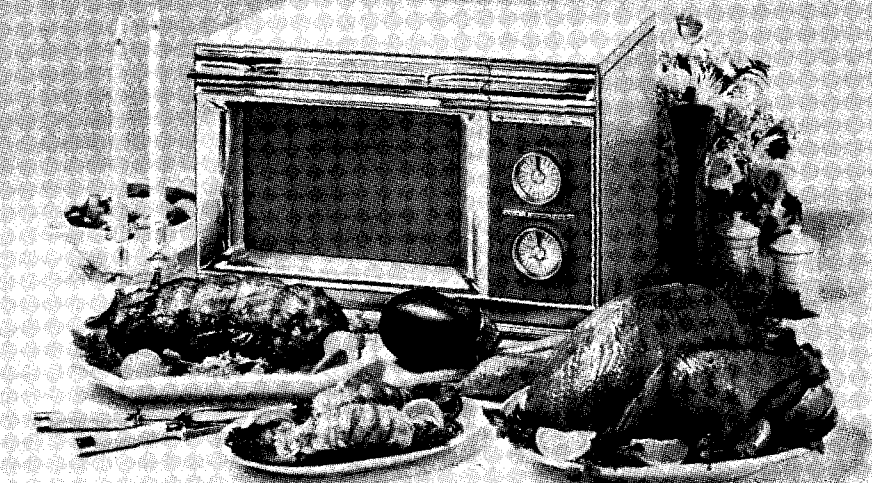
Clara, and after a moment it occurred to me that I—we, that is—had her buffaloed. She had never seen the like of us before. She had never seen a woman, with two children, throw a well-rehearsed hanky-tantrum while her husband looked on, admiringly. Simple folk don't know how to deal with vulgarity. They're puzzled by it, as real vulgarity is pretty refined. You don't come by it naturally. Maybe you can tell me why it is that simple folk are seldom indelicate, while it's something of a trial for sophisticated people not to be.

So we leave in search of a destiny, find it in business offices and law offices, and eventually we stop thinking about ourselves because it is too painful. We have sold out to The Coming Thing; let us forget our Aunt Claras.

But in "God's Country and My People," Wright Morris seems to have concluded, twenty years after "The Home Place," that forgetting is impossible: the more we push things out of our minds the more they gnaw at us. It is best, then, to go back—not simply to conduct a "survey," and so to be done with a whole problem, not to cull another novel out of the effort, but to say yes, I know about all that, I lived in it, and I will rejoice at the chance of a homecoming. Along with that "yes," though, comes the feeling that one just can't take the scene for granted anymore. Nor, for that matter, can one try to deny its presence in one's mind. So the situation is tense, a mixed bag, and maybe good on that account, because sympathy won't become sticky with sentiment.

Nebraska is the God's Country of Wright Morris—the Nebraska that Willa Cather first saw at age nine, that he left at age nine, and that both wrote and wrote about and fled from and never could quite shake off. Morris uses his camera as Ansel Adams does, to look closely at the texture of things we see so often but never really notice; at the same time, he is after the larger look that goes under the name of "social comment" or "social analysis." He wants us to see the contours of the land, the quality of the soil, and the details of man's artifacts. He wants us to know what man and his works and the prairie and its God-given possibilities have amounted to in the years since 1843, when John Frémont took the Indian word *nebraska* ("flat water") and applied it not only to the Platte River but to the broad territory that river dominates, feeds, and drains. The Platte Valley is Nebraska; well over half the state's eighty thousand square miles are in the drainage basin of the river and its tributaries. During the nineteenth century, Easterners fol-

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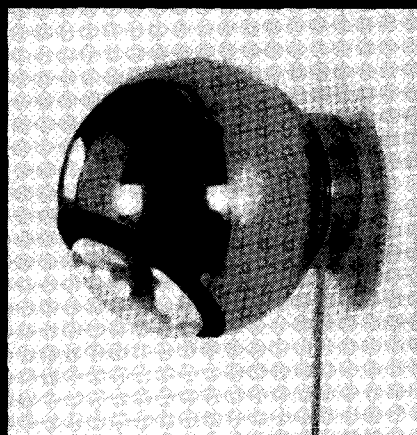
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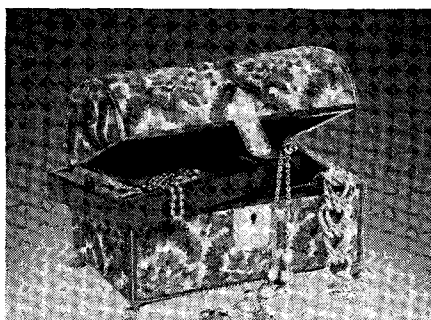
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lowed the Platte across the plains, sure that it would lead to mountain passes. Traders and trappers, missionaries and fugitives, Mormons and gold seekers passed through or stopped for good, challenged by the rich land that seemed to have no bounds. Nebraska, Morris constantly emphasizes, is a great, gently undulating land that slopes gradually from the northwest to the southeast. To the west are the high plains, the tablelands, broken by deep canyons. Eastward come sandhills, and finally the plains. The land grows abundant crops and furnishes fine grazing, for it is rich and fertile. Yet it can suddenly seem old, weathered, and abandoned; to the west, buttes almost without vegetation rise hundreds of feet above the countryside, and the slopes of the sandhills are wind-raked, pitted, and creviced. All this Morris shows in his photographs.

"God's Country" is divided by its concerns: with God's Country as Nebraska, a land of valleys, lakes, rivers, and farms that only happen to be of human significance, or so it seems when the photographs are viewed apart from the text, and with My People—the kin that still live in the minds of Morris and many others, rather than the men, women, and children who are living today as citizens of the God's Country that persists. (Not all Nebraska's sons leave.) Morris has us see old clapboard houses whose angular roofs point toward the vastness of the prairie's sky. One house is newly painted; another is about to collapse; a third is little more than a cabin in the endless snow; others are alone and a touch eerie, or alone and merely drab, or part of a settlement, a small town. And there are churches flourishing and decrepit, stores open and abandoned, water towers and windmills and barns and outhouses and a marble-like bank and a huge grain elevator and a grandstand and a railroad station, still waiting for Willa Cather's train whistle—"that cold, vibrant scream, the worldwide call for men."

There are things that bring the viewer closer to the everyday habits of people: chairs patched but still sat upon, porches and windows and doors and mailboxes, mirrors and pictures on flowered wallpaper; trees that stretch their arms toward a chimney or raise fingers at a power line but also support a swing or rim a road or shelter a waiting place; pieces of wood joined together, spoked wagon wheels, a saddle and stirrups, a barber's chair, a barber's sign—without those flashy lights, just a red-and-white column beside a hydrant.



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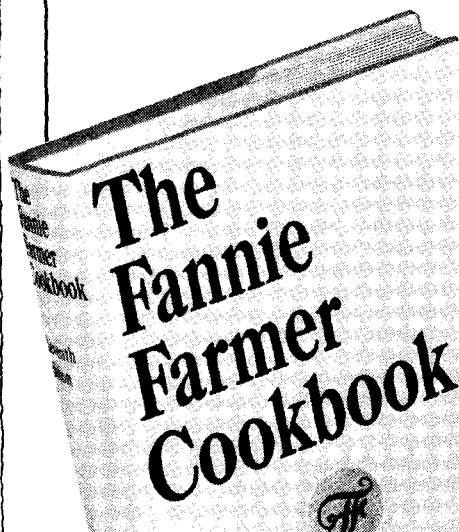
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So it goes in God's Country. Wright Morris assigns no captions to his photographs, but many of them speak—to the point at which one can almost hear voices pointing out things as the pages turn. An egg is waiting to be gathered. The water pump still works. Half the chimney is painted white, but there's just no reason to paint the other half. The old clock in the barbershop will still do, and so will the mug and the brush. Letters from way back deserve keeping, and the same goes for those old receipts and stubs. And those kerosene lamps—well, it's a foolish man who relies on electricity. The old city hall is fine with us; a bigger one will only encourage more officials who don't work for a living themselves and want to interfere with those who do. Telephones and Western Union are fine, but not in a bad winter storm. That's our stove, and I'm just as happy with coal as with the new kind of fuel. There's nothing like a clean, nicely made-up bed. I know where every bucket in this house is, and I never misplace my hat. Do you remember those old cars? Well, we have them still. Sit and be comfortable. I want my children to read a lot, and I have the books for them here, and they're good books. Kids, kids—they're always marking things up. Oh, in there they have the big new record machine—the latest kind, I hear.

Wright Morris's camera just about says all that; his text is reserved for more personal comment on the people he knew when he was growing up. Each page brings us closer to the way they were—the boy who later would write and take pictures, and his mother and his father and his uncles Harry and Verne and his friends. Who are all these people, and what have they to tell us? It depends, Morris seems to conclude. They may seem quaint and stubborn and mistrustful and secretive and provincial, but they are also patient, clever, stronghearted, strong-willed, sensible, decent, and kind. They live in Holdrege or Sidney or Beatrice, and a lot of their kinfolk are gone to the cities—to Chicago, to Milwaukee. And as for the smart young ones, there's Harry in Washington, D.C., and Calvin in New York, even if their brother Jim is happy teaching back home in Lincoln. Morris names the people he knew, but he wants the reader to experience on his own a spate of recollection, which this book, if any book can, will certainly inspire. Nor does a hard look back toward childhood have to be a strictly psychological (or therapeutic) effort. A mind set upon

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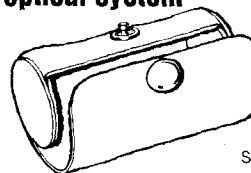
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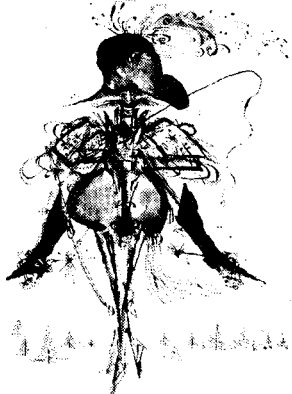
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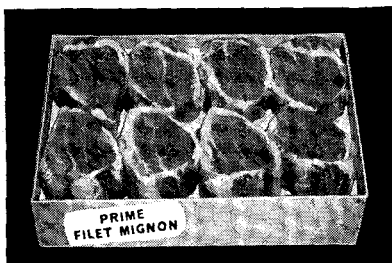
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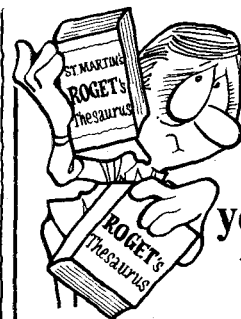
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recall, upon fresh intimacy with its origins, ought to seek out not solely the doctors who study free associations (which lead back to only one part of the past) but social historians and writers and photographers like Wright Morris, who is merely literate and merely a sensitive observer of people.

The words in "God's Country and My People" struggle to convey irony and seriousness and complexity, yet they come across as direct, natural, clear, and even playful. In "The Territory Ahead," his book of literary criticism, published ten years ago, Morris never gets far away from the question he is still asking: What do neighborhoods do to people over a span of time, and people to neighborhoods? Space, place, time are abstractions whose concrete expressions surround our lives and make them what they are, and the titles of his novels show how much these abstractions concern Morris: "One Day," "In Orbit," "The Field of Vision," "The Huge Season," "The World in the Attic," "The Man Who Was There." More than once, to be sure, Morris has wanted to be done with all of that—the Nebraska in him, in us, and in the entire world. He admires D. H. Lawrence, who had the courage and brilliance to break with the past and strike out for "the territory ahead." He sees the writer constantly threatened by both the past and the present, his own and his country's. He sees little room in our time for more T. S. Eliots (can there possibly be a *Fifth Quartet*?). The great exception, for Morris, is Henry James. Writers like Mark Twain and Thomas Wolfe and Hemingway got caught in the traps of nostalgia; they allowed the past to define the present, to narrow their vision of what is in store for us, and ultimately they paid the price as writers. Henry James certainly sought out the past, and even left his native land to find it, but, says Morris, "We have had hundreds of exiles, and many of them talented. . . . Among all of these exiles, he alone is not a captive of the past."

James knew that a person's character and temperament, even his "deepest" thoughts (as we put it these days), can only be *approached*, not defined and labelled and—in the case of a novelist—dramatically submitted to the turn of a phrase or to a particular plot. The job of analysis and portrayal is a lifelong one, for those who want to try. Freud knew that, knew that anything he saw in people was only part of the story. (If he has now been turned into a caricature of himself, a man with all the answers, that is an-



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other matter.) For James, too, there could only be the attempt, with each approximation a beginning, with each of his "impressions" an endless challenge to him as both observer and writer. "On the evidence, and on nothing else," Morris declares, "it is possible to say that no other book contains so much of the American scene, since no other book has so much to give out." (He is referring, of course, to "The American Scene.") Of James the expatriate come home, Morris remarks, "He is consciously self-conscious; the impressions he records are not those of a traveller but those of a native who is finally aware of what it is he feels. In James, the American scene becomes articulate." The great, proud, discreet man would no doubt smile appreciatively at such praise, but he might be even more grateful for "God's Country and My People." "The manners, the manners: where and what are they, and what have they to tell?" Wright Morris, paying heed to those words of Henry James, has done a fine job of giving us yet another answer to that demanding, exhausting question. —ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DOMINANT FIFTH, by Audrey Laski (Norton). The Burney, one of England's most esteemed string quartets, has been together for eighteen years. This intimate group is stunned by the news that Stewart, the violist, is dying of leukemia. Reluctantly, the three others find a substitute, who begins to practice with them even before Stewart's death. The strain of assimilating a new musician is added to their grief. It's a fine idea for a plot, and Mrs. Laski has a firm sense of her characters. Several subsidiary family dramas are developed, perhaps at the expense of the more interesting conflict within the quartet. Unnecessarily distracting, also, is the fact that the new-comer is of a wildly different class background and is a much younger man. And that, unlike the others, he isn't Jewish. An ambitious, absorbing novel.

THE CENTER OF THE ACTION, by Jerome Weidman (Random House). This big, flimsy, sparkly tale of Manhattan has a narrator-hero who is likable enough and audacious enough to keep us fascinated from the first page to the last, and even though the story cannot stand a rereading, and collapses in all directions if we try to think about it,

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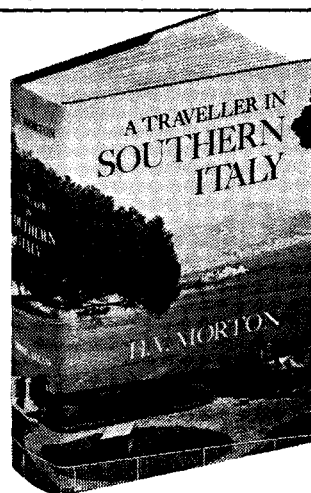
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Dorothy Salisbury Davis WHERE THE DARK STREETS GO



Mr. Weidman is to be congratulated on the hours of entertainment he has provided here. It is a story about making money and getting money, and it is peopled by strong-willed, calculating, outspoken women and the men they are interested in. The main line of the story follows the fortunes, rising and falling, of a publishing house called Mattlin & Merritt. The narrator, Ted Leff, is twenty-four years old and a recent graduate of Seventh Avenue's garment center when he goes to work for Mattlin & Merritt, and his climb is rapid. The story begins in 1937, and although the winding up and sorting out take place in 1954, it remains a story of the thirties.

SEVENTEEN LOST STORIES, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday). These stories, written between 1898 and 1908, were dismissed by their author as worthless juvenilia and remained unpublished for sixty years. They have happy or amusingly moral endings, and are full of wit. Some have the kind of agreeably deceitful first-person beginning where one gentleman regales another with the anecdote over a glass of excellent port. They include flights of fancy to exotic Europe in distant times, and scenes of social life at home in their time, perhaps the zenith of imperial confidence.

NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "The Collected Stories of Peter Taylor," many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*. Ten dollars.

GENERAL

COUNTING MY STEPS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Jakov Lind (Macmillan). A Viennese Jewish child of eleven in 1938, the author was sent to safety in Holland. He was living there on charity when the Germans conquered his asylum. Lind got false identity papers, passed himself off as a Dutch Gentile, and found work as a barge hand; he spent most of the Second World War sailing German rivers and canals. At the war's end, he went to Palestine, but disliked it nearly as much as any other place he had been. Toward the end of his stay there, he met a man who encouraged him to become a writer. Though he wrote this book long after those events, Lind has nothing to do with Wordsworth's emotion recollected in tranquillity; instead, he prefers to reproduce, as best he can, the lad he was—a bundle of hatred and lust dedicated to survival.



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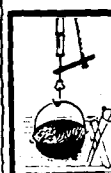
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Young Lind's contempt for his fellow-Jews just because they were victims is understandable, if not commendable. In any case, the book is less interesting when Lind is talking about Lind than when he forgets himself and offers such vignettes of Nazi-occupied Europe as the unsuspecting, meticulous Dutch Jews tidying up their apartments before being deported, and the near-instantaneous disappearance of a German dockside under Allied bombardment.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS: A CRITICAL EDITION, edited by Ray Lewis White (University of North Carolina Press). At his death in 1941, Anderson left an enormous mass of unfinished drafts for an autobiography, and his friend Paul Rosenfeld cut and neatened them for publication in 1942. Now the Anderson cult has grown to such proportions that there is a public—or, at least, a scholarly—demand for the drafts exactly as Anderson left them, and Professor White gives us just that, in more than five hundred giant pages. Anderson wrote sloppily, remembered badly, and lied deliberately, and if the editor does nothing about the first defect, he does help with the others, adding such footnotes as “Anderson confuses Julius Caesar and Oliver Hazard Perry” and listing the dates of Anderson's marriages in silent correction of his subject's account of their durations. Much of Anderson's sensibility, which seemed so significant in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, now seems to be mainly inarticulateness (“How does it matter?” “What did it all mean?” “How strange. Why was this thing always happening?”). One moving anecdote—Anderson's sense of triumph at completing the famous story “Hands,” in “Winesburg, Ohio”—loses all its essence the third time around. Photographs. Fifteen dollars.

THE COMPLEAT FLEA, by Brendan Lehane (Viking). The flea—one of some two thousand tiny, wingless, bloodsucking, high-leaping species of the order Siphonaptera—defined, described, and traced through human history by a writer whose interest in the subject sprang from a prolonged first-hand encounter in an old flat in Dublin. Mr. Lehane discusses the flea as a source of humor (One flea to another: “Shall we walk or take a dog?”), as an inspirer of pornography (“Man's whole frame is obvious to a flea”),

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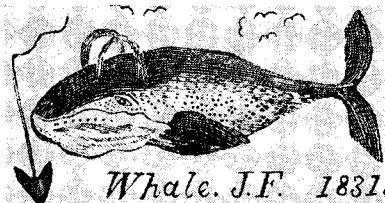
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THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. A delightful dictionary, midway in scale between a collegiate and an unabridged. Though its page size is larger, the book's design is reminiscent of the Petit Larousse. The editors have chosen a middle course on usage; they are not wholly permissive or entirely prescriptive, but warn that some words they include are slang or vulgar. Everything—biography, geography, abbreviations, foreign words and phrases—goes in the alphabetical word list, which obviates the need for appendixes. There is one anyhow—a glossary of Indo-European word roots. This scarcely seems directed to a reader who needs advice about "ain't" (non-standard), but some may find it a diverting browse.

NOTE: Alan Moorehead's "Darwin and the Beagle," an account of young Charles Darwin's five-year voyage around the world as ship's naturalist on H.M.S. Beagle, has been published by Harper & Row. Very nearly the complete text first appeared in this magazine. . . . "As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning," an autobiography by Laurie Lee, has been published by Atheneum. Most of its contents were originally printed here.

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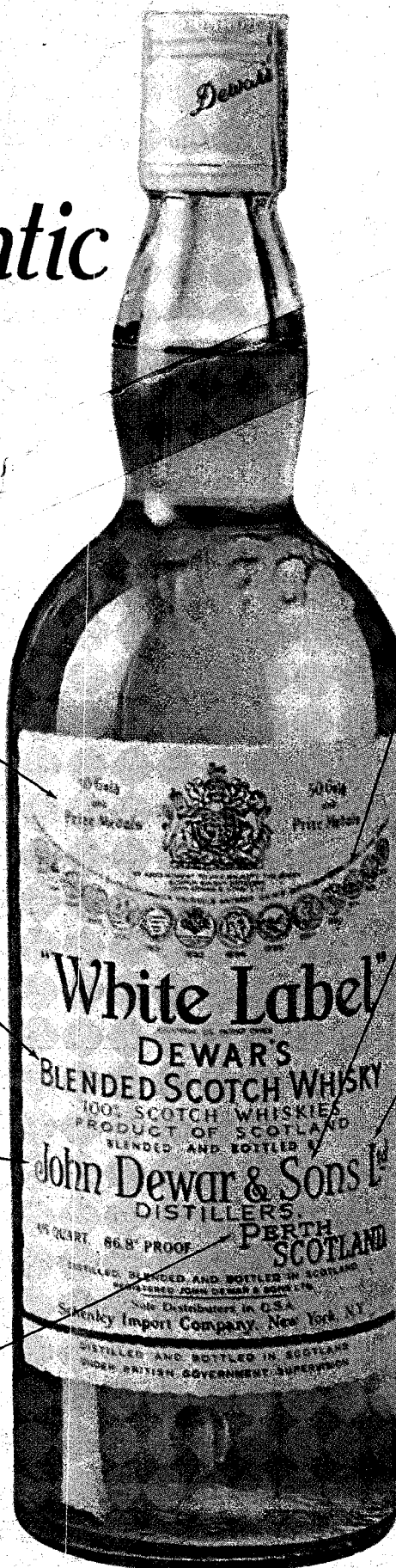
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